



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 026 533 039







1





BELL's
TISH THEATRE.

VOL. XXIX.





3773

121876

BELL's
FISH THEATRE.

VOL. XXIX.



BELL'S
BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF
THE MOST ESTEEMED
ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. XXIX.

CONTAINING

PERICLES, BY SHAKSPERE.
MUSGRIS, — YOUNG.
THE REHEARSAL, — BUCKINGHAM.
ALBINA, — MRS. COWLEY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
GEORGE CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1797.



a. 14582



1

2

3

4

5

6

Act II.

PERICLES.



AT COOPER as PERICLES.
Per. *This day I'll rise, or else add
ill to ill.*





R I C L E S,
PRINCE OF TYRE.

A
TRAGEDY.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN
R. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

As intended to be performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Words marked by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:
Printed for, and under the Direction of,
J. A. WATSON, British Library, STRAND.

M D C C X C V I.

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

ANTIOCHUS, *a Tyrant of Greece.*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
HELLICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES. }
SYMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Metaline.*
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *Servant to Antiochus.*
LEONINE, *a Murderer, Servant to Dionysia.*
GOWER.
Lords, &c.
Knights tilling in Honour of Thaisa.

Women.

HESPERIDES, *Daughter of Antiochus.*
DIONYSIA, *Wife to Cleon.*
Thaisa, *Daughter to Symonides.*
MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*
PHILOTEN, *Daughter to Cleon.*
DIANA, *a Goddess appearing to Pericles.*

Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.



PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The City of Antioch. Enter GOWER.

Gower.

*To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes ;
It hath been sung at festivals,
On Ember-eves, and holy days.
And lords and ladies in their lives,
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase is to make men glorious.
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhimes ;
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes, pleasure bring ;
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.*

B

And all good men, as every prince should do,
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you. [*To Hesperides.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice. Read the conclusion then.

Ant. Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed
As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

Hesp. Of all said yet, may thou prove prosperous!
Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness!

[*Exit Hesperides.*

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness, and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild;
mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live resolve it you.*

Sharp physick is the last! but, O you powers!
That gives Heav'n countless eyes to view mens' acts,
Why could they not their sights perpetually?
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill.
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt:
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate:
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,
Wou'd draw Heav'n down, and all the gods to hearke
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime—
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest: Your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it:
Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shewn:
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear.
To stop the air would hurt them, the blind mole cast
Copt hills toward Heav'n, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression, and the poor worm doth die for
Kings are earth's Gods: In vice, their law's their wi
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough, you know it; and 'tis fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it

All love the womb that there being bred ;
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heav'n that I had it ; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition mis-interpreting,
We might proceed to cancel off your days ;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree,
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
Forty days longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a son :
And until then, your entertain shall be
As doth besit our honour, and your worth. [*Exit.*

Manet PERICLES solus.

Per. How courtesie would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like a hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul :
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parents' bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell : for wisdom sees, those men

Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shew no course to keep them from the light
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets to put off the shame:
Then lest my life be cropt to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

ANTIOCHUS enters.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his head:
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die,
And by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us here?

THALIARD enters.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you are of our chamber,
And our mind partakes her private actions
To your secrecy; and for your faithfulness
We will advance you, Thaliard.
Behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it: Say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.

Messenger enters.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mes. My Lord, prince Pericles is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, fly after; and as an arrow, shot from a well experient archer, hits the mark his eye doth level at, so do thou never return, unless thou say, prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough: So, farewell to your highness. *[Exit.]*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu, 'till Pericles be dead; My heart can lend no succour to my head. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Tyre. PERICLES, HELLICANUS, *enter, with other*
Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us:
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd, a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet:
Here pleasures' court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them;
And danger which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Hellicanus
That ministers a potion unto me
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then : I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, (against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth. But thou know
this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss :
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector ; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years ;
And should he think, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' blood were shed,
'To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope !
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him
When all for mine, if I may call, offence,
Must feel wars blow, who fears not innocence :
Which love to all, for which thyself art one,
Who now reproved'st me for it—

Hell. Alas ! sir.

Per. Drew sleep out of my eyes, blood from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with a thousand doubts
How I might stop their tempest ere it came ;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
thought it princely charity to grieve for them.

Hell. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave
to speak,

freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by publick war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot ;
Or till the destinies do cut the thread of his life ;
Your rule direct to any, if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful, than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

Hell. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects good,
In thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath :
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.
In our orbs we live so round and safe,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convin
Thou shewest a subject's shine, I a true prince

THALIARD enters solus.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court
must I kill king Pericles, and if I do not, I am
be hang'd at home; it is dangerous. Well, I
he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion,
ing bid to ask what he would of the king, de
might know none of his secrets. Now do I see
some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be
he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be

Hush! here comes the lords of Tyre.

HELLICANUS, ESCANES *enter, with other I*
Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need, my fellow-peers o
Further to question me of your king's departu
His seal'd commission left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel,

Thal. How, the king gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why (as it were unlicens'd of your loves)
He would depart? I'll give some light unto yo
Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch?

Hell. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I kn
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg
And doubting that he had erred or sinned,

Act I.

Act I.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ce, To shew his sorrow, he would correct himself;
e. So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
Exeunt. With whom each minute threatens life or death.

t; bern Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now,
sure to although I would; but since he's gone, the king's
erceive seas must please: he 'scap'd the land, to perish at the
at be sea: I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.

Thal. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood,
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Thal. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us;
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [Exeunt.]

Tyre,

SCENE V.

*Cleon's Palace in Tharsus. CLEON, the Governor of
Tharsus, with DIONYSIA, and others enter.*

Cle. My Dionysia, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

not) Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it
so; For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher?
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are,

C ij

Here they're but felt, and seen with mischiefs;
But like to groves, being topt, they higher rise

O Dionysia,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants;
Who conceal his hunger, till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep:

Our woes into the air, our eyes to weep,

Our tongues fetch breath that may proclaim

Our miseries, that if Heav'n slumber, while

Our miseries want, they may awake

Our tongues to comfort them.

Who have so long our woes felt several years;

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

Whom nothing teachen to speak, help me with te

As houses are defil'd for want of use,
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise ;
 Those palates, who, not yet to savor us younger,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it ;
 These mothers who to nouzle up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd ;
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping,
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true ?

Dis. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O let those cities that of plenty's cup,
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots hear these tears :
 The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

A Lord enters.

Lord. Where's the lord-governor ?

Cle. Here, speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st
 In haste : for comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descry'd, upon our neighbouring
 shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,

That may succeed as his inheritor ;

And so in ours : some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuf't the hollow vessels with their pow'r,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me ;
Whereas no glory is got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear,
For by the semblance of their flags display'd,
They bring us peace, and come to us as favourers,
Not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like hymns, untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest shew means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear, the ground's the lowest,
And we are half way there :
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

Cle. Welcome his peace, if he on peace consist ;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

PERICLES enters with Attendants.

Per. Lord-governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes ;
We've heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets ;
or come we to add sorrow to your tears,
to release them of their heavy load,

d these our ships, you happily may think
like the trojan horse was stuff within,
th bloody veins expecting overthrow,
stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
I give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.
mines. The gods of Greece protect you,
I we'll pray for you.
er. Arise, I pray you arise ;
do not look for reverence, but for love,
I harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.
le. The which when any shall not gratify,
say you with unthankfulness in aught,
t our wives, our children, or ourselves,
curse of Heav'n and men succeed their evils !
I when, the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,
r grace is welcome to our town and us.
er. Which welcome we'll accept. Feast here a while,
I our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cleon's Palace. GOWER enters.

Gower.

HERE have you seen a mighty King,
His child, I woe, to incest bring ;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity :

Three Fishermen enter.

1 *Fish.* What, to pelch?

2 *Fish.* Ha, come and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What patch breech, I say.

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now;
Come away, I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

2 *Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor n
That were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas! poor souls it griev'd my heart to h
What pitiful cries they made to us, to help them,
When, well-a-day, we could scarcely help ourselve

3 *Fish.* Nay, said not I as much,
When I saw the porpus how he bounc'd and tumb
They say, they are half fish, half flesh;
A plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to
washt.

Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea?

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do at land,
The great ones eat up little ones:
I can compare our rich misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a whale; he plays and tumbles,
Driving the poor fry before him,
And at last devours them all at a mouthful.
Such whales have I heard on a'th'land,
Who never leave gaping, 'till they swallowed
The whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton,
I would have been that day in the belfrey.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too :
And when I had been in his belly,
I would have kept such a jangling of the bells,
That he should never have left,
Till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish up again.
But if the good king Symonides were of my mind—

Per. Symonides!

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones,
That rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;
And from their watry empire recollect,
All that may men approve, or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest, good fellow, what's that if it be a
day fits you,

Search out of the kalender, and no body look after it?

Per. Y^e may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea,
To cast thee in our way?

Per. A man, whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pity him :
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg?
Here's them in our country of Greece,
Get more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish*. Nay, then thou wilt starve sure: for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold, my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish*. Die, ko-tha, now Gods forbid; I have a gown here, come put it on, keep thee warm; now afore me a handsome fellow: come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for all day, fish for fasting days and more; or puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish*. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish*. But crave? then I'll turn craver too,
And so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipt then?

2 *Fish*. Oh not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipt, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But master, I'll go draw the net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish*. Hark you, sir, do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

sb. I tell you, this is called Pentapolis,
our king, the good Symonides.

. The good king Symonides, do you call him ?

sb. Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,
s peaceable reign and good government.

. He is a happy king, since he gains from
bjefts, the name of good, by his government.
ar is his court distant from this shore ?

sb. Marry, sir, half a day's journey ; and I'll
u, he hath a fair daughter ; and to-morrow is her
day ; and there are princes and knights come from
ts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

. Were my fortunes equal to my desires,
I wish to make one there.

sb. Oh, sir, things must be as they may ; and
man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his
soul.

The two Fishermen enter, drawing up a Net.

sb. Help, master, help : here's a fish hangs in the
ke a poor man's right in the law, 'twill hardly
out. Habots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis
to a rusty armour.

An armour, friends ! I pray you let me see it.
ts, fortune, yet, that after all crosses,
giv'st me somewhat to repair myself :
hough it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
my dead father did bequeath to me,
this strict charge, even as he left his life :

‘ Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
 ‘ Twixt me and death ; and pointed to this b.
 For that it sav’d me ; keep it in like necessity
 The which the gods protect thee, fame may def
 It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov’d it,
 ‘ Till the rough seas, that spares not any man,
 Took it in rage, though calm’d hath given’t
 I thank thee for’t, my shipwreck now’s no il
 Since I have here my father’s gift in’s will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir ?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat
 For it was sometime target to a king,
 I know it by this mark ; he lov’d me dearly,
 And for his sake, I wish the having of it ;
 And that you’d guide me to your sovereign’s
 Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;
 And if that ever my low fortune’s better,
 I’ll pay your bounties ; ‘till then, rest your

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lac

Per. I’ll shew the virtue I have borne in a

1 *Fish.* Why, take it, and the gods give
 on’t.

2 *Fish.* But hark you, my friend, ‘twas
 made up this garment thro’ the rough sea
 waters ; there are certain condolences, cert
 I hope, sir, if you thrive, you’ll remember fro
 you had them.

Per. Believe it I will ;

By your furtherance I am cloath’d in steel,
 And, *spight* of all the rupture of the sea,

Jewel holds his building on my arm;
 thy value I will mount myself
 a courser, whose delightful steps
 make the gazer joy to see him tread:
 my friend, I yet am unprovided of a pair of bases.
 10. We'll sure provide; thou shalt have
 set gown to make thee a pair;
 I'll bring thee to the court myself,
 Then honour be but a goal to my will,
 lay I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exit.

SCENE III.

in Square near the Palace of Pentapolis. SYMONIDES with Attendants and THAISA, enter.

3. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?
 10. They are, my liege, and stay your coming,
 present themselves.

3. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter
 here,

hour of whose birth, these triumphs are,
 are like beauty's child, whom nature gat,
 men to see and, seeing, wonder at,

4. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
 commendations great, whose merit's less.

3. It's fit it should be so: for princes are
 del which Heav'n makes of itself;
 els lose their glory, if neglected,

Dij

So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which to preserve mine honour, I'll perform

[*The first knight passes*]

King. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father,
And the device he bears upon his shield,
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mibi.*

King. He loves you well, that holds his life of you

[*The second knight*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father,
And the device he bears upon his shield,
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady,
The motto thus in Spanish, *Pue por dolcera chi por for.*

[*The third knight*]

King. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch; and his device
A wreath of chivalry; the word, *Me Pompei pro-vi*
apex.

[*The fourth knight*]

King. And what is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch turned upside down;
The word, *Qui me alit, me extinguit.*

King. Which shews that beauty hath his power
will,

Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth knight*]

Thai. The fifth an hand environed with clouds.

gold, that's by the touch-stone try'd ;
us, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth knight.*

what's the sixth and last, the which the
lf with such a graceful courtesie deliver'd:
ems to be a stranger, but his present is
anch, that's only green at top ;
hic spe viro.

etty moral :

cted state wherein he is,
you, his fortunes yet may flourish.
had need mean better than his outward

peak in his just commend :
sty outside, he appears
d more the whipstock, than the lance.
well may be a stranger, for he comes
d triumph, strangely furnish'd.
d on set purpose let his armour rust
to scour it in the dust.
on's but a fool, that makes us scan
rabit by the inward man.
nights are coming.

raw into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
reat shouts, and all cry 'The mean knight.'

ng and Knights enter from tilting.
ts, to say you're welcome, were super-
s.
he volume of your deeds,

As in a title page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since ev'ry worth in shew commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feast.
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my Knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you her labour'd scholar: come, queen o'th' feast,
For, daughter, so you are, here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve thy grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Symonides.

King. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir, for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

King. Sit, sit, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is the queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavory,
Wishing him my meat; sure he's a gallant gentleman

King. He's but a country gentleman : has done no more

Than other knights have done ; has broken a staff,
Or so ; let it pass.

Tbai. To me he seems a diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was,
And princes sat like stars about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence ;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy ;
Where now his son, like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light ;
Whereby I see that time's the king of men,
For he's their parents, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

King. What are you merry, knights ?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence ?

King. Here, with a cup that's stirr'd unto the brim,
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

King. Yet pause a while.

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a shew might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

Tbai. What is't to me, my father ?

King. O, attend, my daughter ;

*Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that come to honour the*

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but, kill'd, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet,
Here say we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold.
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens' gifts for impudence.

King. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better. *[Aside.*

King. And furthermore tell him,
We desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, hath drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him, and you, and pledge him
freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre, my name Pericles,
My education been in arts and arms,
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas' rest of ships and men,
And after shipwreck, driv'n upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre; who only by misfortune of the
seas,

Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.

King. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,

and will awake him from his melancholy.
 me, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
 and waste the time, which looks for other revels.
 /n in your armour, as you are addrest,
 ill very well become a soldier's dance:
 ill not have excuse, with saying that
 od music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
 ce they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[They dance.]

, this was well ask'd; 'twas well perform'd;
 me, sir, here's a lady that wants breathing too,
 and I have heard, you knights of Tyre
 e excellent in making ladies' trip,
 and that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

King. O that's as much, as you would be deny'd
 your fair courtesie; unclasp, unclasp. *[They dance.]*

hanks gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
 at you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct
 hese knights unto their several lodgings.

ours, sir, we have giv'n order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

King. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

and that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

SCENE IV.

Tyre. HELLICANUS and ESCANES enter.

Hell. No, Escanes, know this of me,
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
 For which, the most high gods, not minding
 Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
 They had in store, due to his heinous
 Capital offence, even in the height and pride
 Of all his glory, when he was seated in
 A chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
 With him, a fire from heav'n came and shrivel'd
 Up those bodies, even to loathing: for they so stunk
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but justice:
 For though this king were great,
 His greatness was no guard to bar heav'ns' shaft,
 But sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Two or three Lords enter.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
 Or counsel, hath respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without re-

3 Lord. And curst be he that will not secor

1 Lord. Follow me then: Lord Hellican a

Hell. With me ? and welcome; happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now, at length, they over-flow their banks.

Hell. Your griefs, for what ? wrong not your prince
you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Hellican;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath :
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out ;
If in the grave he rest, we'll find him there,
And be resolv'd, he lives, to govern us :
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our
censure,

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Soon fall to ruin : your noble self,
That best knows how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit, unto our sovereign.

Om. Live, noble Hellican.

Hell. Try honours' cause ; forbear your suffrages :
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear :
(Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.)
A twelve month longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king :
If in which time expir'd he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,

Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventurous
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall, like Diamonds, sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom, he's a fool that would n
And since Lord Hellican enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clas
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stand

SCENE V.

*The Palace of Symonides. The King enters
a Letter at one door, and the Knights meet*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Symoni
King. Knights, from my daughter this I let y
That for this twelve month, she'll not undert
A married life: her reason to her self is only
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my
King. Faith, by no means; she hath so stri
Ty'd her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible:
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's liv
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break.

3 *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our

So, they are well dispatch'd.
my daughter's letter ; she tells me here,
and the stranger knight,
nor more to view, nor day, nor light.
Well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine ;
that well ; nay, how absolute she's in't,
depending whether I dislike, or no.
I do commend her choice, and will no longer
be delay'd : Soft, here he comes :
dissemble it.

PERICLES *enters.*

All fortune to the good Symonides.

To you as much : sir, I am beholden to you,
for sweet musick this last night :
I protest, my ears were never fed
with such delightful pleasing harmony.
It is your grace's pleasure to commend,
my desert.

Sir, you are musick's master.

The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Let me ask you one thing.

Do you think of my daughter, sir ?

A most virtuous princess.

And she's fair too, is she not ?

As a fair day in summer : wondrous fair.

Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you ;

Well, that you must be her master,

she will be your scholar ; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy to be her school-master.

King. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else

Per. What's here ? a letter,

That she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life :

Oh seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter ;
And thou art a villain.

Per. By the gods I have not ;
Never did thought of mine levy offence ;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

King. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor !

King. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, unless it be a king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie

King. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courag

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent :
I came unto the court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state ;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

King. No ! here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

THAISA enters.

Per. Then as you are as virtuous, as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, if you had, who takes offence
At that would make me glad?

King. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*

I'll tame you, I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love, and your affections,
Upon a stranger?—who, for ought I know, [*Aside.*

May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself?—
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I'll make you—
Man and wife; nay, come, your hands
And lips must seal it too: And being join'd,
I'll thus your hopes destroy, and for further grief,
God give you joy. What, are ye both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Ev'n as my life, or blood, that fosters it.

King. What, are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes, if it please your majesty.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed.

*Varies again, the grisly north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that drives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives:
 The lady shrieks, and well a-weep,
 Doth fall in travail with her fear:
 And what ensues in this self-storm,
 Shall for itself, itself perform:
 I nil relate, action may
 Conveniently the rest convey;
 Which might not what by me is told,
 In your imagination bold;
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.*

SCENE VI.

The Ocean. PERICLES *enters on Shipboard.**

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these seas
 Which wash both heav'n and hell; and thou that
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep; O still
 Thy deafning dreadful thunders; daily quench
 Thy nimble sulphurous flashes: O how, Lychoric

* From this soliloquy, through the character of Pericles the pen of our great Shakespeare, is surely, at times, discernible, as it likewise is, (with submission be served!) in that of Marina.

Is my queen? then storm, venomously
U spit all thyself? the seaman's whistle
Per in the ears of death,
O Lychorida! Lucina, oh—
Patroness, and my wife, gentle
That cry by night, convey thy Deity
Our dancing boat! make swift the pangs
Queen's travels! Now, Lychorida.

LYCHORIDA *enters.*

Here is a thing too young for such a place,
It had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Your arms this piece of your dead queen.
How? how, Lychorida?
Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm,
All that is left living of our queen;—
Daughter; for the sake of it
Fly, and take comfort.
O you Gods!
O you make us love your goodly gifts,
Catch them straight away?
O below, recal not what we give,
O therein may use honour with you.
Patience, good sir, even for this charge.
Now mild may be thy life,
More blustrous birth had never babe;
And gentle, thy conditions,
You art the rudeliest welcome to this world,
Never was prince's child; happy that follows,
Not as chiding a nativity,

As fire, air, water, earth, and heav'n can make
 To herald thee from the womb ;
 Ev'n at the first, thy loss is more than can
 Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here :
 Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it.

Two Sailors enter.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir ? God save you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not fear the flaw,
 It hath done to me the worst : Yet for the love
 Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
 I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there ; thou wilt not,
 thou, blow, and split thyself ?

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, and the brine, and clo
 billows kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must over-board :
 The sea works high, the wind is loud,
 And will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead

Per. That's your superstition. [observing]

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir, with us at sea it still hath
 And we are strong in eastern, therefore briefly yield

Per. As you think meet : for she must o'er-board
 Most wretched queen. [straining]

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear
 No light, no fire ; the unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time
 To bring thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
 Must cast thee scarcely coffin'd, in oar,

ACT II. PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Where for a monument upon thy bones,
The air remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water, must o'erwhelm thy corps
Lying with simple shells: Oh, Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket, and my jewels, and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her:—suddenly, woman.

Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatch
Caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

Per. I thank thee: Mariner, say, what coast is

Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,

Alter thy course for Tyre: when canst thou reach

Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus,

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it

At careful nursing: go thy ways, good mariner

I'll bring the body presently. [Exit]

SCENE VII.

Tharsus. Lord CERYMON enters with a Servant

Cer. Philemon, oh!

PHILEMON enters.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men
It hath been a turbulent, and stormy night

Ser. I have been in many ; but such a night as
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return.
There's nothing can be ministered to nature,
That can recover him : give this to th' pothecary.
And tell me how it works.

Two Gentlemen enter.

1 Gent. Good morrow.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early ?

1 Gent. Sir, our lodging, standing bleak upon the
Shook as if the earth did quake :

The very principles did seem to rend, and all to top
Pure surprise, and fear made me to leave the house

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship,
Having rich attire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose ; 'tis most strange
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it ever virtue and cunning.
Were endowments greater than nobleness and riches
Careless heirs may the two latter darken and expel
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god :
'Tis known, I ever have studied physick,
Through which secret art, by turning o'er author

I have together with my practice, made familiar
To me, and to my aid, the best infusions that dwell
In vegetives, in metals, stones ; and can speak of the
Disturbances that nature works, and of her cures ;
Which doth give me more content,
In course of true delight,
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Gent. Your honour hath, through Ephesus,
Pour'd forth your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures ; who by you have been restor'd ;
And not your knowledge, your personal pain,
But even your purse still open, hath built lord Cerymon
Such strong renown, as never shall decay :

Two, or three enter, with a Chest.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that ?

Ser. Sir, even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest ; 'tis of some wrack.

Ser. Set it down, let us look upon it.

Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. What e'er it be, 'tis wondrous heavy ;

Wrench it open straight :

If the sea's stomach be o'er-charg'd with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd, and bitum'd ! did the

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as this upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it smells most sweetly in sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so, up with it: Oh you most-potent gods! what's here, a coast?

1 Gent. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloath of state, belin'd and treasured

With full bags of spices, a passport to Apollo:
Perfect me in the characters.

*Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I King Pericles have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost:
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity.*

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for wo; this chanc'd to-night!

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night.

For look how fresh she looks!

They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.

Make a fire within, fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again the o'er-quest spirit

ward of an Egyptian that had nine hours been dead,
who was by good appliance recovered.

One with Napkins and Fire enters.

He said, well said, the fire and cloaths;
the rough and woful musick that we have,
use it to sound I beseech you:

revive once more; how thou stirrest, thou block!

the musick there; I pray you give her air;

O clemen, this queen will live,

and she awakes a warm breath out of her;

she hath not been entranc'd above five hours.

How she' gins to blow into life's flower again.

Gent. The heav'ns, through you, encrease our won-

der sets up your fame for ever.

[der,

er. She is alive, behold her eye-lids,

as to those heavenly jewels which Pericles hath lost,

as to part their fringes of bright gold;

as the diamonds of a most praised water do appear,

make the world twice rich; live, and make us weep

to hear your fate, fair creature, rare as you seem to be.

[She moves.

Thai. O dear Diana, where am I? where's my lord?

What world is this?

Gent. Is not this strange?

Gent. Most rare.

er. Hush, my gentle neighbours; lend me your hands;

the next chamber bear her; get linen;

for this matter must be look'd to, for the relapse

is mortal: come, come, and, Esculapius, guide us.

[Exeunt, carrying her away.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PERICLES *enters at Tharsus, with* CLEON *and* DIONYSIA,

MOST honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone,
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyre stands
In a peace ; you and your lady take from my heart
All thankfulness. The gods make up the rest upon you.

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they hate you
Mortally, yet glance full wondrously on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen !

That the strict fates had pleas'd you'd brought her
To have blest mine eyes with her ! [hither,

Per. We cannot but obey the pow'rs above us ;
Could I rage, and roar, as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as 'tis : my gentle babe, Marina,
Whom, for she was born at sea, I have named so,
Here, I charge your charity withal ; leaving her
'The infant of your care, beseeching you to give her
Princely training, that she may be manner'd as she is

Cle. Fear not, my lady, but think your grace [born.
That fed my country with your corn, for which
The people's prayers daily fall upon you, must, in your
child,

Be thought on ; if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common body that's by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my duty ; but if to that
My nature need a spur, the gods revenge it
pon me, and mine, to the end of generation.

■

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

I believe you ; your honour, and your goodness
me to't without your vows : till she be married
a, by bright Diana, whom we honour,
sister'd shall this heir of mine remain,
tho' I shew will in't ; so I take my leave :
madam, make me bless'd, in your care
bringing up my child.

I've one myself, who shall not be more dear
in respect, than yours, my lord.

Madam, my thanks and prayers.

We'll bring your grace to the edge of the shore ;
give you up to the masked Neptune, and the
soft winds of heaven.

I will embrace your offer. Come, dearest madam :
no tears, Lychorida, no tears ; look to your little
son, on whose grace you may depend hereafter :
my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Tharsus. CERYMON and THAISA enter.

Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
I give you in your coffer,
as you are at your command : know you the character ?
It is my lord's ; that I was ship'd at sea,
remember, ev'n on my weaning time ;
never there delivered, by the holy gods,
I might say ; but since king Pericles,
my lord, I ne'er shall see again,

F ij

A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire;
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt*]

GOWER enters.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd, and settled to his own desire;
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana, there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus; and by Cleon train'd
In musick, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes high both the art and place
Of general wonder; but alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off, by treason's knife.
And in this kind our Cleon hath
One daughter, and a full-grown wench,
Even ripe for marriage sight: this maid
Hight Philoten; and it is said

*or certain, in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be.
Let when they wear'd the sledded silk,
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would, with sharp needle wound
The cambrick, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bed mute,
That still records within one; or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vail to her mistress Dion; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
The dove of Paphos might, with the crow,
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises which are paid as debts,
And not as given; this so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife with envy rare,
A present murd'rer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse is dead;
And cursed Dionysia hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath,
Prest for this blow; the unborn event
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged time
Past, on the lame feet of my rhyme,*

*Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionysia doth appear,
With Leonine a murderer.*

[1

SCENE III.

A Wood. DIONYSIA and LEONINE enter.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to do
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit; let not conscience,
Which is but cold, enflaming thy love bosom,
Enflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee;
But be a soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress dead.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

**MARINA enters with a Basket of Flowers.*

Mar. No: I will rob gay Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy grave with flowers: the yellows, b
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as the carpet hang upon thy grave,

** Marina's discourse in this scene has surely some
resemblance of Shakespeare's style.*

summer days do last. Ay me, poor maid,
a tempest, when my mother dy'd !
world to me is like a lasting storm,
tearing me from my friends.

How now, Marina ? why do'st thou weep alone ?
Where's my daughter is not with you ?
How can you consume your blood with sorrowing :
I have been a nurse of me. Lord ! your favour's
lost, with this unprofitable woe :
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
With Leonine, the air is quick there,
It pierces, and sharpens, the stomach :
Let Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
No, I pray you,

Do not bereave you of your servant.


1. Come, come ;

Let the king your father, and yourself,
Be more than foreign heart ; we every day
Expect him here, when he shall come and find
His aragon, to all reports thus blasted,
He'll repent the breadth of his great voyage,
And both my lord, and me, that we have taken
Leave to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Be chearful once again ; reserve
Your excellent complexion, which did steal
From you of young and old. Care not for me ;
I'll go home alone.

2. Well, I will go ;

But I have no desire to it.

3. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you ;



Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.

Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while ;
Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood :

What, I must have a care of you. [Exit.]

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam. Is the wind west-
erly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse saith, did never fear,
But cried, good seamen, to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands,
Haling the ropes, and clasping to the mast,
Endur'd a sea that almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born :
Never were waves, nor wind more violent,
And from the ladder-tackle, washes off
A canvas climber : ha, saith one, wilt out ?
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern :
The boatswain whistles, and the master calls
And trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it : pray ; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear,

nd I am sworn to do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd now ? as I can
remember, by my troth, I ne'er did hurt her
all my life, I never spake bad word,
or did ill turn to any living creature ;
elieve me now, I never kill'd a mouse,
for hurt a fly. I trod upon a worm once,
against my will ; but I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger ?

Leon. My commission
is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope :
You are well-favour'd, and your looks fore-shew
You have a very gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
Good sooth, it shewed well in you, do so now,
Your lady seeks my life, come you between,
And save poor me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn, and will dispatch.

Pirates enter.

1 *Pirat.* Hold, villain.

2 *Pirat.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirat.* Half part, mates, half part. Come let's
have her aboard suddenly. [*Excunt.*]

LEONINE enters.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate
And they have seized Marina; let her go ; [*Valde*]

There's no hope she will return : I'll swear she's dead
And thrown into the sea ; [Exit

PANDER, BOULT, and BAWD, enter.

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Metaline is full
of gallants ; we lost too much money this mart, by
being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures ; we
have but poor three, and they can do no more than
they can do.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we
pay for them ; if there be not a conscience to be us'd
in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true.

Boul't. But shall I search the market ? [Exit

Bawd. What else, man ?

Boul't. I'll go.

Pand. Three, or four thousand chickens were a
pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you ? Is it a shame
to get, when we are old ?

Pand. Oh, our credit comes not in like the commodity,
nor the commodity wages not with the danger
therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some
pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd
besides the sore terms we stand upon with the gods ;
will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

As well as we, ay, and better too: we offend
neither is our profession any trade, it's no
but here comes Boul't.

BOULT with Pirates, and MARINA, enter.

Come your ways, my masters.

Master, I have gone through for this piece
; if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my

1. Boul't, has she any qualities?

*2. She has a good face, speaks well, and hath
nt good cloaths: there's no farther necessity of
es can make her be refused.*

3. What's her price, Boul't?

4. I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand pieces.

*5. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have
noney presently: wife, take her in, instruct her
she has to do, that she may not be raw in her
ainment.*

*6. Boul't, take you the marks of her, the colour
hair, complexion, height, and age; he that will
most shall have her first. Get this done as I com-
you.*

7. Performance shall follow. [Exit.

*8. Alack, that Leonine, was so slack, so slow:
ould have struck, not spoke;
at these pirates, not enough barbarous,
o'er-board thrown me, fort o seek my mother!*

9. Why weep you, pretty one?

10. That I am pretty.

11. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, wher
like to live.

Mar. The more's my fault to 'scape his ha
Where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and see gen
all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall
difference of all complexions: what, d'ye stop;

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me to be, i
a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry whip thee, gosling; I thin
have something to do with you. Come, y'ar
foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I woul

Mar. The gods defend me.

Bawd. If it please the gods defend you
then men must comfort you, men must :
Boul't's return'd.

BOULT enters.

Now, sir, hast thou cry'd her through the m

Boul't. I have cry'd her almost to the num
hairs. I have drawn her picture with my v

Bawd. And pr'ythee tell me, how dost the
inclination of the people, especially of the you

Boul't. Faith, the, list'n'd to me, as they v
hearkened to their father's testament. T

s mouth so watered, that he went to bed to description.

We shall have him here to-morrow with him on.

To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you French knight that cowers i'th' hams?

Who, monsieur Verollus?

Ay, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation he made a groan at it, and swore he would to-morrow.

Well, well, as for him, he brought his disaster, here he doth but repair it. I know he in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we dge them with this sign.

Pray you, come hither a while, you have coming upon you; mark me, you must seem t fearfully, which you commit willingly; desit, where you have most gain: to weep that as you do, makes pity in your lovers; but begets you a good opinion, and that opinion profit.

I understand you not.

O take her home, mistress, take her home; ishes of hers must be quench'd.

. Thou sayest true, i'faith, so they must.

But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the

. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it?

Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be chang'd

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town; ~~rep~~
what a sojourner we have, you'll loose nothing;
custom. When nature fram'd this piece, she ~~me~~
thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she
and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you mistress, thunder shall ~~not~~
awake the beds of eels, as my giving out of her ~~bea~~
stirs up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home ~~so~~
to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways, follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters ~~dee~~
Unty'd I still my virgin-knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose.

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? pray;
go with us. [*Exit*

SCENE IV.

Governor's House at Tharsus. CLEON and DIONY
enter.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionysia, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think you'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, much
in blood than virtue, yet a princess to equal any ~~si~~
crown of the earth, in the justice of compare O v



ine, whom thou hast poisoned too! if thou hadst
 it to him, it had been a kindness becoming well
 face:—what canst thou say, when noble Pericles
 demand his child?

Ion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates
 toster it, nor ever to preserve: she dy'd at night,
 say so, who can cross it, unless you play the in-
 ent? and for an honest attribute, cry out, she dy'd
 foul play.

Il. O go to, well, well, of all the faults beneath the
 heavens, the gods do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think the pretty wrens of
 Venus will fly hence, and open this to Pericles; I do
 not think of what a noble strain you are, and of
 how coward a spirit.

Cl. To such proceeding, whoever but his approba-
 tion added, though not his whole consent, he did not
 depart from honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you
 how she came dead, nor none can know, Leonine
 being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood be-
 tween her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
 it got their gazes on Marina's face, whilst ours was
 turned that, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of
 day. It pierced me thorough, and though you call my
 love unnatural, you not your child well loving, yet
 still it greets me as an enterprize of kindness per-
 formed to your sole daughter.

Cl. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for Pericles, what should he say?

G ij

We wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn :
Her monument almost finished, and her epitaph,
In glittering golden characters, express
A general praise to her, and care in us,
At whose expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which to betray, dost, with thy angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to th' gods, that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know, you'll do as I advise. [Exit

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Tharsus. GOWER enters.

THUS time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making, to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime,
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand in gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. *Pericles*
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight;
Old Hellicanus goes along : behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,

*Old Escanes, whom Hellicanus late
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.
 Well sailing ships, and bounteous winds have brought
 This king to Tharsus, think this pilate thought :
 In with his steerage, shall your thoughts grope
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone ;
 Like moles and shadows see them move a while,
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.*

PERICLES enters at one door, with all his train ; CLEON
 and DIONYSIA at the other : CLEON shews PERICLES
 the tomb, whereat PERICLES makes lamentation,
 puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

*Gower. See how belief may suffer by foul show,
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;
 And Pericles, in sorrow, all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-shower'd,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks ; he swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea he bears
 A tempest which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
 To the epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionysia.*

The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year :
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;
 Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
 That is, being proud, swallow'd some part of the earth :

Therefore, the earth fearing to be overflow'd,
 Hath Thetis birth-child on the heav'ns bestow'd.
 Wherefore she does, and swears, she'll never stint,
 Make raging batt'ry upon shores of flint.

*No vizor does become black villany,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead;
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady Fortune; while our stear must play
 His daughter woe, and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service: patience then,
 And think you now are all in Metaline.*

SCENE II.

Metaline. Two Gentlemen enter.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. But to have divinity preach'd there—did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 Gent. No, no; come, I am for no more bad houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous.

[Exeunt.]

The three Bawds enter.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth
 her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, she is able to undo
 generation; when she should do for client
 ment, and do me the kindness of our pr

quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons,
 , her knees, that she would make a Puritan
 , if he should cheapen a kiss of her.
 aith, she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers,
 all our swearers priests.

Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguis'd.
 We should have both lord and lown, if the
 aggage would but give way to customers.

LYSIMACHUS enters.

ow now ? how, a dozen of nut damsels ?

Now the gods bless your honour.

I am glad to see your honour in good health.
 ou may so: 'tis the better for you, that your
 stand upon sound legs, how now ? whole-
 unity have you, that a man may deal withal ?

We have one here, sir, if she would——

never came her like in Metaline, [say.

she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st

Your honour knows what 'tis to say well
 /ell, call forth, call forth. [enough.

For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you
 a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if she had

What pr'ythee ?

O, sir, I can be modest.

What dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less
 ves a good report to a number to be chaste.

MARINA enters.

Here comes that which grows to the stalk,
 ure you.

a fair creature ?

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea.
'ell, there's for you, leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour give me leave a word,
and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily
note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governour of this country,
and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him
indeed; but how honourable he is, in that I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, will you use him kindly? He will
line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thank
fully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not pac'd yet; you must
take some pains to work her to your manage; come, we
leave his honour, and her, together. [Exit Bawd.]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been
in this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't, but I shall offer
you to name it.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade,
Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profes-

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young; were you a
boy, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why the house you dwell in, proclaims you to
be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such
sort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of
honourable parts, and the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto
you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman, she that sets seeds and
sows of shame and iniquity. O you have heard some-
thing of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious
seeing; but I protest to thee, pretty one, my autho-
rity shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee;
come bring me to some private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, shew it now;

If put upon you, make the judgment good

That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage—

Mar. For me that am a maid, though most ungente

Fortune hath plac'd me in this sty,

Where since I came, diseases have been sold

Dearer than physic, O that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,

Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies i'th' purer air!

Lys. I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well; I ne'er dream'd thou
could'st;

But I brought hither a corrupted mind

Thy speech had alter'd it; hold, here's gold for
Persevere in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you.

Lys. For my part, I came with no ill intent: for
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well,

Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not
But thy training hath been noble;
Hold, here's more gold for thee;
A curse upon him, die he like a thief
That robs thee of thy goodness; if thou dost
from me,

It shall be for thy good.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me

Lys. Avant, thou damn'd door-keeper;
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. |

Boult. How's this? We must take another c
with you; if your peevish chastity, which is not
a breakfast in the cheapest country under the
shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded
spaniel: come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. Come your way, we'll have no more g
men driv'n away: come your ways, I say.

BAWD enters.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she hath
spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bowd. O abominable!

Boul. She makes our profession as it were to stink before the face of the Gods.

Bowd. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boul. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

Bowd. Boul't take her away; use her at thy pleasure.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bowd. She conjures, away with her; would she had never come within my doors; marry hang you, she's born to undo us. Marry come up my dish of chastity, with rosemary and bays! [Exit.

Boul. Come, mistress, come your ways with me.

Mar. Pr'ythee tell me one thing first.

Boul. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What can'st thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boul. Why I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command:

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend in hell would not in reputation change:

Boul. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you, where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost;
Empty old receptacles, or common-shores of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

these ways are yet better than this :
at thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
own a name too dear.
at the gods would safely deliver me from this place
, here's gold for thee ; if that thy master would
gain by me,

claim that I can sing, weave, sow and dance,
with other virtues, which I'll keep from boast,
and I will undertake all these to teach.
doubt not but this populous city will yield many
scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?
Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee ; if
can please thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst
but since my master and mistress have bought
there's no going but by their consent : therefore
make them acquainted with your purpose, and
not but I shall find them tractable enough. C
do for thee what I can, come your ways.

GOWER enters.

Marina thus the brothel'scapes, and chance
Into an honest house, our story says ;
she sings like one immortal, and the dance
her admired lays :

*she dumbs, and with her needle composes
 own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
 sen her art sisters the natural roses;
 aple, silk, twine, with the rubied cherry;
 it pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 /bo pour their bounty on her, and her gain.
 She gives the cursed baund. Leave we her place,
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost,
 And driven before the wind; he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor: The city striu'd
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep, from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trim'd with rich expence,
 And to him in his barge with fervour bies.
 In your supposing, once more put your sight
 Our heavy Pericles, think this his bark.
 Where what is done in action, more of might
 Shall be discover'd, please you sit and bark. [Exit.*

SCENE III.

On Shipboard. HELICANUS enters, to him two Sailors.

1 Sail. Where is the Lord Hellicanus? he can resolve you. O here he is; sir, there is a barge put off from Metaline, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard; what is your will?

Hell. That he have his——call up some gentlemen.

2 Sail. Ho, gentlemen, my lord calls.

H

Two or three Gentlemen enter.

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth wo
aboard, I pray ye greet them fairly.

LYSIMACHUS enter.

1 Sail. Sir, this is the man that can, in o
would resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir, the gods preserve y

Hell. And you, to out-live the age I am, a
I would do!

Lys. You wish me well;

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's trium
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of Tyre, in it the kin
A man, who for this three months hath not sp
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prolong his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperanc

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat,
main grief springs from the loss of a beloved
ter, and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootless is your sight;
not speak to any.

Lys. Let me obtain my wish.

Hell. Behold him; this was a goodly person
disaster that at one mortal whit drove him to

Lys. Sir king, all hail, the gods preserve you ; hail, al sir !

Hell. It is in vain, he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Metaline, I durst ger would win some words from him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought ; she, questionless, with her et harmony, and other chosen attractions, would ire and make a battery through his defended parts, ich now are mid-way stopt ; she is all happy, as fairest of all ; and her fellow maids, now, upon the y shelter that abuts against the island side.

Hell. Sure all effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit that us recovery's name. But since your kindness we re stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you, that for our d we may have provision, wherein we are not desate for want, but weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, : most just God for every graff would send a cater-lar, and so inflict our province ; yet once more let : entreat to know at large the cause of your king's tow.

Hell. Sir, sir, I will recount it to you ; but see, I am evented :

MARINA enters *.

Lys. O here's the lady that I sent for.

Welcome, fair one : is't not a goodly present ?

Hell. She's a gallant lady.

* Whoever will compare this scene between *Pericles* and his daughter, with that of *Leontes* in his discovery of *Hermione* in the *Winter's Tale*, may surely discern very similar stunts of fancy, and energy of expression.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd
 Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,
 I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
 Fair, and all goodness that consists in beauty,
 Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,
 If that thy prosperous and artificial fate
 Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
 Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay,
 As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use my uttermost skill in his recovery, provided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her; and the gods make her prosperous ! *[The song]*

Lys. Mark'd he your musick ?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir, my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my lord, that ne'er before invite eyes, but have been gazed on like a comet : she speaks my lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief might equal yours, if both were justly weighed ; though wayward fortune did malign my state, my derivation from ancestors who stood equivalent with mighty kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and the world and awkward casualties bound me in servitude ; I will desist, but there is something glows upon my cheek, and whispers in mine ear, *Go not 'till he speak.*

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage : equal mine : was it not thus ? what say you ?

Mar. I said my lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so, pray you turn your eyes upon me, y'are like something that, what country-women hear of these shews?

Mar. No, nor of any shews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter might have been: my queen's square brows, her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight, as silver voic'd, her eyes as jewel like, and cast as richly, in pace another Juno. Who starves the ears, she feeds and makes them hungry, the more she gives them speech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck you may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you these endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak; falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as justice, and thou seem'st a Pallas for the crowned truth to dwell in. I will believe thee, and make my senses credit thy relation to points that seem impossible, for thou look'st like one I lov'd indeed; what were thy friends? Didst thou not stay when I did push thee back? which was when I perceiv'd thee that thou cam'st from good descent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

H ij

Per. Report thy parentage; I think thou saidst hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury, and thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine, if he opened.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more; what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story; if thine considered part of my endurance, thou art a man. I have suffered like a girl; yet thou dost lose patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling mity out of act. What were thy friends? hast thou thy name, my most kind virgin? recollect beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. Oh, I am mock'd; and thou by some invisible god sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient; thou little knowest thou dost startle me to call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name was given me by one that had power—my father, and a king.

Per. How, a king's daughter, and call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me; but now a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?
Motion? well, speak on, where were you born
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina, for I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! who was thy mother?

My mother was the daughter of a king, who
 where I was born, as my good nurse Lyche-
 bid deliver'd weeping.

Stop there a little ; this is the rarest dream
 dull sleep did mock sad fools withal ;
 not be my daughter ; buried ! well, where
 bred ? I'll hear you more to the bottom of
 ; and never interrupt you.

on scorn ; believe me, 'twere best I did give
 'er.

ill believe you by the syllable of what you
 ; yet give me leave, how came you in these
 re were you bred ?

a king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,
 leon with his wicked wife,
 murder me ; and having wooed a villain
 it, who having drawn to do't,
 irates came and rescu'd me,
 to Metaline.

r, whither will you have me ? why do you
 y be you think me an impostor : No, good
 he daughter to king Pericles, if good king

fellicanus ?

my lord ?

art a grave and noble counsellor,
 general, tell me, if thou canst, what this

se to be, that thus hath made me weep ?

ow not ; but here's the regent, sir, of Me-
 nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her parentage.

Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

Per. Oh, Hellicanus, strike me, honour'd sir
me a gash; put me to present pain; lest this gn
of joys rushing upon me, o'er-bear the shores
mortality, and drown me with their sweetness: C
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again! O Hellicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as low
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that;
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
Drown'd queen's name: as in the rest you said
Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of king
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it not more to be your daughter, I
say, my mother's name is Thaisa? Thaisa
mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my
Give me fresh garments, mine own Hellicanus;
not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been
wage Cleon; she shall tell thee all, when thou
kneel and justify, in knowledge, she is thy ver
cess. Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Metaline, who I
of your melancholy, did come to see you.

I embrace you; give me my robes;
wild in my beholding. Oh Heav'n, bless my girl!
Hark, what musick's this, Hellicanus? my Marina,
Tell him o'er point by point, for yet he seems to doat,
How sure you are my daughter; but where's this musick?

Hell. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None? the musick of the sphere, list my Marina!

Lys. It is not good to cross him, give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds; do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick, my lord, I hear.

Per. Most heav'nly musick;

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs upon my eyes; let me rest.

Lys. A pillow for his head, so leave him all.

Well, my companion friends, if this but answer to my
just belief, I'll well remember you.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Remains on Shipboard. DIANA appearing to PERICLES
asleep.*

Diana.

My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,

And do upon my altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before all the people reveal

How thou at sea didst lose thy wife

To mourn thy crosses with thy daughter's call,

And give them repetition to the like;

Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do't, and happy by my silver bow,
Awake, and tell thy dream.

Per. Celestial Dian, Goddess Argentinè,
I will obey thee. *Hellicanus.*

LYSIMACHUS enters.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to st
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am for other service
Towards Ephesus turn our blown sails:
Eftsoons I'll tell why. Shall we refresh us, sir,
your shore, and give you gold for such provision
intents will need?

Lys. Sir, with all my heart; and when you
ashore, I have another slight.

Per. You shall prevail, were it to woo my daug
for it seems you have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Ex*]

SCENE II.

Diana's Temple at Ephesus. GOWER enters.

*Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then done.
That my last coin give me,
For such kindness must relieve me;
That you apply will suffice,
If not poverty, what fears, what shews,*

*What minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The regent made in Metalin,
To greet the king; so be thriv'd
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
'Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bad: whereto being bound,
The interim pray you all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they are will'd.
At Ephesus the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom.* [Exit.

PERICLES, LYSIMACHEUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
THAISA, CERYMON, enter, and others.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I confess myself the king of Tyre,
who, frighted from my country, did wed
Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa;
when in child-bed died she; but brought forth
a maid child called Marina; who, O Godless,
wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
was nurst with Cleon, whom at fourteen years
sought to murder, but her better stars
brought her to Metaline; 'gainst whose shore riding,
our fortunes brought the maid aboard to us,
and by her own most clear remembrance, she
known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour! You are, you are, O roj
Pericles!— *[She faints awa*

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, ge
tlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer: no, I threw her overbo
with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady; O she's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn, this lady was thrown up
this shore; I open'd the coffin; found these rich jew
recover'd her; and placed her here in Diana's templ

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to a
house, whither I invite you; look, Thaisa is recover

Thai. O let me look; if he be none of mine,
My sanctity will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it spite of seeing:
O my lord, are you not Pericles?

Like him you speak, like him you are:
Did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa.

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead and drown'

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The King my father, gave you such a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods,

Your present kindness makes my past miseries sport.
You shall do well, that 'in the touching of her lips
I may melt, and no more be seen ;

O come, be buried a second time within these arms!

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mother's
bosom.

Per. Look who kneels here, flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa,
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*,
or she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own.

Hell. Hail, madam, and my queen.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute ;

Can you remember what I call'd the man ?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Hellicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation ;

Embrace him, dear Thaisa, this is he :

Now do I long to hear how you were found ;

How possibly preserv'd ; and who to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerymon, my lord, this man, through
whom

The gods have shewn their power, that can from first
To last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you ;

Will you deliver how this dead queen re-lives ?

Cer. I will, my lord ; beseech you first go with
 Unto my house, where shall be shewn you all
 Was found with her ;
 How she came plac'd here in the temple,
 No needful thing omitted,

Per. Pure Dian ! bless thee for thy vision !
 I will offer night oblations to thee.
 Thaisa, this prince, the fair betroth'd of your daught
 Shall marry at Pentapolis.
 And now this ornament that makes me look disma
 Will I clip to form ;
 And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
 To grace thy marriage day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerymon hath letters of good credit
 Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heav'ns make a star of him ; yet here, my qu
 We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
 Will in that kingdom spend our following days ;
 Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

*Lord Cerymon, we do our longing stay,
 To hear the rest untold, sir, lead's the way.*

GOWER *enters.*

*In Antiochus and his daughter, you have heard
 Of monstrous lust the due and just reward ;
 In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,
 Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
 Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
 Led on by Heav'n, and crown'd with joy at last*

*In Helicanus may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty;
In reverend Cerymon there well appears
The worth that learned charity eye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him, and his, they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content,
To punish all, although not done, but meant.
So on your patiences ever more attending,
New joy wait on you, here our play hath ending.*



..

!

.

.

.

.

.

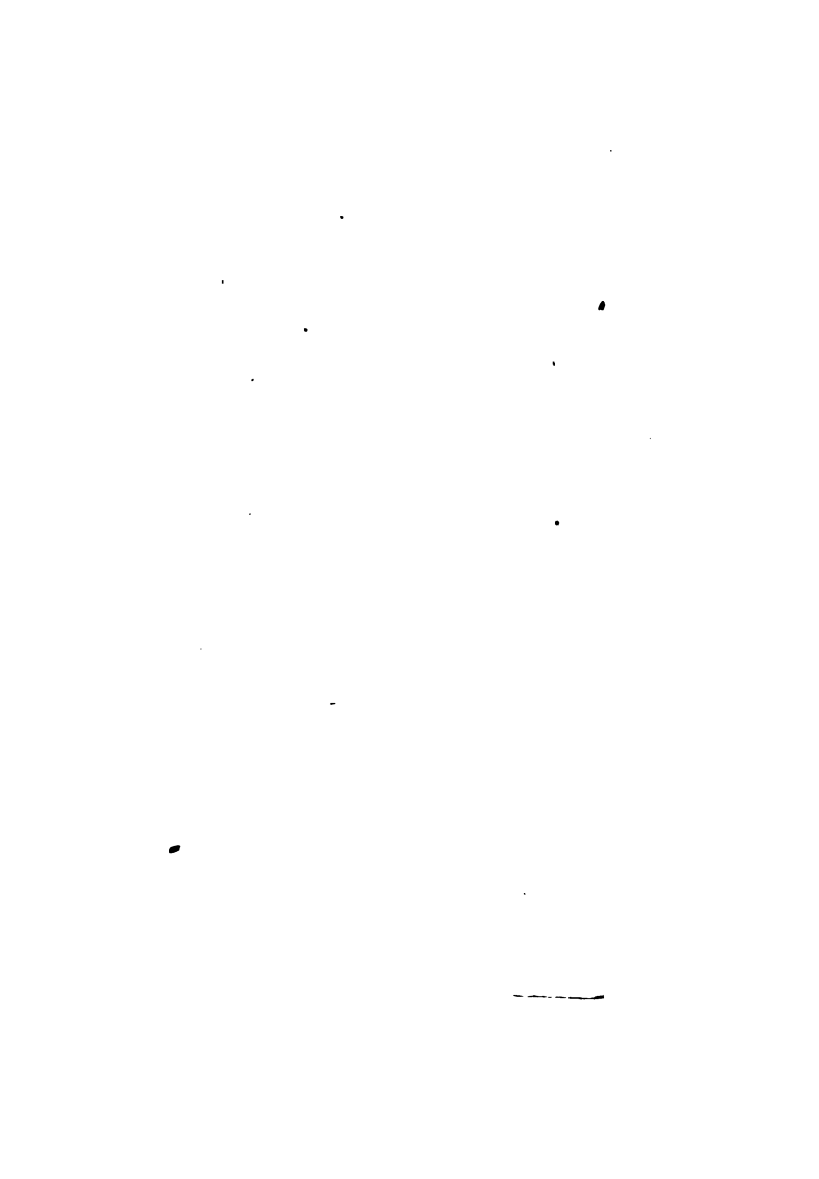
.

.

.

.

.







B U S I R I S,
KING OF EGYPT.

A
TRAGEDY.

BY EDWARD YOUNG, LL. D.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
As performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,
By Permission of the Manager.

to Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
GEORGE CANTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

M D C C X C V I.

..

.

!

!

TO HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD, &c.

MY LORD,

Dedication carries in its nature a mark of our vledgement and esteem, and is there most due, we are most obliged, the late instances I received of Grace's undeserved and uncommon favour in air of some consequence (foreign to the theatre) ven from me the privilege of choosing a patron ; lly for a performance which, not only by its alls immediately under your Grace's authority, ich likewise by its good fortune in a season of 'anger to it, received from your Grace's fice in- ce, its life and success on the stage. Thus my on concurs with my duty; and it is my happi- n to be able to gratify the impulse of the one, t obeying at the same time the dictates of the

resses of this nature, through a gross abuse of have justly fallen under ridicule. How plea- it to hear one of yesterday complimented on ustrious ancestors? A sordid person, on his cence? An illiterate pretender, on his skill s and sciences? Or a wretch contracted with e, on his diffusive benevolence to mankind?

Yet from the frequency of such a shameful prostitution of the pen as this, one advantage results ; it gives the grace of novelty and peculiarity to a dedication, that shall reclaim panegyric from its guilt, and rescue the late mentioned sublime distinctions of character from absurdity and injustice, by applying them to a Duke of Newcastle. It is a kind of compliment paid to panegyric itself, to use it on so just an occasion.

It is letters, my Lord, which distinguish one age from another ; each period of time shines, or is cast in shades, as they flourish or decline ; and who knows not that the fate of letters is determined by the kind or cold aspect of the great ? How happy then is the present time, how fair an assurance has it of being exempted from the death of common ages, when we see the politer arts triumphing in the care and encouragement of one who has made an early and regular acquaintance with them at their own home, joining to the amplest fortune the qualifications requisite (had it been wanting) to acquire and deserve it. One, who in the flower of youth, when the imagination is warmest, and fit for such a province, presides over the labours of genius and fine taste, and has it in his power to rival those he is pleased to patronize. One, in a word, who, covetous of learning, reaches beyond his own nation for new supplies of it ; who, zealous for merit, pays honours to its very ashes ; and whose being an excellent master in polite letters himself, is one of the smallest proofs he has given of his ardent love towards them,

*But I cannot turn my thoughts that way, without
ing put in mind of the imperfection of the follow-
scenes. I own they have many faults, as many
I can allow, without reflecting on the town, for
countenance they have received: but I hope they
we merit enough to entitle them to some share of
ur Grace's approbation, as well as errors enough
make them stand in need of all your protection.
the continuance of which is humbly hoped by,*

My Lord,

Your Grace's much obliged,

Most obedient, and

Most humble servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

PROLOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.

*LONG have you seen the Greek and Roman name,
Assisted by the muse, renew their fame,
While yet unsung those heroes sleep, from whom
Greece form'd her Plato's, and her Cæsar's Rome.
Such, Ægypt, were thy sons! Divinely great
In arts, and arms, in wisdom, and in state.
Her early monarchs gave such glories birth,
Their ruins are the wonders of the earth.
Structures so vast by those great kings design'd,
Are but faint sketches of their boundless mind:
Yet ne'er has Albion's scene, though long renown'd,
With the stern tyrants of the Nile been crown'd.
The tragic muse in grandeur should excel,
Her figure blazes, and her numbers swell.
The proudest monarch of the proudest age,
From Ægypt comes to tread the British stage:
Old Homer's heroes moderns are to those
Whom this night's venerable scenes disclose.
Here pomp and splendor serve but to prepare:
To touch the soul is our peculiar care;
By just distress soft pity to impart,
And mend your nature, while we move your heart.
Nor would these scenes in empty words abound,
Or overlay the sentiments with sound:*

A ij

*ids (when the poet would your souls engage)
the mere garnish of an idle stage.
In passion rages, eloquence is mean :
Gestures and looks best speak the moving scene.
Shining fair ! when tender woes invite
deasing anguish, and severe delight,
your affliction you compute your gain,
'rise in pleasure, as you rise in pain.
When just objects of concern are shown,
! your hearts heave with sorrows not your own,
not the gen'rous impulse be withstood,
ive not with nature, blush not to be good :
bs only from a noble temper rise,
I 'tis your virtue swells into your eyes.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

BUSIRIS, King of Egypt.

MYRON, the Prince.

NICANOR, father of Mandane.

MEMNON,

RAMESES,

SYPHOCES,

PERON,

AULETES, a Courtier.

} Conspirators.

Women.

MYRIS, Queen of Egypt.

MANDANE.

Scene, Memphis, in Old Egypt.



BUSIRIS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Memphis. PHERON and SYPHOCES enter.

Syphoces.

structures, and immortal deeds,
thought, and set our souls on fire,
has been too told in Egypt's praise,
of nations, and the boast of times,
science, and the house of gods!
I open wide my lab'ring mind
hence the vast idea, big
and arms, so boundless in their fame,
prize happy land! did not her dreadful king,
Busiris, whom the world reveres,
shining wonders in disgrace,
and pride.

pride indeed:
himself the proud, and glories in it,
exchange for Jupiter's almighty.
I seen him shake his silver reins.

B

BUSIRIS.

harness'd monarchs, to his chariot yok'd?
Then majesty they stalk along,
Whose eyes of indignation and despair,
While he aloft displays his impious state,

With half their rifled kingdoms o'er his brow,
Gazing to heav'n in diamond and gold.
Pher. Nor less the tyrant's cruelty than pride:
His horrid altars stream with human blood,

And piety is murder in his hand. [A great shout.
Syph. There rose the voice of twice two hundred
thousand,

And broke the clouds, and clear'd the face of day;
The king, who from this temple's airy height,
With heart dilated, that great work surveys,

Which shall proclaim what can be done by man,
Has struck his purple streamer, and descends.
Pher. Twice ten long years have seen that hav-

Which nations with united toil advance,
Gain on the skies, and labour up to heaven.
Syph. The king---or prostrate fall, or disapp-

BUSIRIS enters, attended.

Bus. This ancient city, Memphis the renown'd,
Almost coæval with the sun himself,
And boasting strength scarce sooner to decay,
How wanton sits she amid nature's smiles,
Nor from her highest turret has to view,
But golden landscapes, and luxuriant scene
A waste of wealth, the storehouse of the
Here, fruitful vales, far stretching, fly

umber'd whiten all the stream ;
 e banks full twenty thousand cities
 pride, and see their gilded towers
 e waves, and break against the shore.
 n the whole, this rising pyramid

[*Shows the plan.*

thens in air, and ends among the stars,
 nile every other object shrinks beneath
 a mighty shade, and lessens to the view,
 As kings compar'd with me.

AULETES enters, he falls prostrate.

Aul. Oh, live for ever,
 Busiris, first of men !

Bus. Auletes, rise.

Aul. Ambassadors from various climes arrive,
 To view your wonders, and to greet your fame ;
 Each loaden with the gifts his country yields,
 Of which the meanest rise to gold and pearl :
 The rich Arabian fills his ample vase
 With sacred incense ; Ethiopia sends
 A thousand coursers fleetier than the wind ;
 And their black riders darken all the plain ;
 Camels and elephants from other realms,
 Lending beneath a weight of luxury,
 Bring the best seasons of their various years,
 And leave their monarchs poor.

Bus. What from the Persian ?

Aul. He bends before your throne, and far outweighs
 The rest in tribute, and outshines in state.

Bus. Away! He sees me not; I know his purpose,
 A spy upon my greatness, and no friend:
 Take his ambassador, and shew him Egypt;
 In Memphis shew him various nations met,
 As in a sea, yet not confin'd in space,
 But streaming freely through the spacious streets,
 Which send forth millions at each brazen gate,
 When e'er the trumpet calls; high over head,
 On the broad walls, the chariots bound along,
 And leave in air a thunder of my own;
 Jove too has pour'd the Nile into my hand,
 The prince of rivers, ocean's eldest son:
 Rich of myself, I make the fruitful year,
 Nor ask precarious plenty from the sky—
 Throw all my glories open to his view,
 Then tell him, in return, for trifles offer'd,
 I give him this; and when a Persian arm

[Gives him]

Can thus with vigour its reluctance bend,
 And to the nerve its stubborn force subdue,
 Then let his master think of arms—but bring
 More men than yet e'er pour'd into the field;
 Mean time, thank heaven, our tide of conquest
 A different way, and leaves him still a king.
 This to the Persian—I receive the rest,
 And give the world an answer.

[E

*attended by Priests and her Virgins, is seen
sacrificing at a distance.*

As to Isis is sung, the Priests go out.

ANE, attended by her Maids, advances.

My morning duty to the gods is o'er ;
A terror hangs upon my soul,
In every thought—I still behold
The awful image, still the threatening sword
Before my breast, and glitters in mine eye.
I dream, no more. My virgins, leave me ;
O great Ruler of the world, be present !
Thou shine on this important hour !
Thou determines all my future life,
Whether I rise up to misery, or joy. [*She advances,*
She walks, this deep and solemn gloom,
The mid-day suns but glimmer to the view,
The light of tears, and mansion of the dead,
Thou dost hide him from the hated light,
Thou dost leave him to groan.

*draws, and shows MEMNON leaning on his
Father's Tomb.*

Scene

Alas ! If, my lord, the dead alone
Can care, life is no more a blessing.
You shun me for this dismal shade,
From love a refuge in despair ?

B iij

Mem. Why hast thou brought those eyes to this place,

Where darkness dwells, and grief would sigh secret
In welcome horrors, and beloved night?

Thy beauties drive the friendly shades before them
And light up day e'en here. Retire, my love;
Each joyful moment I would share with thee,
My virtuous maid; but I would mourn alone.

Mand. What have you found in me so mean, to
That while you sigh, my soul can be at peace?
Your sorrows flow from your Mandane's eyes.

Mem. Oh, my Mandane! —

Mand. Wherefore turn you from me?
Have I offended, or are you unkind?
Ah, me! A sight as strange, as pitiful!
From this big heart, o'ercharg'd with gen'rous sorrows
See the tide working upward to his eye,
And stealing from him in large silent drops,
Without his leave! — Can those tears flow in vain?

Mem. Why will you double my distress, and name
My grief my crime, by discomposing you?
And yet I can't forbear! Alas! my father!
That name excuses all: what is not due

To that great name, which life, or death, can pay

Mand. Speak on, and ease your lab'ring breath
And sinks again, and then it swells so high, [s]
It looks as it would break. I know 'tis big
With something you would utter. Oft in vain
I have presum'd to ask your mournful story;
But ever have been answer'd with a frown.

Mem. Oh, my Madane! did my tale concern

Myself alone, it would not lie conceal'd ;
 But 'tis wrapt up in guilt, in royal guilt,
 And therefore 'tis unsafe to touch upon't.
 To tell my tale, is to blow off the ashes
 From sleeping embers which will rise in flames
 At the least breath, and spread destruction round.
 But thou art faithful, and my other self ;
 And, Oh ! my heart this moment is so full,
 It bursts with its complaints, and I must speak :—
 Myris, the present queen, was only sister
 Of great Artaxes, our late royal lord ;
 Busiris, who now reigns, was first of males
 In lineal blood, to which this crown descends.
 (Not with long circumstance to load my story)
 Ambitious Myris fir'd his daring soul,
 And turn'd his sword against her brother's life ;
 Then mounting to the tyrant's bed and throne,
 Enjoy'd her shame, and triumph'd in her guilt.

Mand. So black a story well might shun the day.

Mem. Artaxes' friends (a virtuous multitude)

Were swept away by banishment, or death,
 In throngs, and sated the devouring grave.

My father——think, Mandane, on your own,
 And pardon me !——

[*Weeps.*]

The tyrant took me, then of tender years,
 And rear'd me with his son (a son since dead).

He vainly hop'd, by shews of guilty kindness

To wear away the blackness of his crime,

And reconcile me to my father's fate ;

∴ Hence have I long been forc'd to stay my vengeance,

MEMNON.

To smooth my brow with smiles, and curb my tongue
While the big woe lies throbbing at my heart.

PHERON *at a distance enters.*

Pher. So close! so loving! Here I stand unseen,
And watch my rival's fate.

Mem. But thou, my fair,
Thou art my peace in tumult, life in death;
Thou yet canst make me blest.

Mand. As how, my lord?

Mem. Ah! why wilt thou insult me?

Mand. Memnon—

Mem. Speak.

Mand. Nature forbids; and when I would begin
She stifles all my spirits, and I faint;
My heart is breaking, but I cannot speak.
Oh, let me fly!—

Mem. You pierce me to the soul. [*Holding*

Mand. Oh! spare me for a moment, till my heart
Regains its wonted force, and I will speak.
Pheron, you know, is daily urgent with me,
Breaks through restraints, and will not be refus'

[*Pheron shows a great*

Yet more, the prince, the young impetuous
Before his father sent him forth to war,
And gave the Mede to his destructive sword,
Has often taught his tongue a silken tale,
Descended from himself, and talk'd of love.
Since last I saw thee, his licentious passion
Has haunted all my dreams—

day the court shines forth in all its lustre,
welcome her returning warrior home—
the malice of our stars!

Em. To place it
and the power of fate to part our loves,
his our bridal night, my life!—my soul!

[*Embrace.*

Her. Perdition seize them both! and have I lov'd
long, to catch her in another's arms?
another's arms for ever? Oh, the pang!—
heart-piercing sight!—but rage shall take its turn—
shall be so——and let the crime be his,
who drives me to the black extremity;
nor no farther hell than that I feel.

[*Exit.*

Em. Trembling I grasp thee, and my anxious heart,
fill in doubt if I may call thee mine.

bliss too great! Oh, painful ecstasy!
I know not what to utter.

Isand. Ay, my lord!

that means this damp that comes athwart my joy,
diminishing thus the lightness of my heart?

I have a father, and a father too,
older as nature ever fram'd.—His will
shall be consulted.—Should I touch his peace,
I should be wretched in my Memnon's arms.

Em. Talk not of wretchedness,

Isand. Alas! this day

gave me birth, and (which is strange to tell)
fates e'er since, as watching its return,
caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep
something great, extremes of good, or ill.

Mem.

No, I rec
Of all tha
Fame, fre
Had not t
They neve
They mean
Soon as nigh
The holy pr
And life shall
Till then, in
Or strike the lu
They'll sweeter
Alas! I'm torn fr
By weighty reasons
Nay, even by love it
But to deserve thee

Mand. Your friends

Mem. Excellent creat
But other passions now b
Doubt, and disdain, and so
With mingling tumult tear
Oh, how unlike the softnesses

SYPHOCES, ex

Syph. Hail, worthy Memnon.

Mem. Welcome, my Syphoces.
And much I hope thou bring'st a
A heart that bleeds for others' miser
Bravely regardless of its own, though
That first of characte

deadly blow

oom
the dusk!

ers, enter.

amon bid you

ath?

fell.

To Rameses.

ould not happen:

join'd our counsels,

and in private

with gold,

the wish'd occasion

and now

sent to fate.

tyrant from the

ar. [throne,

into the tomb.

cast your eyes

ure, [around;

are here,

tombs,

ly!

tombs

ent,

My smother'd rage, and blows it to a flame.
Where are our friends?

Syph. At hand. Rameses,
Last night, when gentle rest o'er nature spread
Her still command, and care alone was waking,
Like a dumb, lonely, discontented, ghost,
Enter'd my chamber, and approach'd my bed;
With bursts of passion, and a peal of groans,
He recollects his godlike brother's fate,
The drunken banquet, and the midnight murder,
And urges vengeance on the guilty prince.
Such was the fellness of his boiling rage,
Methought the night grew darker as he frown'd.

Mem. I know he bears the prince most deadly hate;
But this will enter deeper in his soul, [*Shows a letter.*
And rouse up passions, which till now have slept:
Murder will look like innocence to this.

Syph. How, Memnon?

Mem. This reminds me of thy fate;
The queen has courted thee with proffer'd realms,
And sought by threats to bend thee to her will;
She languishes, she burns, she wastes away
In fruitless hopes, and dies upon thy name.

Syph. Oh, fatal love! which stung by jealousy,
Expell'd a life far dearer than my own,
By cursed poison—Ah, divine Apame!
And could the murd'ress hope she should inherit
This heart, and fill thy place within these arms?—
But grief shall yield—Revenge, I'm wholly thine.

Mem. The tyrant too is wanton in his age;
* * * * * shows that all his thoughts are not in blood.

Love claims its share ; he envies poor Rameses
The softness of his bed ; and thinks Amelia
A mistress worthy of a monarch's arms.

Syph. But see, Rameses comes ! a sullen gloom
Scowls on his brow, and marks him through the dusk !

RAMESES, PHERON, and other Conspirators, enter.

Mem. To what, my friends, shall Memnon bid you
welcome?

To tombs, and melancholy scenes of death ?

I have no costly banquets, such as spread

Prince Myron's table, when your brother fell.

[To Rameses.

I have no gilded roof, no gay apartment,

Such as the queen prepar'd for thee, Syphoces.

Yet be not discontent, my valiant friends !

Busiris reigns, and 'tis now out of season

To look on ought may mind us of our fate :

His sword is ever drawn, and furious Myris

Thinks the day lost that is not mark'd with blood.

Ram. And have we felt a tyrant twenty years,

Felt him, as the raw wound the burning steel,

And are we murmuring out our midnight curses,

Drying our tears in corners, and complaining ?

Our hands are forfeited. Gods ! strike them off.

No hands we need to fasten our own chains,

Our masters will do that ; and we want souls

To raise them to an use more worthy men.

MANDANE *enters.*

What tender force ! What dignity divine !
What virtue consecrating ev'ry feature !
Around that neck, what dross are gold and pearl !
Mandane ! Powerful being, whose first sight
Gives me a transport not to be express'd ;
And with one moment over-pays a year
Of danger, toil, and death, and absence from thee,

Mand. My Lord, I sought my father.

Myr. Leave me not,
I've much to say ; much more than you conceive.
Yes, by the gods, much more than I can utter.
My breath is snatch'd, I tremble, I expire : [*Al*]
Nay, here I'll offer tender violence——

[*Takes her ha*

May I not breathe my soul upon this hand,
When your eyes triumph, and insult my pain ?
Permit me here to take a small revenge.

Mand. My Lord, I am not conscious of my fault

Myr. 'Tis false——I know the language of those eyes
They use me ill——see my heart beat, Mandane ;
Believe not me, but tell yourself my passion——
Is it in art to counterfeit within ?
To drive the spirits, and inflame the blood ?
Each nerve is pierc'd with light'ning from your eye
And every pulse is in the throbs of love.

Mand. My Lord, my duty calls, I must not stay.

Myr. Give me a moment : I have that to speak
Will burst me, if suppress——Oh, heav'nly maid !

Thy charms are doubled, so is thy disdain——
 Who is it? Tell me who enjoys thy smile;
 There is a happy man, I swear there is;
 I know it by your coldness to your friend——
 That thought has fix'd a scorpion on my heart,
 That stings to death——and is it possible
 You ever spoke of Myron in his absence,
 Or cast, at leisure, a light thought that way?

Mand. I thought of you, my lord, and of my father,
 And pray'd for your success, nor must I now
 Neglect to give him joy.

Myr. Yet stay, you shail not go—Ungrateful woman!
 I would not wrong your father; but by heav'n
 His love is hatred, if compar'd with mine.
 I understand whence this unkindness flows;
 Your heart resents some licence of my youth,
 When love had touch'd my brain. You may forgive me,
 Because I never shall forgive myself;
 But that you live, I'd rush upon my sword.
 If you forgive me, I shall now approach,
 Not as a lover only, but a wretch
 Redeem'd from baseness to the ways of honour,
 And to my passion join my gratitude.
 Each time I kneel before you, I shall rise
 As well a better as a happier man,
 Indebted to your virtue and your love.

Mand. I must not hear you.

Myr. Oh, torment me not!
 Hear me you must, and more—Your father's valour,
 In the late battle, rescu'd me from death:

And how shall I be grateful
Think not, Mandane, this a
A flash of love, that kindles
Long have I weigh'd it : sin
No night has pass'd but this
And mix'd with ev'ry dream
In the maturest counsel of

Mand. Oh, gods, I tremble
Where can this end ?

Myr. And do you then doubt

Mand. My lord, I want to
What far transcends my measure
Must silently upbraid my love

Myr. Have I forsook my
Headlong to all the gay delusions
And fall'n in love with virtue
Turn'd superstitious to malice
Gods ! have I struggled through
That strongly combated my
Was wealth o'erlook'd, and
My parent's crown forgot, and
And all to be refus'd ; to serve
And make my rival sport ?

Mand. With patience he
Nor let my trust in Myron

Myr. Distraction ! Art thou

Mand. Oh !

Myr. My heart foretold it

Aul. Madam, 'tis prudent

Myr. I do not live—I cannot bear the light !
Where is Mandane ? But I would not know :
She is not mine. Yet though not mine in love,
Revenge, my just revenge, may overtake her.
Oh, how I hate her ! Let me know her faults.
Did the proud maid insult me in distress,
And smile to see me gasping ? Speak, Auletes,
Did she not sigh ? Sure she might pity me,
Though all her love is now another's right.

Aul. She sigh'd and wept ; but I remov'd her from you.

Myr. It was well done. Yet I could gaze for ever.
And did she sigh, and did she drop a tear ?
The tears she shed for me are surely mine ;
And shall another dry them on those cheeks,
And make them an excuse for greater fondness ?
Shall I assist the villain in his joys ?
No, I will tear her from him.
I'd grudge her beauties to the gods that gave them.

Aul. My Lord, have temper.

Myr. And another's passion
Warm on that lip ! another's burning arms
Strain'd round the lovely waist for which I die,
And she consenting, wooing, growing to him !
What golden scenes, when absent did I feign !
What lovely pictures did I draw in air !
What luxury of thought ! and see my fate !
Shall then my slave enjoy her, and I languish
In my triumphal car, my foot on purple,
And o'er my head a canopy of gold ;
Fate in my nod, and monarchs in my train ?

BUSIRIS:

What if I stab him? No; she will not wed
 a murderer. I never form'd a wish,
 at full fruition taught me to forget it.
 And am I lessen'd by my late success?
 And have I lost my conquest? Fly, Auletes,
 And tell her——

Aul. What, my Lord?

Myr. No, bid her——

Aul. Speak.

Myr. I know not what. My heart is torn asunder.

Aul. Retire, my Lord, and recompose yourself;
 The Queen approaches. Ha! her bosom swells,
 [Exit Myro]

Her pale lip trembles, a disorder'd haste
 Is in her steps; her eyes shot gloomy fires!
 When Myris is in anger, happy they
 She calls her friends.

QUEEN enters.

Queen. Auletes, where's the King?

Aul. At council, Madam.

Queen. Let him know I want him. [E]
 Base! to forget to whom he owes a crown!
 Fool! to provoke her rage whose hand is red
 In her own brother's blood!

BUSIRIS and PHERON enter.

Bus. Horrid conspiracy!

Pher. This night was destin'd for the blow

Bus. Mistaken villains ! if they wish my death,
They should, in prudence, lay their weapons by.
So jealous are the gods of Egypt's glory,
I cannot die while slaves are arm'd against me.
Haste, Pheron, to the dungeon, plunge them down
Far from the hopes of day ; there let them lie
Banish'd this world, while yet alive, and groan
In darkness and in horror ; let double chains
Consume the flesh of Memnon's loaded limbs,
Till death shall knock them off. A king's thy friend ;
Nay, more, Busiris. Go, let that suffice. [*Exit. Pher.*
Queen. My Lord, your thought's engag'd.

Bus. Affairs of state
Detain'd me from my Queen.

Queen. The world may wait :
I've a request, my Lord.

Bus. Oblige me with it.

Queen. Will you comply ?

Bus. My Queen, my pow'r is yours.

Queen. Your Queen ?

Bus. My Queen.

Queen. Indeed, it should be so.

Then sign these orders for Amelia's death.

He starts, turns pale, he's sinking into earth !

Enough ; begone, and fling thee at her feet ;

Doat on my slave, and sue to her for mercy.

Go, pour forth all the folly of thy soul ;

But bear in mind, thou giv'st not of thy own ;

Thou giv'st that kindness which I bought with blood,

Nor shall I lose unmov'd.

Bus. I wish, my Queen,
This still had slept a secret for thy sake;
But since thy restless jealousy of soul
Has been so studious of its own disquiet,
Support it as you may. I own I've felt
Amelia's charms, and think them worth my lov

Queen. And dar'st thou bravely own it to
insult!

Forgetful man! 'tis I then owe a crown!
Thou hadst still grovell'd in the lower world,
And view'd a throne at distance, had not I
Told thee thou wert a man, and (dreadful tho
Through my own brother cut thy way to emp
But thou might'st well forget a crown bestow'
That gift was small; I listen'd to thy sighs,
And rais'd thee to my bed.

Bus. I thank you for it.
The gifts you made me were not cast away;
I understand their worth. Husband and kin
Are names of no mean import; they rise hi
Into dominion, and are big with pow'r.—
Whate'er I was, I now am King of Egypt,
And Myris' Lord.

Queen. I dream! Art thou Busiris?
Busiris, that has trembled at my feet,
And art thou now my Jove with clouded
Dispensing fate, and looking down on M
Dost thou derive thy spirit from thy crim
'Cause thou hast wrong'd me, therefore
threaten,

And roll thine eye in anger? Rather bend,
And sue for pardon. Oh, detestable!
Turn for a stranger's bed!—

Bas. And what was mine,
When Myrtle first ~~revelled~~ ^{looked} to smile on me?

Sans. Distraction! death! upbraided for my love!
 Thou art not only criminal, but base.
 Mine was a godlike guilt; ambition in it;
 Its foot in hell; its head above the clouds;
 For know, I hated when I most carees'd:
 'Twas not *Desire*, but the crown; that charm'd me,
 And sent its sparkling glories to my heart.
 But thou canst sell thy diadem with slaves.

But Syntex is making them.

Queen. His wife, so I hear.

Bos. Let fair Amelia know the King attends her.

[Exit.

Quen. Go, tyrant, go, and wisely, by thy shame,
Prepare thy way to ruin : I'll o'ertake thee,
Living, or dead ; if dead, my ghost shall rise,
Strick in thy ears, and stalk before thy eyes :
In death I'll triumph o'er my rival's charms,
And chill thy blood, when clasp'd within her arms.
Alone to suffer is beneath the great ;
Tyrant, thy torments shall support my state. [*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The General's House. BUSIRIS enters.

Busiris.

HERE dwells my stubborn fair; I'll sooth her pride,
And lay an humbled monarch at her feet,
But let her well consider, if she's slow
To welcome bliss, and dead to glory's charms,
Then my resentment rises in proportion
To this high grace extended to my slave,
And turns the force of her own charms against her,
Monarchs may court, but cannot be deny'd.

The QUEEN enters, veiled.

Amelia, dry thy tears, and lay aside
That melancholy veil——Ha, Myris!

Queen. Myris——

A name that should like thunder strike thine ear,
And make thee tremble in this guilty place.
But wherefore dost thou think I meet thee here?
Not with mean sighs and deprecating tears
To humble me before thee, and increase
The number of thy slaves, in hope to break
Thy resolution, and avert thy crime;
But to denounce, if thou shalt dare persist,
The vengeance due to injur'd heav'n and me;
And by this warning double thy offence.

vengeance, 'tis the only joy
 st left me; I'm no more thy wife,
 t know, I am a woman still.

AULETES enters.

he gods watch o'er your life and empire,
 en's vain ! So fierce the storm,
 rom her deep foundations shakes,
 ard of prodigies hang o'er us,
 ldest tremble. See, the moon,
 ight, discolour'd, without form,
 dy sign, hung out by Jove,
 : broken with the sons of men ;
 ighted, shrinks within its banks ;
 ur I pass'd great Isis' temple,
 l of lightning rush'd upon it,
 arine in ashes.

ghty Isis !
 signs in nature ? Why this tumult
 n guilty ? If my crown
 nd, why let them take it back.
 eed, I may resign ; but Oh !
 e the dead ?—————
 se spectres shock my midnight thoughts,
 aws are broke to discompose me ;
 irl these hurricanes in air,
 earth's foundations with my guilt.
 ve me back my innocence !
 ight it with an empire.
 y sold !
 ou urge my lifted arm to strike

The pious king, when my own heart recoil'd?

Queen. Why did you yield when urg'd, and by a
You that are vain of your superior reason, [woman?
And swell with the prerogative of man.

If you succeed, our counsel is of nought,

You own it, not accepted, though enjoy'd;

But steal the glory, and deny the favour:

Yet if a fatal consequence attend,

Then we're the authors; then your treach'rous praise,
Allows us sense enough to be condemn'd.

Bus. 'Tis prudent to dissemble with her fury,
And wait a softer season for my love. [Aside.

Bid Isis' priests attend their King's devotions:

I'll sooth with sacrifice the angry pow'rs.

Swift to my dungeons; bid their darksome wombs

Give up the numerous captives of my wars;

Ten thousand lives to heav'n devoutly pour,

Nor let the sacred knife grow cool from blood,

Till sevenfold Nile, infected with the stain,

In all his streams flows purple to the main. [Exit.

Queen. Thin artifice! I know the sacrifice
You most intend. But I will dash your joys:

Thou, victim, and thy goddess, both shall feel me.

Aul. Madam, the Prince.

Queen. And is he still afflicted?

Aul. It grieves your faithful servant to relate it:

He struggles manfully, but all in vain;

Sometimes he calls his music to his aid,

He strives with martial strains to fire his blood,

And rouse his soul to battle;

hen he relapses into love again,
feeds the disease, and doats upon his ruin.

Queen. Why seeks he here the cause of all his sorrows?

Aul. He seeks not here Mandane, but her father;
or friendship is the balm of all our cares,
felts in the wound, and softens ev'ry fate.

[*Martial Musick.*

MYRON enters at a distance.

Queen. Heav'ns, what a glory blazes from his eye!
What force, what majesty in ev'ry motion!
As at each step he trod upon a foe!

Myr. Oh, that this ardor would for ever last!
It shall, nor will I curse my being more:
Chain'd kings, and conquer'd kingdoms are before me;
I'll bend the bow, and launch the whistling spear,
Bound o'er the mountains, plunge into the stream,
Where thickest faulchions gleam, and helmets blaze,
Rush in, and find amusement from my pain.
I'll number my own heart among my foes,
And conquer it, or die,

[*Exit.*

Queen. The thoughts of war
Will soon dislodge the fair-one from his breast.
But this has broken in on my intent——
I would remind thee of my late commands.

Aul. Madam, 'tis needless to remind your slave:
At dead of night I set the pris'ners free.

Queen. Yes, set the pris'ners free; 'tis great revenge,
Such as my soul pants after——It becomes me.
Oh, it will gall the tyrant! stab him home!

And if one spark of gratitude survives,
 Soften Syphocles to my fond desire;
 The tyrant's torment is my only joy.
 Ye gods! or let me perish, or destroy,
 Or rather both; for what has life to boast,
 When vice is tasteless grown, and virtue lost?
 Glory and wealth I call upon in vain,
 Nor wealth, nor glory, can appease my pain;
 My every joy upbraids me with my guilt,
 And triumphs tell me sacred blood is spilt. [*Exit*]

MYRON comes forward.

Myr. The shining images of war are fled,
 The fainting trumpets languish in mine ear,
 The banners furl'd, and all the sprightly blaze
 Of burnish'd amour, like the setting sun,
 Insensibly is vanish'd from my thought:
 No battle, siege, or storm, sustain my soul
 In wonted grandeur, and fill out my breast;
 But softness steals upon me, melting down
 My rugged heart in languishment and sighs,
 And pours it out at my Mandane's feet.
 I see her e'en this moment stand before me,
 Too fair for sight, and fatal to behold.
 I have her here, I clasp her in my arms,
 And in the madness of excessive love,
 Sigh out my heart, and bleed with tenderness.

Aul. My lord, too much you cherish this delusion.
 She's another's.

Myr. Do not tell me so;
 Say rather she's dead; each heav'nly charm

Turn'd into horror! Oh, the pain of pains
Is when the fair-one whom our soul is fond of
Gives transport, and receives it from another!
How does my soul burn up with strong desire,
Now shrink into itself, now blaze again!
I'll tear and rend the strings that tie me to her:
If I stay longer here, I'm undone.

As he's going, NICANOR enters.

Nic. My Prince, (and since such honours you vouch-
My friend, I have presum'd upon your favour: [safe]
This is my daughter's birth-day, and this night
I dedicate to joys which ever languish,
If you refuse to crown them with your presence.

Myr. Nicanor, I was warm on other thoughts—

Nic. I am still near you in the day of danger,
In toilsome marches, and the bloody field,
When nations against nations clash in arms,
And half a people in one groan expire:
Why am I, with your helmet, thrown aside,
Cast off, and useless in the hour of peace?

Myr. Since then you press it, I must be your guest—
Methinks I labour, as I onward move,
As under check of some controuling pow'r. [*Aside.*
What can this mean? wine may relieve my thoughts,
And mirth, and converse, lift my soul again. [*Exeunt.*

The back Scene draws and discovers a Banquet.

MANDANE enters, richly drest.

Mand. It was this day that gave me life; this day
Should give me much more, should give me Memnor

night bowls their desperate cabals,
 in bold defiance to his power:
 terrors of this stormy night,
 they deluge all yon western vale,
 a war, impatient for the day.
 And poison too has caught his troops,
 revolting soldiers stand in arms,
 th' seditious citizens.
 Our call is great.

E enters. Myron starts from his seat in disorder.

Oh, Memnon! how shall I become a banquet,
 my sorrow, and comply with joy?
 Fate! am I deny'd to grieve? [*Aside.*
 Be comforted, my child, I'll soon return.
 't thou make me blush? I feel my tears
 cling down my cheek.
 I must away:
 As were dreadful, but her tears are death.
 more. I sink beneath her charms,
 a deadly sickness at my heart.

[*Aside to Auletes.*

Your cheek is pale, I dare not let you part.
 not well.

A small indisposition;
 I'll throw it from me. Farewell, general;
 attend your arms.
 You shall not leave
 my tent's roof; 'tis an unwholesome air,
 my apartment wants a guest.

Myr. Nicanor,
If health returns, I shall not press my couch,
And hear of distant conquests ; but o’ertake thee,
And add new terror to the front of war.

Nic. Mean time, you are a guardian to my child ;
Let her not miss a father in my absence ;
She’s all my soul holds dear.

Both. Farewell. Farewell. [*Embra*

[Nicanor waits on Myron off the stage, and retur.

Nic. My child, I feel a tenderness at heart
I never felt before. Come near, Mandane,
Let me gaze on thee, and indulge the father.
Thy dying-mother with her clay-cold hand
Press’d mine, then turning on thee her faint eye,
Let fall a tear of fondness, and expir’d.
I cannot love thee well enough ; her grace
Softens thy cheek, and lives within thine eye.
Let me embrace you both—My heart o’erflows—
If I should fall—thy mother’s monument—
But I shall kill thy tenderness—No more—
Nay, do not weep, I shall return again,
And with my dearest child sit down in peace,
And long enjoy her goodness.

Mand. If the gods
Regard your daughter’s fervent vows, you will.

Nic. Farewell, my only care ; my soul is with thee
Regard yourself, and you remember me. [*Ex*

MYRON and AULETES enter.

Myr. No place can give me ease ; my restless thought
Like working billows in a troubled sea,

Tosses me to and fro, nor know I whither.
What am I, who, or where? Ha! where indeed!
But let me pause, and ask myself again
If I am well awake——Impetuous bliss!
My heart leaps up, my mounting spirits blaze!
My soul is in a tempest of delight!

Aul. My lord, you tremble, and your eyes betray
Strange tumults in your breast.

Myr. What hour of night?

Aul. My Lord; the night's far spent.

Myr. The gates are barr'd,

And all the household is compos'd to rest?

Aul. All; and the great Nicanor's own apartment,
Proud to receive a royal guest, expects you.

Myr. Perdition on thy soul for naming him!

Nicanor! Oh, I never shall sleep more!

Defend me! Whither wander'd my bold thoughts!

Broke loose from reason, how did they run mad!

And now they are come home, all arm'd with stings,

And pierce my bleeding heart——

I beg the gods to disappoint my crime,

Yet almost wish them deaf to my desire:

I long, repent; repent, and long again;

And every moment differs from the last.

I must no longer parley with destruction.

Auletes, seize me, force me to my chamber,

There chain me down, and guard me from myself:

Hell rises in each thought; 'tis time to fly. [*Exeunt.*

MANDANE and RAMESES enter

Ram. I hope your fears have giv'n a fa

Mand. You've heard my frequent vision

You know my father's absence, Myron's

Just now I met him ; at my sight he star

Then with such ardent eyes he wander'd

And gaz'd with such malignity of love,

Sending his soul out to me in a look

So fiercely kind, I trembled, and retir'd.

Ram. No more ; my friends, (which,

form'd you,

The queen, to gall the tyrant, has set fr

Are lodg'd within your call ; th' appoint

If danger threatens, brings them to your

Mand. Where are they ?

Ram. In the hall beneath your chamb

Memnon alone is wanting ; he's providin

For your escape before the morning daw

The rest in vizors, fearing to be known,

Have ventur'd through the streets for yo

Mand. Auspicious turn ! then I again

Ram. Auspicious turn indeed ! and wh

The happiness, the base man that betray

This arm laid low : I watch'd him from t

I took him warm, while he with lifted b

Confess'd high thought, and triumph'd i

I thank'd him with my dagger in his hear

'Tis late ; refresh yourself with sleep, M

[E

So, 'tis resolv'd, if Myron dares attempt
 So black a crime, it justifies the blow :
 He dies, and my poor brother's ghost shall smile.
 'This way he bends his steps ; I hate his sight,
 And shall, 'till death has made it lovely to me. [*Exit.*

MYRON and AULETE enter.

Myr. Oh, how this passion, like a whirlpool, drives me,
 With giddy, rapid motion, round and round,
 I know not where, and draws in all my soul !
 I reason much, but reason about her ;
 And where she is, all reason dies before her ;
 And arguments but tell me I am conquer'd.—
 So black the night, as if no star e'er shone
 In all the wide expanse ; the lightning's flash
 But shews the darkness, and the bursting clouds
 With peals of thunder seem to rock the land.
 Not beasts of prey dare now from shelter roam,
 But howl in dens, and make the forests groan.
 What then am I ? A monster yet more fell
 Than haunts the wilds ?—I am, and threaten more—
 My breast is darker than this dreadful night,
 And feels a fiercer tempest rage within—
 I must—I will—This leads me to her chamber—
 Did not the raven croak ? [*Starting.*

Aul. I hear her not.

Myr. By heav'n, methinks earth trembles under me !
 Awake, ye furies, you are wanting to me ;
 Oh, finish me in ill ! Oh, take me whole !
 Or, gods, confirm me good without allay,

Nor leave me thus at variance with myself!
Let me not thus be dash'd from side to side—
The old man wept at parting, kneel'd before me,
Confided in me, gave her to my care,
Nor long since sav'd my life—and doubt I still
I'm guilty of the fact; here let me lie,
And rather groan for ever in the dust,
And float the marble pavement with my tears,
Than rise into a monster. *[Flings himself d*

MANDANE passing at a distance, speaks to a Servant

Mand. Well, observe me.

Before the rising sun my lord arrives,
To seal our vows; the holy priest is with him.
Watch to receive them at the western gate,
And privately conduct them to my chamber.

[Exeunt Mandane and Servant]

Myr. [Starting up.] Oh, torments, racks and flames
then she expects him

With open arms! Am I cast out for ever,
For ever must despair, unless I snatch
The present moment? She is all prepar'd,
Her wishes waking, and her heart on fire!
That pow'rful thought sweeps heav'n and hell
And lays all open to the Prince of Egypt,
Born to enjoy whatever he desires,
And fling fear, anguish, and remorse behind!
I see her midnight dress, her flowing hair,
Her slacken'd bosom, her relenting mien;
All the forbidding forms of day flung off

g softness——Oh, I'm all confusion!
 each joint!——Ah, she was made
 the blackest crimes, and gild
 leath with her destructive charms!
 n'll force her then?
 ou villain, but to think it——
 icit her with all my pow'r;
 nd crowns shall sparkle in her sight.
 ent, thy Prince is bless'd indeed,
 3, and tow'rs above mortality!
 ; I put an end to pain,
 y breathless body at her feet.

*passing at a distance to her chamber; MYRON
 meets her.*

s this well done, my lord?
 ndemn me not
 hear me: let this posture tell you,
 guilty as perhaps your fears,
 nendable, modest fears suspect.
 : go, you know not what to do:
 eive a favour, not constrain it.
 ' good Nicanor, best of fathers,
 e you with the murder of his friend.
 And dare you then pronounce that sacred
 rsist? Were you his mortal foe, {name,
 d your malice more?
 s, fair Mandane!
 r fault, I know your virtue too;
 he violence of my disorder,

That I dare tempt e'en you. Methinks, that guilt
Has something lovely which proclaims your pow'r—
But touch me with your hand, I die with bliss.
Why swells your eye? By heav'n, I'd rather see
All nature mourn, than you let fall a tear!
I own I'm mad, but I'm mad of love.
You can't condemn me more than I myself;
In that we are agreed, agree in all.
Condemn, but pity me; resent, but yield;
For, Oh, I burn, I rave, I die, with love!

Mand. Oh, Sir!——

Myr. Nay, do not weep so; it will kill me;
This moment, while I speak, my eyes are darken'd;
I cannot see thee; and my trembling limbs
Refuse to bear their weight: all left of life
Is that I love: if love was in our pow'r,
The fault were mine; since not, you must comply.
How godlike to bestow more heav'nly joys
Than you can think, and I support, and live?

Mand. Oh, how can you abuse your sacred reason,
That particle of Heav'n, that soul of Jove,
To varnish o'er, and paint so black a crime!
Oh, Prince!——

Myr. What says Mandane?

Mand. Sir, observe me;
My bursting sighs, and ever-streaming tears,
Your noble nature has with pity seen;
But would they not work deeper in your soul,
Were you convinc'd my sorrows flow for you?
You, my lord, they flow: for I am safe;

I know you are surpris'd) they flow for you :
 Myron, my father's friend, my prince, my guest——
 Myron, my guardian god, attempts my peace.
 And need I further reason for these tears?
 Nature affords no object of concern
 So great, as to behold a gen'rous mind
 Driv'n by a sudden gust, and dash'd on guilt.
 'Tis base, you ought not ; 'tis impracticable,
 You cannot——Make necessity your choice ;
 Not let one moment of defeated guilt,
 Of fruitless baseness, overthrow the glory
 Your whole illustrious life has dearly bought
 In toilsome marches, and in fields of blood.

AULETES and Servants enter.

Aul. My lord, your life's beset ; the room beneath
 Is throng'd with ruffians, which but wait the signal
 To rush and sheath their daggers in your heart.

Myr. Betray'd ! Curs'd sorceress ! It was a plot
 Concerted by them all to take my life,
 And this the bait to tempt me to the foil.
 She dies——

Aul. No, first enjoy, then murder her——
 Trust to my conduct, and you still are safe.
 They all are mask'd ; I have my vizor too.
 But time is short ; for once confide in me.
 You, Sir, for safety, fly to your apartment ;

[To the Prince.]

of my heart, to steel.
 e, will shock myself; and those
 esthet from this dreadful hour.

enters, forc'd in by AULETES.

e pow'rs that can revenge a falshood,
 n any thoughts of blood.
 a your champions here in arms? 'Tis

my life suffice you for the wrong
 me! Oh, my royal master!
 I'll my great defender!
 But insult my tears,
 our care to suffer wrong?
 your friend, but not my father:
 and my severe distress
 deeply wound him than your guilt.
Myron walks passionately at a distance.
 are you sworn against me? Stop her

my chamber.

! Oh, Myron!
 —here I will fix for ever——
 et, and grow into the earth——
 me, give to ev'ry limb
 !—but spare my spotless virtue;
 ne—You wound to distant ages,
 time my memory will bleed.
 on! all the pains of hell are on me
 [*As the Servants force in Mar*

You bear Mandane to her closet——You,

[*To Servants.*

Speed to the southern gate, and burst it open.

[*As the Servants seize Mandane, she gives the signal.*

She is borne off.

RAMESES and Conspirators enter, mask'd.

Ram. The villain fled? Perdition intercept him!
Disperse, fly several ways, let each man bear
A steady point well levell'd at his heart.
If he escapes us now, success attend him;
May he for ever triumph.

[*As they pass the stage in confusion, Auletes enters,
mask'd, among them.*

Aul. Hal! why halt you?

Pursue, pursue! e'en now I saw the monster,
The villain, Myron, with these eyes I saw him
Bearing his prize swift to the western gate:
There, there it burst. [*A noise without.*

All. Away, pursue. [*Exeunt.*

Aul. [*Without.*] 'Tis done;
Advance the massy bar, and all is safe:
Stand here, and with your lives defend the pass.

MYRON enters.

Myr. I shall at least have time for vengeance on her,
And then I care not if I die. Barbarians!
Their swords are pointed at my life! 'Tis well!
But I will give them an excuse for murder;
Such, such a cause——Oft, love, and soft compassion;

III.

BUSIRIS.

arden, each sinew of my heart, to steel.
I do, what, done, will shock myself, and those
whom time sets farthest from this dreadful hour.

MANDANE enters, forc'd in by AULETES.

Mand. By all the pow'rs that can revenge a falshoc
on innocent from any thoughts of blood.

Myr. Why then your champions here in arms? 'T
false.

Mand. Ah, let my life suffice you for the wrong
you charge upon me! Oh, my royal master!
My safety from all ill! my great defender!
You did my father but insult my tears,
and give me to your care to suffer wrong?
You kill me, but not your friend, but not my father:
You loves us both, and my severe distress
You kill scarce more deeply wound him than your guilt.

[Myron walks passionately at a distance.]

Myr. Slaves, are you sworn against me? Stop her
voice,

! bear her to my chamber.

Mand. Oh, Sir! Oh, Myron!

I'd my tears—here I will fix for ever—
I'd asp your feet, and grow into the earth—
Kill me, hew me, give to ev'ry limb
I'd rate death!—but spare my spotless virtue;
I'd are my fame—You wound to distant ages,
rough all time my memory will bleed.

Distraction! all the pains of hell are on me!

[As the Servants force in Mandane.]

Mand. Oh, Memnon!—Oh, my Lord!—my li
where art thou? [She is borne]

[Myron expresses sudden passion and surprise, sta
awhile fixed in astonishment, then speaks.]

Myr. As many accidents concur to work
My passions up to this unheard-of crime,
As if the gods design'd it——Be it then
Their fault, not mine——Memnon! said she
Memnon?

My heart began to stagger, but 'tis over——
Heaven blast me, if I thought it possible
I could be still more curs'd——That hated dog——
'Her lord, her life!'—I thank her for my cure
Of all remorse and pity: this has left me
Without a check, and thrown the loosen'd reins
On my wild passion to run headlong on,
And in her ruin quench a double fire,
The blended rage of vengeance and of love.
Destruction full of transport! Lo, I come
Swift on the wing, to meet my certain doom:
I know the danger, and I know the shame;
But like our phoenix, in so rich a flame
I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
And doat on death in that luxurious bed. [E]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

[MYRON enters in the utmost disorder, bareheaded, without light, &c. Walks disturbedly before he speaks.]

Myron.

[MYRON] let no man trust the first false step
 of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice,
 whose steep descent in last perdition ends!
 How far am I plung'd down beyond all thought
 which I this evening fram'd!—But be it so——
 consummate horror! guilt beyond a name!
 are not, my soul, repent: in thee repentance
 ere second guilt; and thou blasphem'st just Heav'n,
 yet hoping mercy. Ah! my pain will cease
 when gods want pow'r to punish. Ha! the dawn!—
 is never more, O Sun! let night prevail,
 eternal darkness close the world's wide scene,
 and hide me from Nicanor and myself.

AULETES enters.

Who's there?

Aul. My lord!

Myr. Auletes!

Aul. Guard your life.

The house is rous'd, the servants all alarm'd,
 the gliding tapers dart from room to room;
 solemn confusion, and a trembling haste,

Mix'd with pale horror, glares on ev'ry face:
 The strengthen'd foe has rush'd upon your guard,
 And cut their passage through them to the gate.
 Implacable Rameses leads them on,
 Breathing revenge, and panting for your blood.

Myr. Why, let them come, let in the raging torrent
 I wish the world would rise in arms against me,
 For I must die, and I would die in state.

The Doors are burst open, Servants pass the stage in mult; RAMESES, &c. pursue Myron and his Guards over the stage, then RAMESES and SYPHOCES meet.

Ram. Where's the Prince?

Syph. The monster stands at bay;
 We can no more than shut him from escape,
 Till further force arrive.

Ram. Oh, my Syphoces!

Syph. This is a grief, but not for words.
 Does she still live?

Ram. She lives——But, Oh, how bless'd
 Are they which are no more! By stealth I saw
 Cast on the ground in mourning weeds she lie
 Her torn and loosen'd tresses shade her round
 Thro' which her face, all pale, as she were dead
 Gleams like a sickly moon. Too great her
 For words or tears; but ever and anon,
 After a dreadful, still, insidious calm,
 Collecting all her breath, long, long suppress'd
 She sobs her soul out in a lengthen'd groan.

like the hearts of all that hear,
 or maids in agonies away.
 O tale, too mournful to be thought on !

gins weep ; forbear, Syphoces,
 I pray, but damp not our revenge.
 I'll go letters ; I'll go comfort her.
enters and speaks aside to Ram. Exit Syph.
 I then commanded none approach her ?
 I it ; but I cannot blame her :
 A dreadful ill, that it converts
 Her into a new disease ;
 Love, and comfort gives her pain.

SYPHOCES re-enters.

Her father is return'd : redundant Nile,
 His channel, overswells the pass,
 I'm back to wait the waters fall.
 I is he then return'd ? I tremble for him.
 His head rolling in the dust.
 It is our duty to receive him. [*Exeunt.*

MYRON enters.

I a pain of which I am not worthy,
 anguish, which the honest man
 despises. Is it not wond'rous strange
 That stabb'd the very heart of nature,
 surviving ought of man about me ?
 I know not how, of gratitude

F ij

And friendship still the stubborn sparks survive,
And poor Nicanor's torments pierce my soul.
Confusion ! he's return'd. *[Starting.*

NICANOR *enters.*

Nic. My prince—— *[Advancing to embrace.*

Myr. My friend— *[Turning aside and hiding his face.*

Nic. I interrupt you.

Myr. I had thee there. *[Smiting his breast.*

Before thou cam'st, my thoughts were bent upon thee.

Nic. Oh, sir, you are too kind !

Myr. Death, tortures, hell ! *[Aside.*

Nic. What says my prince ?

Myr. A sudden pain,

To which I'm subject, struck across my heart.

'Tis past ; I'm well again.

Nic. Heav'n guard your health !

Myr. Dost thou then wish it ?

Nic. Am I then distrusted ?

Then when I sav'd your life, I did the least

I e'er would do to serve you.

Myr. Barbarous man !

Nic. What have I done, my Prince ? Which way
offended ?

Has not my life, my soul been yours ?

Myr. Oh !—— Oh !

Nic. By Heav'n, I'm wrong'd ! Speak, and I'll clear
myself. *[Takes him by the hand.*

Myr. I'm poison and destruction ; curse thy gods ;
I'll kill thee in compassion——Oh, my brain !

Away, away, away *[Shows him from him ; going.*

Nic. Do, kill me, Prince.—

You shall not go. I do demand the cause
Which has put forth thy hand against thy father?
Or, thus provok'd, I'll do myself the justice
To tell thee, youth, that I deserve that name;
Nor have thy parents lov'd thee more than I.

Myr. I hear them; they are on me—Loose thy hold,
Or I will plant my dagger in thy breast.

Nic. Your dagger's needless. Oh, ungrateful boy!

Myr. Forgive me, father; Oh, my soul bleeds for
thee! [Embrace.

As he is going out Auletes meets and speaks to him aside.

What, no escape? On ev'ry side inclos'd?

Then I resolve to perish by his hand;

'Tis just I should, and meaner death I scorn.

But how to work him to my fate, to sting

His passion up so high, will be a task

To me severe, as difficult as strange.

Support me, cruel heart; it must be done. [Aside.

Nic. Now, from my very soul, I cannot tell,

But 'tis enchantment all; for things so strange

Have happen'd, I might well distrust my sense.

But, if mine eyes are true, I plainly read

A heart in anguish, and I must confess

Your grief is just—It was inhuman in you—

But tell the cause, unravel from the bottom

The mystery that has embroil'd our loves;

For still, my Prince, I love, since you repent.)

What accident depriv'd me of my friend,

And lost you to yourself?

Myr. A traitor's sight!

Nic. Beneath my roof?

Myr. Beneath thy very helmet.

Thou art a traitor. Guard thyself.

[*Draw*

Nic. Distraction!

Traitor!—For standing by your father's threat;

And stemming the wild stream that roars against me

Of rebel subjects, and of foreign foes?

For training thee to glory and to war?

For taking thee from out thy mother's arms,

A mortal child, and kindling in thy soul

The noble ardors of a future god?

Farewell, I dare not trust my temper more.

Myr. Grey-headed, venerable traitor!

RAMESES enters.

Ram. Ha!

Turn, turn, blasphemer, and repress thy taunts;

All provocation's needless, but thy sight.

[*He assaults the Prince as he is going off; Nican
binds him.*

Nic. Forbear, my son.

Ram. Forbear!

Nic. If I am calm,

Your rage should cease.

Ram. No, 'tis my own revenge;

Unless, Sir, you disown me for your son.

Nic. Thy sword against thy prince?

Ram. A villain.

Nic. Hold.

m. The worst of villains.

c. 'Tis too much.

m. Oh, father!——

c. What would'st thou?

m. Sir, your daughter——

c. Rightly thought;

est can comfort me in all my sorrow.

call Mandane; to behold my child

ld cheer me in the agonies of death;

ier, Rameses——Am I disobey'd?

m. Oh, Sir!——

c. What mean those transports of concern?

m. Though I'm an outcast from your love, I weep,

pen your black scene of misery.

c. Where will this end?——Oh, my fore-boding
heart!

m. Should he, to whom, as to a god, at parting,

gave, with streaming eyes, your soul's delight,

e yet your last embrace was warm about him,

ny and dreadful as this stormy night,

on your child, your comfort, your Mandane,

weet and lovely as the blushing morn,

her by force, now trembling, breathless, pale,

rate in anguish, tearing up the earth,

oring, shrieking to the gods and you.——

hold my brain!——Look there, and think the rest.

SCENE II.

Opens. A darkened Chamber, a Bed, and the curtain drawn. Women pass out, weeping, &c. Nic. falls back on Rameses.

Nic. Is't possible !—My child !—My only daughter !
The growth of my own life ! That sweeten'd agony
And pain !—Oh, nature bleeds within me !

Mand. Weep not, my virgins, cease your useless
Kindness is thrown away upon despair,
And but provokes the sorrow it would ease.

Nic. Assist me forwards.

Mand. Most unwelcome news !
Is he return'd ? The gods support my father.
I now begin to wish he lov'd me less.

Nic. There, there she pierc'd the very tenderest !
She pities me, dear babe, she pities me :
Through all the raging tortures of her soul
She feels my pain ! But hold, my heart, to this
Then burst at once, and let the pangs of death
Put Myron from my thought. [C

Mand. Severest fate
Has done its worst—I've drawn my father's

Nic. Forbear to call me by that tender name
Since I can't help thee, I would fain forget
'Thou art a part of me—it only sharpens
Those pangs, which, if a stranger, I should
Oh, spare me, my Mandane ; to behold t

be seen,

not see her ;

meets him ; both
recovers himself
him ; she tries to
him ; he takes
continue speech.

do this ?
them groan !

ks
spair !

and exit.

holds him.

fier her

sign my joy,
th, the ecstasy
now at my heart ?
me to join
, and flight
this happy hour.
e, my lovely bride ?
state ! the priest expects us
time to love.

Ram. Speak to him.—Pr'ythee speak. |

Syph. By heaven, I cannot.

Mem. What can this mean ?

Ram. Syphoces.

Syph. Nay, Rameses.

Mem. By all the gods, they struggle with the
And swallow down their tears to hide them
By friendship's sacred name, I charge you,
[*They look on him with the utmost concern,
on different sides of the stage.*

Was ever man thus left to dreadful thought
And all the horrors of a black surmise !
What woe is this too big to be express'd ?
Oh, my sad heart ! Why bod'st thou so see
Mandane's life in danger ! There indeed ;
Fortune, I fear thee still ; her beauties arm
Her virtues made thee dreadful to my thought
But for my love how I could laugh at fate !

A Servant enters and gives him a paper. |

*RAMESES enters ; MEMNON swoons and
him.*

Ram. 'Twere happy if his soul would ne-
The gods may still be merciful in this.—
His lids begin to rise.—How fares my friend

Mem. Did Myron feel my pangs, you'd p

SYPHOCES enters.

Syph. Fainting beneath th' oppression of
This way Mandane seeks the fresher air :

aw; 'twill pain her to be seen,
all by you.
my own heart,
am convinc'd.—I dare not see her ;
ould strike me dead.

*Memnon is going, Mandane meets him; both
k, she shrieks. Memnon recovers himself
at her knees, embracing them; she tries to
:, he not permitting, she raises him; he takes
omately in his arms. They continue speech-
motionless for some time.*

ever mournful interview like this ?
writhe with anguish ? Hear them groan !
silent dew run trickling down,
weeping marble ; passion choaks
, and they are the statues of despair !
my Mandane !
At this she violently breaks from him and exit.
nent more.

Memnon is following, Rameses holds him.

ther——

give me——

i're to blame.——

k there.

[Painting after her.

oursting.

h revenge.

d love.

enge.

: dear embrace, 'twill edge my sword.

Memnon, if our swords now want an edge,

Supports them in their course of flaming guilt,
And you are he.

Nic. Thou rav'st.

Syph. The army's yours.

I've sounded every chief: but wave your finger,
Thousands fall off the tyrant's side, and leave him
Naked of help, and open to destruction.

But sweep his minions, cut a pander's throat,
Or lop a sycophant, the work is done.

Nic. What would you have me do? [S]

Mem. Let not your heart

Fly off from your own thought: be truly great,
Resent your country's suff'rings as your own.

A generous soul is not confin'd at home,
But spreads itself abroad o'er all the public,
And feels for every member of the land.

What have we seen for twenty rolling years,
But one long tract of blood! Or, what is worse
Throng'd dungeons pouring forth perpetual gr
And free-born men oppress'd! Shalf half man
Be doom'd to curse the moment of their birth?
Shall all the mother's fondness be employ'd
To rear them up to bondage, give them strengt
To bear afflictions, and support their chains?

Syph. To you the valiant youth must humbl
[K]

And beg that nature's gifts, the vigorous nerve
And graceful port, design'd to bless the world,
And take your great example in the field,
May not be forc'd by lewdness in high place,

ARIS.

for disease,

em race and die

me from the foe.

binds her hands for safety.

[Exit Aris.]

[Enter Aris.]

cannot speak.—I understand.

Rise all; your work is done;

the features of my sword.

The armies vaulted o'er

which shut out the day,

at my command,

"Good Busiris' foe?"

For I have been his friend;

and plough up the ground,

where stands.

[Exit.]

[Enter Aris.]

He means bestow success,

that most severely bless:

turning eyes our triumphs flow,

and strikes the blow.

Let me swell high and pour

on the trembling shore,

from her clouded throne,

to gaze she sits alone,

and her own.

to,
is, I

lose,
touch
n.
stop,
a des

ise,
sue t
t Ala

d;

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Field. BUSIRIS and AULETES enter. *An Alas*
at a distance.

Busiris.

WELCOME the voice of war! though loud the sound
It faintly speaks the language of my heart,
It whispers what I mean. But say, Auletes,
What urge these forlorn rebels in excuse
For choosing ruin?

Aul. Various their complaints;
But some are loud, that while your heavy hand
Presses whole millions with incessant toil,
(Toils fitter far for beasts than human creatures)
In building wonders for the world to gaze at,
Weeds are their food, their cup the muddy Nile.

Bus. Do they not build for me? Let that reward them
Yes, I will build more wonders to be gaz'd at,
And temper all my cement with their blood.
Whose pains and art reform'd the puzzled year,
Thus drawing down the sun to human use,
And making him their servant? Who push'd off,
With mountain dams, the broad redundant Nile
Descended from the moon, and bid it wander
A stranger stream in unaccustom'd shores?
Who from the Ganges to the Danube reigns?—
But virtues are forgot!—Away—to arms!
I'll call to mind my glorious ancestry;

ten thousand rolling years renown'd,
 into eternity itself,
 among the gods. [An alarm.]

MEMNON enters.

rebel braves us.
 I, let our weapons thirst one moment longer;
 stand still, till he receives my nod.—
 'Tis I in the midst of my own realm,
 defiance on his brow?
 the slave
 and Busiris lately laid in chains,
 of his country.
 : thus
 my royal bounty?
 thus you thank'd
 Artaxes; thus you thank'd my father.
 that I have done, conclude most right and just,
 done it, and the gods alone
 the why. Thou liv'st, although they fell:
 fell unjustly, greater thanks
 from thee, whom ev'n injustice spar'd.
 thy kindnesses are wrongs; they mean to sooth
 soul, and steal it from revenge.
 turn back thine eye, behold thy troops are thin,
 are rarely sprinkled o'er the field,
 thou carriest millions on thy tongue.
 All thy blood-thirsty sword has laid in dust
 beside, they come in bloody swarms,

And throng my banners ; thy unequal'd crimes
Have made thee weak, and rob my victory.——

Bus. Hal

Mem. Nay, stamp not, tyrant ; I can stamp as loud,
And raise as many dæmons at the sound.

Bus. I wear a diadem.

Mem. And I sword.

Bus. Yet, yet submit ; I give thee life.

Mem. Secure your own :

No more, Busiris——bid the sun farewell.

Bus. Busiris, and the sun shall set together ;
If this day's angry gods ordain my fate,
Know thou, I fall like some vast pyramid ;
I bury thousands in my great destruction,
And thou the first.—Slave ! in the front of battle,
There thou shalt find me.

Mem. Thou shalt find me there ;
And have well paid that gratitude I owe. [Exeunt.

A continued Alarm.

MYRON and NICANOR enter, meeting.

Nic. Does not mine eye strike horror through thy soul
And shake the weapon from thy trembling arm ?
Base boy ! The foulness of thy guilt secures thee
From my reproach, I dare not name thy crime.

Myr. Old man, didst thou stand up in thy own cause
I then should be afraid of fourscore years,
And tremble at grey hairs ; but since thy frenzy
Has lent those venerable locks to cast
A gloss of virtue on the blackest crime,

curst rebellion, this gives back my heart,
With all its rage, and I'm a man again.

Nic. Come on, and use that force in arms, I taught
thee;

I now resume the life I gave so late.

Myr. I grieve thou hast but half a life to lose,
and dost defraud my vengeance——At my touch
thou moulder'st into dust, and art forgotten.

[Preparing to fight, Myron stops short.]

no! I cannot fight with thee; begone
and shake elsewhere: thou canst not want a death
such a field, though I refuse it to thee.

Let Memnon, give them to my sword,
slain'd by thousands; but to fly from thee,
in thee, most injur'd man, shall be my praise,
and rise above the conquest of my foes.

Nic. 'Tis not old age, th' avenging gods pursue thee!

He retires before Nicanor off the Stage. A loud Alarm.

BUSIRIS and AULETES enter in pursuit.

Bus. 'Tis well, I like this madness of the field;
heighten'd horrors, and a waste of death
on the world Busiris is in arms.

then I grudge the glory of my sword
slaves, and rebels; while they die by me,
they cheat my vengeance, and survive in fame.

Aul. I panted after in the paths of death,
and could not but from far behold your plume
and shadow slaughter'd heaps, while your bright helm

Struck a distinguish'd terror through the field,
The distant legions trembling as it blaz'd.

Bus. Think not a crown alone lights up my nam
My hand is deep in fight: Forbid it, Isis,
That whilst Busiris treads the sanguine field,
The foremost spirit of his host should conquer
But by example, and beneath the shade
Of this high-brandish'd arm. Didst thou e'er fear
Sure 'tis art. I know not how to fear.
'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;
And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,
Thy master is immortal, Oh, Auletes——
But while I speak, they live!
Where fall the sounding cataracts of Nile,
The mountains tremble, and the waters boil;
Like them I'll rush, like them my fury pour,
And give the future world one wonder more. [*Exit*

MYRON enters, engaged with a part; his plume is smitten off. He drives the foe and returns.

Myr. When death's so near, but dares not vent
on us,

'Tis Heaven's regard, a kind of salutation,
Which to ourselves our own importance shews:
Faint as I am, and almost sick of blood,
There is one cordial would revive me still;
The sight of Memnon; place that fiend before me
[*E*

MEMNON *enters.*

Mem. Where, where's the Prince? Oh, give him to
my sword!

His tall white plume, which like a high wrought form
Floated on the tempestuous stream of fight,
Shew'd where he swept the field; I followed swift,
But my approach has turn'd him into air——

MYRON *enters.*

The fight but now begins!

Myr. Why, who art thou?

Mem. Prince, I am——

Myr. Memnon.

[*Disdainfully.*]

Mem. No——I'm Mandane.

Myr. Ha!

Mem. She's here, she's here, she's all: her wrongs
and virtues! [*Striking his head and breast.*]

Virtues and wrongs! Thou worse than murderer!

Myr. I charge thee name her not, forbear the croak
With that ill-omen'd note.

Mem. Mandane!

Myr. Be it so.

When I reflect on her mean love for thee,
And plot against my life, my pain is less.

Mem. 'Tis false; she meant! she knew it not;
Rameses,

He, only he, was conscious of the thought.

Myr. Then I'm a wretch indeed!

Mem. As such I'll use thee :

I'll crush thee like some poison on the earth,
Then haste and cleanse me in the blood of men.

Myr. I thank thee for this spirit which exalts thee
Into a foe, I need not blush to meet.

Now from my soul, it joys me thou art found,
And found alive ; by heav'n, so much I hate thee,
I fear'd that thou wast dead, and hadst escap'd me
I'll drench my sword in thy detested blood,
Or soon make thee immortal by my own.

Villain !

Mem. Myron !

Myr. Rebel !

Mem. Myron !

Myr. Hell !

Mem. Mandane ! [Myron]

Myr. Just the blow, and juster still,
Because imbitter'd to me by that hand
I most detest ; which gives my soul an earnest
Of vast, unfathomable woes to come,
That dreadful dowry for my dreadful love.
I leave the world my misery's example,
If us'd aright, no trivial legacy. [I

SYPHOCES enters.

Syph. My Lord, I bring you most unwelcome news
As poor Mandane wander'd near the field,
In hope to see her injuries reveng'd ;
Thoughtless of any sufferings but the past,
A party of the foe, saw, seiz'd, and bore her off

v. Veng'ance and conquest now are trivial things,
made their prize! 'tis impious in my soul
to entertain a thought but of her rescue.
Now, I plunge into the thickest war,
like bold diver from a precipice
mid ocean, to regain a gem,
to loss impoverish'd kings, to bring it back,
the day no more. [Exeunt.

MANDANE enters, prisoner.

id. A gen'rous foe will hear his captive speak;
I sit, thus kneeling, I implore:
Give of all those swords that glitter round me,
one safe to hide its point within my breast.

MEMNON enters.

v. Ah, villains! cursed atheists! Can you bear
posture from that form? What, what are numbers,
I behold those eyes? Not mine the glory,
singly thus I quell a host of foes.
I am robbers! Oh, bring back my soul.
By force her off, he rushes in upon them and is taken.
Comfort to mankind, that they can lose
lives but once—But, Oh! a thousand times
from what they love.

RAMESES enters.

u. Far have I waded in the bloody field,
Ious through the stubborn ranks of war,
I trac'd thee in a labyrinth of death

But thus to find thee!—Better find thee dead!
These slaves will use thee ill.

Mem. Of that no more;
Myron is dead, and by this arm.

Ram. I thank thee.
All my few spirits left exult with joy,
I'll chace and scourge him through the lower world.

Mem. Alas, thou bleed'st.

Ram. Curse on the tyrant's sword,
I bleed to death; but could not leave the world,
Without a last embrace. Just now I met
The poor Mandane.

Mem. Quickly speak. What said she?

Ram. Nothing of comfort. Cease to ask me farther.
If you meet more, your meeting will be sad.—
Your arm, I faint—Ah, what is human life?
How like the dial's tardy-moving shade!
Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd!
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.
Farewell, I pity thee.

Mem. Farewell, brave friend!
Would I could bear thee company to rest;
But life in all its terrors stands before me,
And shuts the gate of peace against my wishes.—
Do I not hear a peal of distant thunder?
And see, a sudden darkness shuts the day,
And quite blots out the sun—But what to me,
The colour of the sky? A death-cold dew

on my brow, and all my slacken'd joints
 shook without a cause—A groan! from whence?
 n! And no one near me: Vain delusion!
 not I fear in vain! some ill is tow'rd's me,
 dreadful, sure, than all that's past. Mandane!
 'd she was at peace, and past the reach
 of ill news; but such my wayward fate
 not ask a curse, but 'tis deny'd me:
 could I wish I ne'er should see her more?

MANDANE enters, guarded.

ind. This is my brother; a short privacy
 shall favour you may grant a foe.

ard. Let it be short, we may not wait your leisure.

m. 'Tis wond'rous strange, there's something
 holds me from her,

keeps this foot fast rooted to the ground.

is the last time I shall ever pray.

ye gods, confine your threat'ned vengeance,

I will bless your mercies while I suffer.

*Memnon and Mandane advance slowly to the front
 of the stage.*

ind. What didst thou pray for?

m. For thy peace.

ind. 'Twas kind:

Oh! those hands in bonds deny the blessing,

which they earnestly were rais'd to heav'n.

m. I fear so too; what we have yet to do

be soon done; this meeting is our last.

shall we use it?

Mand. How? Consult thy chains,
And my calamities.

Mem. Sad counsellors,
And cruel their advice—Are there no other?

Mand. I look around—and find no glimpse of light
A perfect night of horror and despair!

Mem. Of horror and despair, indeed, Mandane,
Canst thou believe me? Nay, can I believe
Myself? The last thing that I wish'd for was—'tis
The weight of my misfortune hurts my mind.

Mand. Was what?

Mem. I dare not think; to think is to look down
A precipice ten thousand fathoms deep,
That turns my brain—Oh! Oh!

Mand. Memnon, no more;
That silence and those tears need no explaining;
And it is kind, with such severe reluctance
To think upon my death—though necessary.

Mem. Ah, hold! You plant a thousand daggers
Talk not of dying—I disown the thought;
Right is not right, and reason is not reason,
All is distraction when I look on thee.
Oh, all ye pitying gods! dash out from nature
Your stars, your sun, but let Mandane live.

Mand. No: death long since was my confirmed
resolve.

Mem. Myron is dead.

Mand. What joy a heart like mine
Can feel, it feels—had he been never born,
I might have liv'd—'tis now—impossible.

Mem. This even to my miseries I owe,

hat it discovers greater virtues still,
 her my soul adores—Oh, my Mandane !
 O, glorious maid ! then thou wilt be at peace——

[*Memnon walks thoughtfully, and returns.*]

ust I survive, and change thy tenderness
 or a stern master, and perpetual chains ?
 long I may groan on earth to sate their malice,
 hen through slow torments linger into death,
 o steel to stab, no wall to dash my brain !

Mand. Ha !

Mem. Why thus fix'd in thought ? What mighty birth
 lab'ring in your soul ? Your eyes speak wonders.—

Mand. Will not the blood-hounds be content with
 life ?

Mem. Alas, Mandane ! No ; they study nature
 to find out all her secret seats of pain,
 and carry killing to a dreadful art :
 simple death in Egypt is for friends.

Mand. Oh, then it must be so !—and yet it cannot.—

Mem. What means this sudden paleness ?

Mand. Heav'n, assist me !

[*Feeling in her bosom she swoons.*]

Mem. My love ! Mandane ! hear me, my espous'd !
 dearest heart ! the infant of my bosom !
 n I would foster with my vital blood.

Mand. 'Tis well, and in return I give thee—this.

[*Shows a dagger.*]

Millions of thanks, thou refuge in despair.
 Terrible kindness ! Horrid mercy ! Oh !
 give it thee.

Mem. Full well I know—

Thy tender soul, and I must force it from thee

[As he is struggling with her for the dagger, &c.]

Mand. My Lord! my soul! myself! You heart.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?

Dost thou not circulate through all my veins?

Mingle with life, and form my very soul!

Mem. Now, monsters, I defy you; fate for

A long farewell, my guard may interpose,

And make your favour vain—Thus, only ti

[I]

And now—

Mand. Ah, no! Since last I saw thee, thrice

[Holds]

My trembling arm, and thrice I let it fall—

If you refuse compassion to my sex,

Memnon betrays me, and is Myron's friend—

As I a poinard, you supply an arm,

And I shall still be happy in your love.

[After a pause of astonishment, he sits on the earth.]

Mem. From dreadful to more dreadful I am

And find in deepest anguish deeper still.

I can't complain in common with mankind—

But am a wretched species all alone.

Must I not only lose thee, but be curs'd

To sprinkle my own hands with thy life-blood

Mand. It cannot be avoided.

Mem. Nor perform'd.

Lift up my hand against thee as a foe!

no should save thee from thy very father,
teach thy dearest friends to use thee well,
be kindness kind, and soften all their smiles ?
my Mandane ! Think how I have lov'd !
my Mandane ! Think upon thy pow'r !
often hast thou seen me pale with joy,
trembling at a smile ? and shall I——
md. Myron——

[At that Memnon starts up suddenly.]

m. Ah, hold ! I charge thee, hold ! One glance
that way

ices my hell, and blows up all its flames.——
world turns round, my heart is sick to death !
my distraction ! perfect loss of thought !
md. Why stand you like a statue ? Are you dead ?
do you fold so fast within your arms ?
with fix'd eye-balls do you pierce the ground ?
shift your place, as if you trod on fire ?
gnaw your lip, and groan so dreadfully ?
ord, if I have spent whole live-long nights
rs, and sigh'd away the day in private,
oppress'd with an excess of love,
arm, and speak to me !

m. And these, no doubt,
rguments that I should draw thy blood.——
ild was ever lull'd upon the breast
half that tenderness has melted from thee,
ell like balm upon my wounded soul.
shall I murder thee ? Yes, thus—thus—thus.

[Embracing some time.]

Mand. Alas ! My Lord forgets we are to die.

[*Memnon gazes with wonder on the dagger*

Mem. By heav'n I had ! my soul had took her flig
In bliss——Why, is not this our bridal-day ?

Mand. That way distraction lies.

Mem. Indeed it does.

Borb. Oh ! Oh !

Mand. Thy sighs and groans are sharper than t
steel.

The guard is on us.

Mem. Then it must be done.

Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning,
Though blood start out for tears, 'tis done—but one
One last embrace.

[*As he embraces her, she bursts into tea*

Let me not see a tear.——I could as soon
Stab at the face of heaven, as kill thee weeping,

Mand. 'Tis past, I am compos'd.

Mem. And now, and now.

Mand. Be not so fearful, 'tis the second blow
Will pain my heart——indeed this will not hurt me.

Mem. Oh, thou hast stung my soul quite thro
and through,

With those kind words ; I had just steel'd my bre

[*Dashing down the dagger*

And thou undo'st it all—I could not bear
To raze thy skin, to save the world from ruin.

Mand. If you're a woman, I'll be something mo

[*Stabs her*

I shall not taste of heav'n till you arrive. [L

Mem. Struck home—and in her heart.—She's
dead already;

And now with me all nature is expir'd.—

My lovely bride ; now we again are happy,

[*Stabs himself.*

And better worlds prepare our nuptial bow'r.

Now ev'ry splendid object of ambition,

Which lately with their various glosses play'd

Upon my brain, and fool'd my idle heart,

Are taken from me by a little mist,

And all the world is vanish'd.

[*Dies.*

*A March sounded. NICANOR and SYPHOCES enter,
victorious.*

The Guard which were advancing to the bodies fly.

Nic. The day's our own, the Persian's angry pow'rs

Have well repaid this morning's insolence,

And turn'd the desp'rate fortune of the field

By sure, though late relief.

Syph. Nicanor, friend,

I from the city bring you welcome news :

My guilty letter from the amorous queen

I spread amongst the multitude ; while yet

Their blood was warm with reading the black scroll;

Myris to view the fortune of the fight,

Leaving her palace for the western tow'r,

Was seiz'd, torn, scatter'd on the guilty spot

Where her great brother fell.

Nic. The gods are just.

Syph. See where Busiris comes, your royal captive,
In his misfortune great; an awful ruin!
And dreadful to the conqueror!

[*Nicanor advancing sees the bodies.*

Nic. Sad sight!——

A sight, that teaches triumph how to mourn,
And more than justifies these streaming tears,
Even on the moment that my country's sav'd
From sore oppression, and inglorious chains.

[*He falls on his Attendants.*

A great Shout. BUSIRIS enters, wounded.

Bus. Conquer'd! 'Tis false; I am your master still;
Your master, though in bonds: you stand aghast
At your good fate, and trembling can't enjoy.
Now from my soul I hug these welcome chains
Which shew you all Busiris, and declare
Crowns and success superfluous to my fame.——
You think this streaming blood will low'r my thought;
No, ye mistaken men, I smile at death;
For living here, is living all alone,
To me a real solitude, amid
A throng of little beings, groveling round me;
Which yet usurp one common shape and name.
I thank these wounds, these raging pains, which
promise
An interview with equals soon elsewhere.

[*He sees Memnon.*

'Tis well ; he rose not to my sword,
 In his fate, and there he lies.
 They die, die all : their mould'ring clay
 Emblem of their memories :
 Time closes up through which they pass'd.
 Liv'd, I leave a mark behind,
 The shining age from vulgar time,
 Whole to late posterity.
 I writ in mighty characters,
 In columns, and eternal domes,
 My name heightens our Egyptian day,
 My name shall laugh at time, till their great

self, shall fail. In after-ages,
 My name shall build or war from me,
 In each, as my example fires ;
 The future wonders raise ;
 My name battles of the world.——

I come ! Egypt, thou art forsaken :

[*Sinks.*

Perish'd by my sinking glories,
 My name lessens, when Busiris falls. [*Dies.*
 For the dead monarch to his pyramid ;
 At use soe'er it was design'd
 For a single-minded, but mistaken man,
 My name lie magnificent in death ;
 In life, great be his monument :
 My name his nephew, young Arsaces,
 My name spirit, let the crown devolve.

From this day's vengeance let the nations know,
Jove lays the pride of haughtiest monarchs low;
And they who kindled with ambitious fire,
In arts and arms with most success aspire,
If void of virtue, but provoke their doom,
Grasp at their fate, and build themselves a tomb.



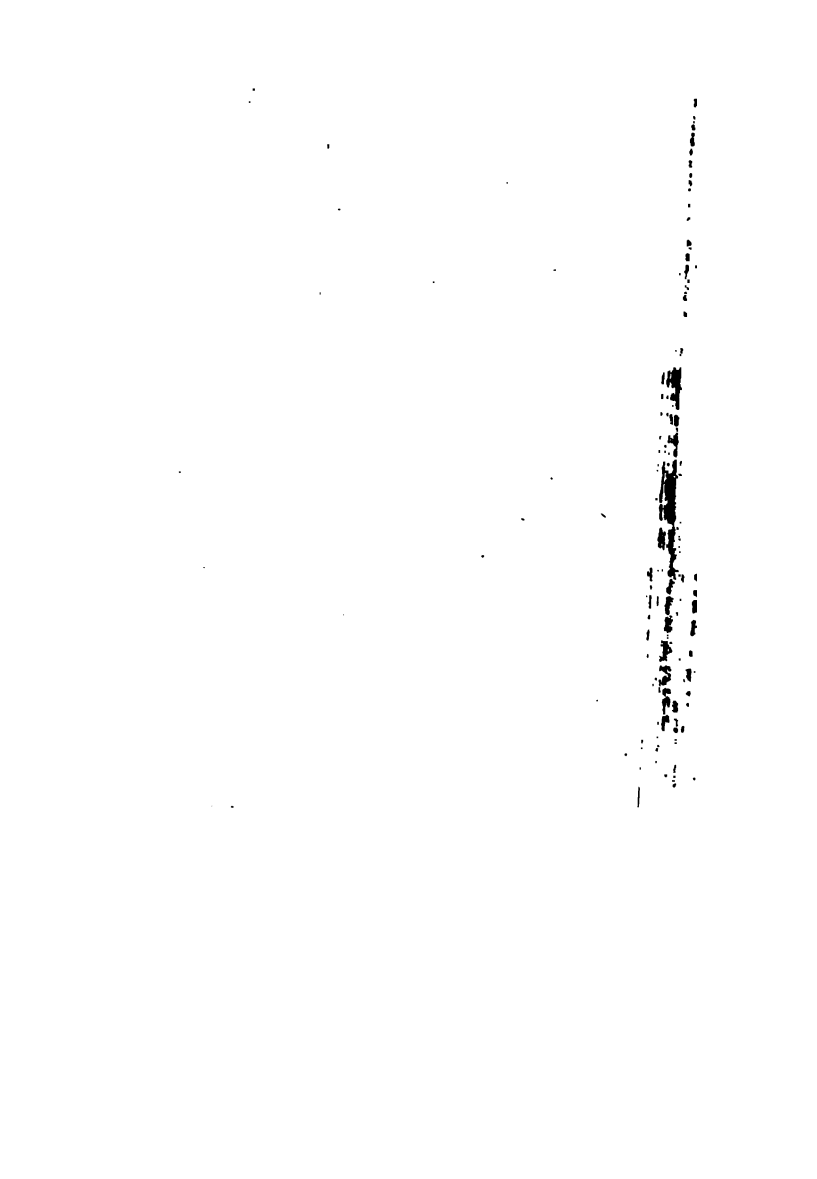
EPILOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.
SPOKEN BY MANDANE.

THE race of critics, dull judicious rogues,
To mournful plays deny brisk epilogues.
Each gentle swain and tender nymph, say they,
From a sad tale should go in tears away,
From hence quite home should streams of sorrow shed,
And drown'd in grief, steal supperless to bed.
His doctrine is so grave, the sparks won't bear it;
They love to go in humour to their claret.
He cit, who owns a little fun worth buying,
Tells half-a-crown too much to pay for crying.
Besides, who knows without these healing arts,
But love might turn your heads, and break your hearts;
And the poor author, by imagin'd woes,
Fright people Beth'lem with our Belles and Beaus?
Hence I, who lately bid adieu to pleasure,
Robb'd of my spouse, and my dear virgin treasure;
Whom you saw despairing breathe my last,
Am free and easy, as if nought had past;
Again put on my airs, and play my fan,
And fear no more that dreadful creature, man.
—But whence does this malicious mirth begin!—
I know, ye beasts, you reckon it no sin.
'Tis strange that crimes the same, in diff'rent plays,
Should move our horror, and our laughter raise.

*Love's joy, secure the comic actor tries,
But if he's wicked in blank verse, he dies.
The farce, where wives prove frail, still makes the best,
And the poor cuckold is a standing jest :
But our grave bard, a virtuous son of Isis,
Counts a bold stroke in love among the vices,
In blood and wounds a guilty land he dips ye,
And wastes an empire for one ravish'd gipsy.
What musty morals fill an Oxford head,
To notions of pedantic virtue bred !
There each stiff Don at gallantry exclaims,
And calls fine men and ladies filthy names ;
They tell you rakes and jilts corrupt a nation :
—Such is the prejudice of education !
You who know better things, will sure approve
These scenes, that shew the boundless power of love.
Let, when they will, th' Italian things appear,
This play, we trust, shall throng an audience here.
Bold Myron's passion, up to frenzy wrought,
W'ould ill be warbled through an eunuch's throat :
His part, at least, his part requires a man ;
Let Nicolini act it, if he can.*

THE END.



*Let's jay, secure the comic after tries,
 But let's wicked in blank verse, he dies.
 The jester, where wives prove frail, still makes the best,
 And the poor cuckold is a standing jest :
 But our grave bard, a virtuous son of Isis,
 Executes a bold stroke in love among the wices,
 In blood and wounds a guilty land he dips ye,
 And wastes an empire for one ravish'd gipsy.
 What musty morals fill an Oxford head,
 To notions of pedantic virtue bred !
 There each stiff Don at gallantry exclaims,
 And calls fine men and ladies filthy names ;
 They tell you rakes and jilts corrupt a nation :
 —Such is the prejudice of education !
 But who know better things, will sure approve
 These scenes, that shew the boundless power of love.
 Let, when they will, th' Italian things appear,
 To be play, we trust, shall throng an audience here.
 Bold Myron's passion, up to frenzy wrought,
 If could ill be warbled through an eunuch's throat :
 His part, at least, his part requires a man ;
 Let Nicolini act it, if he can.*

THE END.



2E

2E

2E

2E

2E

2E

2E

2E

2E

2E

THE
R E H E A R S A L.

A
COMEDY.

AS WRITTEN BY
GEORGE, LATE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,
By Permission of the Manager.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
A **CRITICAL VIEW OF THE AUTHORS, AND**
THEIR WRITINGS, EXPOSED IN THIS PLAY.

Names distinguished by Inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation,
and those printed in Italics are Additions of the Theatres.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
GEORGE CAWTHORN, British Library, STRAND.

MDCXCVI.

1796

1950

PROLOGUE.

night well call this short mock-play of ours
y made of weeds instead of flowers ;
h have been presented to your noses,
ere are such, I fear, who thought them roses:
some of them were here, to see, this night;
stuff it is in which they took delight !
risk, insipid rogues, for wit, let fall
mes dull sense, but finer none at all:
strutting heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
brave the gods in King Cambyzes' vein ;
banging rules, of late, as if men writ
e of reason, nature, art and wit)
ets make us laugh at tragedy,
with their comedies they make us cry.
critics, do your worst, that here are met ;
like a rook, I have bedg'd in my bet.
approve, I shall assume the state
se high-flyers whom I imitate ;
stly too, for I will teach you more
ver they would let you know before :
not only shew the feats they do,
ve you all their reasons for them too.
onour may to me from hence arise :
by my endeavours, you grow wise,
bat you once so prais'd, shall now despise ;
'll cry out, swell'd with poetic rage,
John Lacy, have reform'd your stage !

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

		<i>M</i>
BAYES,	- - - -	Mr. H
JOHNSTON,	- - - -	Mr. P
SMITH,	- - - -	Mr. A
Two Kings of Brentford,	- - - -	Mr. V
		Mr. J
PRINCE PRETTYMAN,	- - - -	Mr. H
PRINCE VOLSCIUS,	- - - -	Mr. P
Gentleman-Usher,	- - - -	Mr. B
Physician,	- - - -	Mr. N
DRAWCANSIR,	- - - -	Mr. B
Lieut. General,	- - - -	Mr. F
CORDELIA,	- - - -	Mr. B
TOM THIMBLE,	- - - -	Mr. V
Fisherman,	- - - -	Mr. G
Sun,	- - - -	Mr. K
Thunder,	- - - -	Mr. W
Players,		
Soldiers,		
Two Herald's,		
Lightning,	- - - -	Master
Moon,	- - - -	Mr. F
Earth,	- - - -	Mr. L
Four Cardinals,	} Mutes.	
Mayor,		
Judges,		
Serjeant at Arms,		
		<i>Wom.</i>
AMARYLLIS,	- - - -	Mrs. J
CLORIS,	- - - -	Miss I
PARTHENOPE,	- - - -	Miss C
PALLAS,	- - - -	Mr. P

Attendance of Men and Women.

SCENE, *Brentford.*



THE REHEARSAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

JOHNSON and SMITH enter.

Johnson.

HONEST Frank, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart. How long hast thou been in town?

Smith. Faith, not above an hour: and if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out: for I long to talk with you freely of all the strange new things we have heard in the country.

John. And, by my troth, I have longed as much to laugh with you at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things we are tired out with here.

Smith. Dull and fantastical! that's an excellent composition. "Pray, what are our men of business doing?"

"*John.* I ne'er enquire after them. Their knowings my humour lies another way. I love to please myself as much, and to trouble others as little, as I can;

“ and therefore do naturally avoid the compan-
“ those solemn fops, who, being incapable of re-
“ and insensible of wit and pleasure, are always
“ ing grave, and troubling one another, in ho-
“ be thought men of business.

“ *Smith.* Indeed I have ever observed, that
“ grave lookers are the dullest of men.

“ *John.* Ay, and of birds and beasts too;
“ gravest bird is an owl, and your gravest beast
“ ass.

“ *Smith.*” Well, but how dost thou pass thy

John. Why, as I used to do; eat, drink as
I can; have a she friend to be private with in the
noon; and sometimes see a play; where there are
things, Frank, such hideous, monstrous things,
has almost made me forswear the stage, and reso-
apply myself to the solid nonsense of your men of
ness, as the more ingenious pastime.

Smith. I have heard indeed you have had lately
new plays; and our country wits commend them.

John. Ay, so do some of our city wits too
they are of the new kind of wits.

Smith. New kind! what kind is that?

John. Why, your virtuosi, your civil person-
drolls; fellows that scorn to imitate nature, but
given altogether to elevate and surprise.

Smith. Elevate and surprise! Pr'ythee, man
understand the meaning of that.

John. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard man
don't understand that myself. 'Tis a phrase that

got amongst them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you as near as I can what it is. Let me see; 'tis fighting, loving, sleeping, rhyming, dying, dancing, singing, crying, and every thing but thinking and sense.

Mr. BAYES passes over the Stage.

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, sir.

John. God so! this is an author: I'll go fetch him to you.

Smith. No, pr'ythee, let him alone.

John. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him, and brings him back.*] Here he is; I have caught him. Pray, sir, now, for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours but receive them; especially from a person that does wear the honourable title you are pleased to impose, sir, upon this—Sweet sir, your servant.

Smith. Your humble servant, sir.

John. But wilt thou do me a favour now?

Bayes. Ay, sir: what is it?

John. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last play.

Bayes. How, sir, the meaning! Do you mean the plot?

John. Ay, ay, any thing.

Bayes. Faith, sir, the inrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one in my pocket, that I may say is a virgin; it has never yet been blown upon. I

must tell you one thing, 'tis all new wit, and, though I say it, a better than my last; and you know well enough how that took. (1)* In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew; ay, and pit, box, and gallery, 'egad, with any play in Europe. This morning is its last rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its virgin attire, tho' perhaps it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you. I think it is in this pocket.

[*Puts his hand in his pocket.*]

John. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you, and I hope my friend will do so too.

Smith. Sir, I have no business so considerable as should keep me from your company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy; this is my book of Drama Common-places, the mother of many other plays.

John. Drama Common-places! Pray, what's that?

Bayes. Why, sir, some certain helps that we men of art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smith. How, sir, helps for wit!

• *Bayes.* Ay, sir, that's my position; and I do here aver, that no man yet the sun ere shone upon, has part sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules. (2)

* These figures refer to the notes in the Key.

n. What are those rules, I pray?

es. Why, sir, my first rule is the rule of tranver-
or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and
into verse alternative, as you please.

tb. Well, but how is this done by rule, sir?

es. Why thus, sir; nothing so easy, when un-
od. I take a book in my hand, either at home
ewhere, for that's all one; if there be any wit
as there is no book but has some, I transverse it;
, if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes
ne time; and if it be verse put it into prose.

n. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into
should be called transprosing.

es. By my troth, sir, it is a very good notion,
reafter it shall be so.

tb. Well, sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

es. Make it my own: 'tis so changed, that no-
an know it. My next rule is the rule of record,
y of table-book. Pray, observe.

n. We hear you, sir: go on.

es. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or
other place where witty men resort; I make as
induced nothing; (do ye mark?) but as soon as
he speaks, pop, I slap it down, and make that too
n.

n. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in-
: of their making you restore by force what you
otten thus by art?

es. No, sir, the world's unmindful; they never
otice of these things.

Smith. But, pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, sir, that's my third rule, that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this book, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

John. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house and you shall judge of them by the effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, sir. [Exit

Three Players enter on the Stage.

1st Play. Have you your part perfect?

2d Play. Yes, I have it without book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3d Play. And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life, what humour I'm to be in, whether angry melancholy, merry, or in love, I don't know what to make on't.

1st Play. Phoo! the author will be here presently and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the ne

of writing, and these hard things please forty better than the old plain way: for, look you, the grand design upon the stage is to keep the audience in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot the sense, tires them before the end of the first

Now here every line surprises you, and brings new matter: and then, for scenes, cloaths, and so, we quite put down all that ever went before and those are things, you know, that are essential to play.

Play. Well, I am not of thy mind: but so it gets me, 'tis no great matter.

BAYES, JOHNSON, and SMITH, enter.

es. Come, come in, gentlemen; you're very welcome.

Mr.—a—ha' you your part ready?

Play. Yes, sir.

es. But do you understand the true humour

Play. Ay, sir, pretty well.

es. And Amaryllis, how does she do? Does not humour become her?

Play. Oh, admirably!

es. I'll tell you now a pretty conceit. What do think I'll make them call her anon, in this play?

th. What, I pray?

es. Why, I make them call her Armoryllis, because of her Armour, ha, ha, ha!

u. That will be very well indeed.

Bayes. [*To the Players.*] Go, get yourselves ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Ay, 'tis a pretty little rogue; I knew her face would set off armour extremely: and, to tell you true, I writ that part only for her—You must know, she is my mistress. (3)

John. Then I know another thing, little Bayes, that thou hast had her, 'egad.

Bayes. No, 'egad, not yet; but I'm sure I shall; for I have talked bawdy to her already.

John. Hast thou faith? "Pr'ythee, how was that?"

"Bayes. Why, sir, there is in the French tongue
"a certain criticism, which, by the variation of the
"masculine adjective instead of the feminine, makes
"a quite different signification of the word: as for
"example, *ma vie* is my life; but if before *vie* you
"put *mon*, instead of *ma*, you make it bawdy.

"John. Very true.

"Bayes. Now, sir, I have observed this, I set a
"trap for her the other day in the tyring-room; for
"this, said I, *adieu bel esperansa de ma vie*, (which,
" 'egad, is very pretty:) to which she answered, I
"vow, almost as prettily, every jot; for she said,
"*songes a ma vie, Monsieur*. Whereupon I presently
"snapped this upon her, *Non, non, madam—Songes*
"*a vous a mon*, by gad, and named the thing directly
"to her.

"Smith. This is one of the richest stories, Mr.
"Bayes, that ever I heard of."

Bayes. Ay, let me alone ; 'egad, when I get to them, I'll nick them, I warrant you. But I'm a little nice ; for, you must know, at this time I am kept by another woman in the city.

Smith. How, kept ! For what ?

Bayes. Why, for a *beau garçon* ; I am, i'fackins.

Smith. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the rogue is so fond of me, Mr. Johnson, that I vow to Gad, I know not what to do with myself.

John. Do with thyself ! No, I wonder how thou canst make shift to hold out at this rate.

Bayes. Oh, devil ! I can toil like a horse : only sometimes it makes me melancholy ; and then, I vow to Gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing, if it were to save my life.

Smith. That we do verily believe, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, 'egad, which mads me in my amours ; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. Johnson, my acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull—Now I am the farthest from it in the whole world, 'egad ; but, only forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

John. Phoo, pox ! that's ill-natur'dly done of them.

Bayes. Ay, 'gad, there's no trusting of these rogues—But—a—come, let's sit down. Look you, sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in nature that make up the grand refinement of a play,

is, that I suppose two kings of the same place? (4) as for example, at Brentford: for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to them both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that, are divided amongst themselves in point of devqir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between them. These kings differing sometimes in particular, though in the main they agree—I know not whether I make myself well understood.

John. I did not observe you, sir. Pray, say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, sir; nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this; (or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrassed by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concerned in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people, they make a certain kind of a—you understand me—Upon which there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that—In fine, you'll understand it better when you see it.

[Exit to call the Players.

Smith. I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

BAYES re-enters.

Bayes. Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing; I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either, (5) that is,

logue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the
ue ; (do you mark ?) nay, they may both serve
gad, for any other play as well as this.

b. Very well, that's indeed artificial.

s. And I would fain ask your judgments, now,
of them would do best for the prologue. For,
ust know, there is, in nature, but two ways of
; very good prologues. The one is by civility,
nuation, good language, and all that, to—a
a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy
auditors : the other, by making use of some cer-
rsonal things, which may keep a hank upon
ensuring persons, as cannot otherways, 'egad,
ire, be hindered from being too free with their
s ; to which end, my first prologue is, that I
ut in a long black veil, and a great huge hang-
hind mé; with a furr'd cap, and his sword
; and there tell them plainly, that if, out of
ature, they will not like my play, 'egad, I'll
eel down, and he shall cut my head off. Where-
hey all fall a clapping—a——

b. Ay, but suppose they don't.

s. Suppose ! Sir, you may suppose what you
I have nothing to do with your suppose, sir ;
at all mortified at it ; not at all, sir ; 'egad,
: jot, sir. Suppose, quoth-a !—ha, ha, ha !

[*Walks away.*]

. Phoo ! pr'ythee, Bayes, don't mind what he
ie's a fellow newly come out of the country ; he
nothing of what's the relish here, of the town.

Bayes. If I writ, sir, to please the country, I should have followed the old plain way ; but I write for some persons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what flame and power in writing is ; and they do me right, sir, to approve of what I do.

John. Ay, ay, they will clap, I warrant you ; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the design is good ; that cannot be denied. And then for language, 'egad, I defy them all in nature to mend it. Besides, sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes ; (6) and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends to be ready in the pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so, the rest, you know, must follow ; and then, pray, sir, what becomes of your suppose ? Ha, ha, ha !

John. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes. I think so, sir ; and therefore would chuse this to be the prologue. For if I could engage them to clap before they see the play, you know it would be so much the better, because then they were engaged : for let a man write ever so well, there are now-a-days, a sort of persons, (7) they call critics, that, 'egad, have no more wit in them than so many hobby-horses ; but they'll laugh at you, sir, and find fault, and censure things, that, 'egad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumniating of persons, that

'egad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as—*a*—In fine, I'll say no more of them.

John. Nay, you have said enough of them, in all conscience; I'm sure more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*, were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see them all hang'd, 'egad, before I would e'er set pen to paper, but let them live in ignorance, like ingrates.

John. Ay, marry, that were a way to be revenged of them indeed; and if I were in your place now, I would do so.

Bayes. No, sir; there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from, otherwise I would. (?) But, pray, sir, how do you like my hangman?

Smith. By my troth, sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it, sir? (for I see you can judge.) Would you have it for a prologue, or the epilogue?

John. Faith, sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no, that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

John. What other, sir?

Bayes. Why, sir, my other is Thunder and Lightning.

John. That's greater; I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you, then; though there have been many witty prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a *non pareilla*: I'm sure nobody has hit upon it yet. For, here, sir, I make my prologue to be a dialogue; and as, in my first, you see, I strive to oblige the auditors by civility, by good nature, good language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *interrarem*, I chuse for the persons Thunder and Lightning. Do you apprehend the conceit?

John. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare affront an author that has them at that lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, dainty similes in the whole world, 'egad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smith. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an allusion of love. (9)

So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,

Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the sky;

Boar backon, sow to trot in chesnut groves,

And there consummate their unfinish'd loves.

Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,

And snore and gruntle to each other's moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

John. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine, and very applicable to thunder and lightning, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

Bayes. 'Egad, and so it does, now I think on't. Mr. Johnson, I thank you; and I'll put it in *projeço*.—Come out, Thunder and Lightning.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING enter.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder. (10)

Bayes. Mr. Cartwright, pr'ythee, speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse voice. I am the bold Thunder. Pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed. I am the bold Thunder.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.

Light. The brisk Lightning I.

Bayes. Nay, but you must be quick and nimble——
The brisk Lightning I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest Hector of the sky.

Light. And I fair Helen that made Hector die.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the town.

Thun. Let critics take heed how they grumble, (11)
For then I begin for to rumble.

Light. Let the ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to soot.

Thun. Let the critics look to't.

Light. Let the ladies look to't.

Thun. For Thunder will do't.

Light. For Lightning will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you dash for dash.

Gallants, I'll singe your feather.

Thun. I'll thunder you together.

Bob. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't;
Look to't, we'll do't. [Twice or thrice repeated.]

Bayes. There; no more. [*Exeunt ambo.*] 'Tis but
 part of a prologue; a droll.

Smith. Yes, 'tis short indeed, but very terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the simile's in, it will do to a
 mile, 'egad. Come, come, begin the play.

1st Player enters.

1st Play. Sir, Mr. Ivory is not come yet, but he
 be here presently; he's two doors off. (12)

Bayes. Come, then, gentlemen, let's go out and to
 a pipe of tobacco. [*Exeunt*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

BAYES, JOHNSON, and SMITH, enter.

Bayes.

Now, sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever
 done before, instead of beginning with a scene that
 discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with
 a whisper. (1)

Smith. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your seats. Begin, sirs.

The Gentleman-Usher and Physician enter.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be
 the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous palace.

Ush. And by your gait and fashion, I should almost
 suspect you rule the healths of both our noble kin
 under the notion of Physician.

Phys. You hit my function right.

Ush. And you mine.

Phys. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

Phys. Come.

John. Pray, sir, who are those so very civil persons?

Bayes. Why, sir, the Gentleman-Usher and Physician of the two kings of Brentford.

John. But, pray, then, how comes it to pass that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

John. Very well.

Phys. Sir, to conclude——

Smith. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, sir, you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith. Where? In the tyring-room?

Bayes. Why, ay, sir—He's so dull!—Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot; and all these threatening storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes. Pray, mark the allegory! Is not that good?

John. Yes, that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phys. But yet some rumours great are stirring; and

if Lorenzo should prove false, (which none but great gods can tell) you then, perhaps, would that—— [Wh.

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Usb. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the noble—— [Wh.

Bayes. Again.

Usb. Who, he in grey?

Phys. Yes; and at the head of—— [Wh.

Bayes. Pray, mark.

Usb. Then, sir, most certain 'twill in time appear. These are the reasons that have mov'd him to't: First, he—— [Wh.

Bayes. Now, the other whispers.

Usb. Secondly, they—— [Wh.

Bayes. At it still.

Usb. Thirdly, and lastly, both he and they—— [Wh.

Bayes. Now they both whisper. [*Exeunt whisperers*]
Now, gentlemen, pray, tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

John. In troth, I think it is, sir. But what of the kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why, because 'tis new; and that's it at. I despise your Johnson and Beaumont, that have rowed all they write from nature: I am for fetching purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smith. But what think you of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes. By gad, I'm a better poet than he.

Smith. Well, sir; but, pray, why all this whispering?

Bayes. Why, sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought to be divulged.

Smith. But then, sir, why——

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience or ill recompensed. [Goes to the door.]

John. How dost thou like this, Frank? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smith. Why, I never did before this see any thing so nature, and all that, (as Mr. Bayes says) so foolish, but I could give some guess at what moved the fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

John. "It is all alike; Mr. Wintershall has informed me of this play already. (2) And I'll tell thee, Frank, thou shalt not see one scene here worth one farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the world. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

"*Smith.* It does surprise me, I'm sure, very much."

John. "Ay, but it won't do so long." By that time thou hast seen a play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of foppery.

Smith. Pox on't, but there's no pleasure in him; he's too gross a fool to be laughed at.

My love I cannot ; that is too divine :
And against fate what mortal dares repine ?

CHLORIS *enters.*

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing comet ! is it not ?

[*Lies do*

Bayes. Blazing comet ! Mark that ; 'egad, very !

Pret. But I am so surpriz'd with sleep, I can
speak the rest. [S]

Bayes. Does not that, now, surprize you, to
asleep in the nick ? His spirits exhale with the heat
his passion, and all that, and, swop, he falls asleep
you see. Now, here she must make a simile.

Smith. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes

Bayes. Because she's surprised. That's a general
rule ; you must ever make a simile when you are
prised ; 'tis the new way of writing.

Chloris. (') As some tall pine, which we on *Ætna*
T have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind
Feeling without that flames within do play,
Which would consume his root and sap away ;
He spreads his wrosted arms unto the skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines, and dies :
So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears

[L]

John. Mr. Bayes, methinks this simile wants a
application, too.

Bayes. No faith ; for it alludes to passion, to

ning, to dying, and all that, which, you know, are natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid this has made you sad; for, I must confess, when I thought it, I wept myself.

mith. No, truly, sir, my spirits are almost exhal'd and I'm likelier to fall asleep.

Prince PRETTYMAN starts up, and says,

ret. It is resolv'd!

[*Exit.*

ayes. That's all.

mith. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you a question now, and you not be angry?

ayes. Oh, Lord, sir, you may ask me any thing! I'll do you please; I vow to Gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you say that, sir.

mith. Then, pray, what is it that this prince here has resolv'd in his sleep?

ayes. Why, I must confess, that question is well enough asked for one that is not acquainted with this way of writing. But you must know, sir, that's the way we do all my fellow-writers, whereas they keep the intrigo secret, till the very last scene before the play; I now, sir, (do you mark me?)—a——

mith. Begin the play and end it, without ever opening the plot at all.

ayes. I do so, that's the very plain truth on't; ha, ha! I do, 'egad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let them alone for Bayes, I warrant you. Here, now, is a scene of business. Pray, observe for I dare say, you'll think it no unwise discourse

Phys. Nay, if they heard us that way,
them physic more.

Ush. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad

Bayes. Pray, mark this ; for a great
upon it towards the latter end of the pl

Smith. I suppose that's the reason wh
in this scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Partly, it was, sir ; but, I
not unwilling, besides, to shew the w
here, how men should talk of business.

John. You have done it exceeding we

Bayes. Yes, I think this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper,
us out, and nobody else will take us.

Smith. Not for politicians, I dare ans

Phys. Let's then no more ourselves in

We are not safe until we them unt

Ush. 'Tis right.

And since occasion now seems *debe*

I'll seize on this, and you shall tak

[*They draw their Swords, and sit in
Chairs upon the Stage.*]

Bayes. There's now an odd surpri
state's turned quite topsy-turvy, (7) w
ther, or stir, in the whole world, 'egad.

John. A very silent change of govern
; ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so : and yet you shall see
in again, by and by, in as odd a way ev

[*The Usurpers march off, flourishing*

SHIRLEY *enters.*

Hey ho! hey ho! what a change is here! Hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to

[Exit.

Mr. Bayes, in my opinion, now, that gentlemen have said a little more upon this occasion.!

No, sir, not at all; for I underwrit his part so to set off the rest.

Cry you mercy, sir.

But, pray, sir, how came they to depose the easily?

Why, sir, you must know, they long had a do it before; but never could put it in practice; and to tell you true, that's one reason why they whisper so at first.

Oh, very well! now I am fully satisfied.

And then, to shew you, sir, it was not done easily neither, in the next scene you shall see.

Oh, ho! so then you make the struggle to be business is done.

Ay.

Oh, I conceive you! That, I swear, is very

SCENE V.

Four SOLDIERS enter at one door, and four at another,
with their Swords drawn.

1st Sold. Stand. Who goes there?

2d Sold. A friend.

1st Sold. What friend?

2d Sold. A friend to the house.

1st Sold. Fall on. [They all kill one another.]

[Music strikes.]

Bayes. [To the Music.] Hold, hold! [It ceases.]—
Now here's an odd surprise; all these dead men you
shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have
made in *effant flat*, and fall a dancing. Do you hear
dead men? Remember your note in *effant flat*—[To the
Music.] Play on. Now, now, now! [The Music plays
his note, and the dead Men rise, but cannot get in order.]
Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Out, out, out! Did ever men
spoil a good thing so? No figure, no ear, no time, no
thing! Udzoekers, you dance worse than the angels
in Harry the Eighth, or the fat spirits in the Tempest.
'egad.

1st Sold. Why, sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing
in time to this tune.

Bayes. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! impossible! Why,
gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a
Christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this
air, and adapting it for the business: for if you observe,
there are two several designs in this tune; it begins

swift, and ends slow. You talk of time and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now; here I am lead. [*Lies down flat on his face.*] Now mark my note *effaut flat*. Strike up, music. Now! [*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*] Ah, gadzookers, I have broke my nose!

Jobn. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours, in *effaut*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd stage! with your tails, and your tenter-hooks, that a gentleman can't come to teach you to act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, sir, can you help me to a piece of wet brown paper?

Smith. No, indeed, sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2d Sold. Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go, then, I'll follow you. Pray, dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember, and dance like horsemen. [*Exit.*]

"*Smith.* Like horsemen! What a plague can that be?

" [*They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.*

" *1st Sold.* A devil! let's try this no longer; play my dance, that Mr. Bayes found fault with so.

" [*Dance, and exeunt.*

" *Smith.* What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

" *Jobn.* Pr'yntee, let's go see."

Pret. Why, Tom, thou art a sharp rogue when art angry, I see. Thou payest me now, methinks

Bayes. There's pay upon pay? As good as ever written, 'egad.

Thim. Ay, sir, in your own coin; you give me thing but words. (3)

Bayes. Admirable, before Gad!

Pret. Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another coin for thee; for now the wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of metal.

Bayes. Oh, you did not do that half enough.

Jahn. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. Ay, pretty well; but he does not hit me! he does not top his part. (4)

Thim. That's the way to be stamped yourself, I shall see you come home, like an angel for the devil, with a hole bored through you. [Exit]

Bayes. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, 'How do you like it now, gentlemen? Is not this wit?

Smith. 'Tis snip-snap, sir, as you say; but thinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose; for it does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on! I don't know what mean; why, is not this part of the play?

Smith. Yes; but the plot stands still.

* *Bayes.* Plot stand still! Why, what a devil! good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smith. Oh, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not, nor it

more, that I am master of. Now, sir, 'egad, this is the bane of all us writers ; let us soar but ever so little above the common pitch, 'egad, all's spoiled, for the vulgar never understand it, they can never conceive you, sir, the excellency of these things.

John. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess ; but you write on still for all that.

Bayes. Write on ! Aye, 'egad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me ; if they catch me at that lock, I'll give them leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, (5) what care I what they say ? What are they gone, without singing my last new song ? 'Shud, would it were in their bellies ! I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to Gad, this song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written ; you must know it was made by Tom Thimble's first wife, after she was dead.

Smith. How, sir ! after she was dead ?

Bayes. Aye, sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that ?

John. Say ! why nothing : he were a devil that had any thing to say to that.

" *Bayes.* Right.

" *Smith.* How did she come to die, pray, sir ?

" *Bayes.* Phoo ! that's no matter ; by a fall. But here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was killed by an accident, he supposes, with a sigh, that she died for love of him.

" *John.* Ay, ay, that's well enough ; let's hear it, Mr. Bayes.

zookers, you'll spoil all my play. Why, sir, ' impossible to answer every impertinent question y ask.

Smith. Cry you mercy, sir.

Cor. His highness, sirs, commanded me to tell you That the fair person whom you both do know, Despairing of forgiveness for her fault, In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt Upon her precious life ; but, by the care Of standers-by, prevented was.

Smith. 'Sheart, what stuff's here?

Cor. At last,
Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd ;
His servants he into the country sent,
And he himself to Piccadilly went :
Where he's informed by letters that she's dead.

Urb. Dead ! Is that possible ? Dead !

Phys. Oh, ye gods !

Bayes. There's a smart expression of a passion : O ye gods ! That's one of my bold strokes, 'egad.

Smith. Yes ; but who's the fair person that's dead

Bayes. That you shall know anon, sir.

Smith. Nay, if we know at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by-and-by, f all this, that she's not dead neither.

Smith. Marry, that's good news indeed : I am gl of that with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here's the man bought in, that is st posed to have killed her. [*A great shout with*

SCENE III.

MYLLIS enters, with a Book in her hand, and

Attendants.

My. What shout triumphant's that?

A Soldier enters.

S. Shy maid, upon the river-brink, near Twic'nham,
the false assassinate is taken.

My. Thanks to the powers above for this deliver.

I hope,

Its slow beginning will portend

A forward exit to all future end.

S. Pish, there you are out; to all future end!
to all future end! You must lay the accent upon
or else you lose the conceit.

My. I see you are very perfect in these matters.

S. Ay, sir, I have been long enough at it, once
I think, to know something.

Soldiers enter, dragging in an old Fisherman.

S. Villain, what monster did corrupt thy mind

T' attack the noblest soul of human kind?

My. Who set thee on.

S. Prince Prettyman.

My. To kill whom?

S. Prince Prettyman?

My. What, did Prince Prettyman hire you to kill

Prince Prettyman?

Fish. No, Prince Volscius.

Ama. What, did Prince Volscius hire you to Prince Volscius?

Fish. No, Prince Prettyman.

Ama. So drag him hence,

'Till torture of the rack produce his sense

[*Exit*

Bayes. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt found his intellects, for he's out at one and t'other and that's the design of this scene.

Smith. I see, sir, you have a several design for e scene.

Bay. Ay, that's my way of writing; and so, si can dispatch you a whole play, before another r egad, can make an end of his plot.

SCENE IV.

So now enter Prince Prettyman in a rage. W the devil is he? Why, Prettyman! Why, whe say? Oh, fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marred, I vow to quite marred.

PRETTYMAN *enters.*

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, sir, now you go out again if you please. I vow to Gad, Mr. a—I would not give a button for my play, now have done this.

Pret. What, sir!

Bayes. What, sir! 'slife, sir, you should have out in choler, souse upon the stage, just as the

: off. Must a man be eternally telling you of things ?

bn. Sure, this must be some very notable matter he's so angry at.

utb. I am not of your opinion.

yes. Pish ! Come, let's hear your part, sir.

et. Bring my father : why d'ye keep him from me ?

Although a fisherman, he is my father ?

Was ever son yet brought to this distress,

To be, for being a son, made fatherless ?

Ah ! you just gods, rob me not of a father !

The being of a son take from me rather.

[*Exit.*

Smith. Well, Ned, what think you now ?”

bn. “ A devil, this is worst of all.” Mr. Bayes, what's the meaning of this scene ?

yes. Oh, cry you mercy, sir : I protest I had forgot ll you. Why, sir, you must know, that long be- the beginning of this play, this prince was taken fisherman.

utb. How, sir ! taken prisoner ?

yes. Taken prisoner ! Oh, Lord, what a question's : ! Did ever any man ask such a question ? Gad- ers, he has put the plot quite out of my head with lamned question ! What was I going to say ?

bn. Nay, the Lord knows : I cannot imagine.

yes. Stay, let me see ; taken ; Oh, 'tis true. Why, s I was going to say, his highness here, the prince, aken in a cradle by a fisherman, and brought up : child.

John. I assure you, sir, I admire it extren
don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious ; but 'tis a
matter. Come.

Anna. Pray let us two this single boon obtain
That you will here, with poor us, still r
Before your horses come, pronounce o
For then, alas ! I fear 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad !

Fols. (9) Harry, Harry, my boots ; for I'll g
among
My blades encamp'd, and quit thi
throng.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a li
ficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep a
thus concealed in Knightsbridge ?

Bayes. In Knightsbridge ! Stay.

John. No, not if the inn-keepers be his frien

Bayes. His friends ! ay, sir, his intimate a
tance ; or else indeed I grant it could not be.

Smith. Yes, faith, so it might be very easy.

Bayes. Nay, if I do not make all things easy
I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you woul
that he's gone out of town ; but you shall s
prettily I have contrived to stop him presently

Smith. By my troth, sir, you have so amaz
that I know not what to think.

PARTHENOPE enters.

Fols. Bless me ! how frail are all my best re

How in a moment, is my purpose chang'd !
Too soon I thought myself secure from love.
Fair madam, give me leave to ask her name (10)
Who does so gently rob me of my fame :
For I should meet the army out of town,
And if I fail, must hazard my renown.

ar. My mother, sir, sells ale by the town-walls ;
And me her dear Parthenope she calls.

eyes. Now that's the Parthenope I told you of.

ohn. Ay, ay, 'egad, you are very right.

ls. Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty shroud !
Thou bring'st the morning-pictur'd in a
cloud. (11)

eyes. The morning's pictured in a cloud ! Ah, gad-
ters, what a conceit is there !

ar. Give you good even, sir. [Exit.

ls. Oh, inauspicious stars ! that I was born

To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn.

na. and Clo. How ! Prince Volscius in love ! Ha,
ha ! (12) [Exeunt laughing.

utb. Sure, Mr. Bayes, we lost some jest here,
they laugh so.

yes. Why, did you not observe ? He first resolves
to out of town ; and then, as he's pulling on his
boots, falls in love with her ; ha, ha, ha !

utb. Well, and where lies the jest of that ?

yes. Ha ? [Turns to Johnson.

bn. Why in the boots ; where should the jest lie ?

yes. 'Egad, you are in the right ; it does lie in the

boots—[*Turns to Smith.*] Your friend and I know where a good jest lies, though you don't, sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, sir.

Bayes. Here now, Mr. Johnson, you shall see combat betwixt love and honour. (13) An ancient author has made a whole play on it; but I have patched it all in this scene.

VOLSCIUS sits down to pull on his Boots: BAYES stays by, and overacts the part as he speaks it.

Vols. How has my passion made me Cupid's scoff
This hasty boot is on, the other off,
And sullen lies with amorous design,
To quit loud fame, and make that beauty mine

Smith. Pr'ythee, mark what pains Mr. Bayes takes to act this speech himself!

John. Yes, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Vols. My legs, the emblem of my various thoughts,
Shew to what sad distraction I am brought:
Sometimes with stubborn honour, like this boot
My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't:
Sometimes again, that very mind, by love
Disarmed, like this other leg does prove.
Shall I to honour, or to love give way?
Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay:
Honour aloud commands, pluck both boots!
But softer love does whisper, put on none.
What shall I do? What conduct shall I find
To lead me through this twilight of my mind

as bright day, with black approach of night
tending, makes a doubtful puzzling light ;
loes my honour, and my love together,
zle me so, I can resolve for neither.

s out hopping, with one boot on, and t'other off.
y my troth, sir, this is as difficult a combat
aw, and as equal ; for 'tis determined on
e.

ly, is it not now, 'egad, ha ? For to go off
ip-hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand
r than any conclusion in the world, 'egad.
deed, Mr. Bayes, that hip-hop, in this place,
does a very great deal.

Oh, all in all, sir ; they are these little things
or set you off a play ; “ as I remember once
of mine, I set off a scene, 'egad, beyond
ion, only with a petticoat and the belly-
)

. Pray how was that, sir ?

. Why, sir, I contrived a petticoat to be
in upon a chair (nobody knew how) into a
chamber, whose father was not to see it,
e in by chance.

God's-my-life, that was a notable contriv-
eed.

Ay, but Mr. Bayes, how could you con-
belly-ach ?

. The easiest in the world, 'egad ; I'll tell
: I made the Prince set down upon the pet-
o more than so, and pretended to his father,

" that he had just then got the belly-ach ; whereupon
 " his father went to call a physician, and his man
 " away with the petticoat.

" *Smith.* Well, and what followed upon that ?

X " *Bayes.* Nothing ; no earthly thing, I vow to Gad.

" *John.* On my word, Mr. Bayes, there you hit it.

" *Bayes.* Yes, it gave a world of content. And then
 " I paid them away besides ; for it made them all tall
 " bawdry, ha, ha, ha, ha ! beastly, downright bawdy
 " upon the stage, 'egad, ha, ha, ha ! but with an in-
 " nite deal of wit, that I must say.

" *John.* That, ay, that, we know well enough, but
 " never fail you.

" *Bayes.* No, 'egad, can't it. Come, bring in the
 " dance. [Exit to call the Players.]

" *Smith.* Now, the devil take thee, for a silly, old
 " fident, unnatural, fulsome rogue.

" *BAYES and Players enter.*

" *Eray.* Pray dance well before these gentlemen ;
 " are commonly so lazy, but you should be light
 " easy, tah, tah, tah. [All the while they dance, Bayes
 " puts them out with teaching them. Well, gentlemen,
 " you will see this dance, if I am not deceived, to
 " very well upon the stage, when they are perfect
 " their motions, and all that.

" *Smith.* I don't know how 'twill take, sir ; but
 " am sure you sweat hard for it.

" *Bayes.* Ay, sir, it costs me more pains and trouble
 " to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smith. By my troth I think so, sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, sir, forty of them in a day: but, 'egad, these players are such dull persons, that if a man be not by them upon every point, and at every turn, 'egad, they'll mistake you, sir, and spoil all."

A Player enters.

What, is the funeral ready?

Play. Yes, sir.

Bayes. And is the lance filled with wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it myself.

Smith. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A match. But, Mr. Johnson, 'egad, I am ~~X~~,
like other persons; they care not what becomes of
their things, so they can but get money for them. Now,
and, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in
every circumstance, to every particular, 'egad, I am no
more able to endure it. I am not myself, I am out of
wits, and all that; I am the strangest person in the
whole world: for what care I for money; I write for
reputation. *[Exeunt. X]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

BAYES and the Two Gentlemen enter.

Bayes. (1)

GENTLEMEN, because I would not have any two
acts alike in this play, the last act beginning with

2

1990

:

•

6.

"

44

• •

• •

THE REHEARSAL.

... That is my son's name. I have a confidence of mine has something in it too; for as every one knows, I am a play, what do I, but a play; and by which means that I am a new thing.

... Most admirably good! What a play to take, because it is a new thing.

... Ay, sir, I know that it is a new thing. And then, upon Saturday, I shall have a new play, for I ever begin with a new play, and a sixth play, that is, a new play, and then, and all the rest, and all the rest, and all the rest.

... That consideration, Mr. Dignity, is the very necessary.

... And when comes in your new play, the third week.

... I vow, you'll get a world of new plays.

... Why, faith, a man with the new play, I catch upon some new play, and I shall for this age (take it of my own hand) to please. But these new plays, the last of these plays, which I shall in several ways, wherein I shall in

witty scene of mirth, I make this to funeral.

Smith. And is that all your reason for

Bayes. No, sir, I have a precedent for person of honour, and a scholar, brought just so: "and he was one (let me tell you) as well what belonged to a funeral, 'a England, 'egad.

"*John.* Nay, if that be so, you are sa

"*Bayes.* 'Egad, but I have another d which I think yet better than all this plot or characters (for in my heroic plot difference as to those matters) but for trivance.

"*Smith.* What is that, I pray?

"*Bayes.* Why, I have designed a c cannot, possibly, 'egad, be acted in less week. "And I'll speak a bold word, trumpet, shout, and battle, 'egad, with most warlike tragedies we have, either : dern. (2)

"*John.* Ay, marry, sir, there you say

"*Smith.* And pray, sir, how have you same frolick of yours?

"*Bayes.* Faith, sir, by the rule of rom ample, they divide their things into the six, seven, eight, or as many times as Now I would fain know what should from doing the same with my things if

"*John.* Nay, if you should not be v own works, 'tis very hard.

That is my sense. And then, sir, this ice of mine has something of the reason of it too; for as every one makes you five acts ay, what do I, but make you five plays to by which means the auditors have every thing.

Most admirably good, if faith! and must take, because it is not tedious.

Ay, sir, I know that; there's the main And then, upon Saturday, to make a close or I ever begin upon a Monday) I make a sixth play, that sums up the whole them, and all that, for fear they should ot it.

That consideration, Mr. Bayes, indeed, I l be very necessary.

And when comes in your share, pray, sir? The third week.

I vow, you'll get a world of money.

Why, faith, a man must live; and if you pitch upon some new device, 'egad, you'll ; for this age (take it o' my word) is some- to please. But there is one pretty odd the last of these plays, which may be ex- o several ways, wherein I'd have your gentlemen.

What is it, sir?

Why, sir, I make a male person to be in a female.

Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new

" *Bayes*. Yes, sir, as I have ordered it. You shall hear: he, having passionately loved her through five whole plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his mother had appeared to him like a ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him with as violent a passion as he loved her, she kills herself. Now, my question is, Which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

" *John*. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

" *Bayes*. The hardest in the world, 'egad; and he puzzled this pate very much. What say you, Mr. Smith?

" *Smith*. Why, truly, Mr. Bayes, if it might stand with your justice now, I would spare them both.

" *Bayes*. 'Egad, and I think—ha!—Why, then, I shall make him hinder her from killing herself. Ay, shall be so." Come, come, bring in the funeral.

A Funeral enters, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there; no, no, here, sir. So, now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the funeral pile, and let our griefs receive from its embraces some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath
And in life's stead to leave us nought but death
The world discovers now its emptiness,
And by her loss demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good language now? Is not this

'Tis my *non ultra*, 'egad; you must know
both in love with her.

With her! with whom?

Ay, this is Lardella's funeral.

Lardella! Ay, who is she? (3)

Ay, sir, the sister of Drawcansir; a lady
drowned at sea, and had a wave for her wind-

Lardella, Oh, Lardella! from above

Lead the tragic issues of our love:

Us, sinking under grief and pain,

Thy being cast away upon the main.

Look you now, you see I told you true.

Ay, sir, and I thank you for it very kindly.

Ay, 'egad, but you will not have patience;

—a—you will not have patience.

Ay, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?

Ay, sir, a fierce hero, that frights his mis-
adventured kings, baffles armies, and does what he
at regard to numbers, good manners, or

very pretty character.

Ay, Mr. Bayes, I thought your heroes had
been of great humanity and justice.

Ay, they have been so; but, for my part, I

have one quality of singly beating of whole ar-

mies: all your moral virtues put together, 'egad.

Let him come in presently. Zookers! why

send the papers? [To the Players.

Oh, cry you mercy! [Goes to take the Papers.

Bayes. Pish! Nay, you are such a fumble. I'll read it myself. [*Takes a Paper from off the* Stay; it's an ill-hand; I must use my *spectacles* now is a copy of verses, which I make *Lardelo* pose just as she is dying, with design to have it upon her coffin, and so read by one of the *Us* who is her cousin.

Smith. A very shrewd design that, upon my Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. And what do you think, now, I fancy to make love like here, in this paper?

Smith. Like a woman: what should she make like?

Bayes. O' my word, you are out, though, sir; 'eq you are.

Smith. What then? like a man?

Bayes. No, sir, like an humble-bee.

Smith. I confess that I should not have fancied.

Bayes. It may be so, sir; but it is, though, in or to the opinion of some of your ancient philosophers who held the transmigration of the soul.

Smith. Very fine.

Bayes. I'll read the title, "To my dear coz, K^t Phys."

Smith. That's a little too familiar with a kin though, sir, by your favour, for an humble-bee.

Bayes. Mr. Smith, in other things, I grant, y^r knowledge may be above mine; but as for poetry, g^o me leave to say, I understand that better: it has b^e longer my practice; it has, indeed, sir.

Wib. Your servant, sir.

Jes. Play, mark it. (†) [Reads.]

" Since death my earthly part will thus remove,
I'll come an humble bee to your chaste love ;
With silent wings I'll follow you, dear coz ;
Or else before you in the sun-beams buz.
And when to melancholy groves you come,
An airy ghost you'll know me by my hum ;
For sound, being air, a ghost does well become."

Wib. [After a pause.] Admirable !

Jes. " At night, into your bosom I will creep,
And buz but softly, if you chance to sleep ;
Yet in your dreams I will pass sweeping by,
And then both hum and buz before your eye."

John. By my troth, that's a very great promise.

Smith. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to
t.

Jayes. Your bed of love from dangers I will free ;

" But most from love of any future bee.

And when with pity your heart-strings shall
crack,

" With empty arms I'll bear you on my back."

Smith. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Jayes. Ay, 'egad ; but is not that *tuant* now, ha ?
t not *tuant* ? Here's the end.

" Then at your birth of immortality,

" Like any winged archer hence I'll fly,

" And teach your first fluttering in the sky.

John. Oh, rare ! this is the most natural refin'd
cy that ever I heard, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead person
 "good way enough of making love; for, being
 "devoid of her terrestrial part, and all that, she
 "is capable of these little, pretty, amorous desires
 "are innocent, and yet passionate." Come
 your swords.

K. Phys. Come, sword, come sheath thyself
 this breast,

Which only in Lardella's tomb can

K. U. b. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate
 heart,

Which cannot from Lardella's love

PALLAS enters.

Pal. Hold, stop your murdering hands

At Pallas's commands:

For the supposed dead, Oh, Kings,

Forbear to act such deadly things.

Lardella lives; I did but try

If princes for their loves could die.

Such celestial constancy

Shall, by the gods rewarded be:

And from these funeral obsequies,

A nuptial banquet shall arise.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is*

Bayes. So, take away the coffin. Now
 This is the very funeral of the fair person
 whose sent word was dead; and Pallas, you
 turned it into a banquet.

Smith. Well, but where is this banquet?

Bayes. Nay, look you, sir, we must first have a
 licence, for by that License we are bound to do so.

'give me leave to bring you to the stage to perform it.'

" *Smith.* That, indeed, I am forgoing, I beg your
 'pardon.

" *Bayes.* Oh, d'ye see, that I am glad you will confess
 'yourself once in an error, Mr. Smith."

DANCE.

K. Urb. Resplendent Pallas, we in thee do find

The fiercest beauty, and a fiercer mind;

And since to thee Lancelot's life we owe,

We'll supply statues in thy temple's grove.

K. Phyl. Well, since alive Lancelot's found,

Let in full blows her health go round!

The two Usurpers each by their side a cornucopia stand.

K. Urb. But where's the wine?

Pal. That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering lance (:))

Does flow the purest wine of France;

[Fills the towns out of her lance.]

And, to appease your hunger, I

Have in my helmet brought a pie:

Lastly, to bear a part with these,

Behold a buckler made of cheese. *[Vanish Pallas.]*

Bayes. There's the banquet. Are you satisfied now,
 'ir?

John. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than
 'expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you; for "

chief art in poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

DRAWCANSIR enters.

K. Phys. What man is this, that dares disturb our feast? (6)

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die;

And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

John. That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say, that though he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the conceit on't.

John. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

"*Bayes.* (7) Now, there are some critics that have advised me to put out the second *dare*, and print '*must* in the place on't; but, 'egad, I think 'tis better" thus a great deal.

"*John.* Whoo! a thousand times."

Bayes. Go on, then.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know, How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go?

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred person, 'egad? So modest, so gent!

Smith. Oh, very like.

Draw. (8) You shall not know how long I here will stay;

But you shall know I'll take the bowls away.

[*Snatches the bowls out of the Kings' hands, and drinks them off.*]

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, is that, too, modest and t?

Bayes. No; 'egad, sir; but 'tis great.

Ush. (9) 'Though, brother, this grum stranger
be a clown,

He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down..

Draw. Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dare think,
I'll stare away his very power to drink.

he two Kings sneak off the Stage, with their Attendants.

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare; (10)

And all this I can do, because I dare. [*Exit.*

Smith. I suppose, Mr. Bayes, this is the fierce hero
a spoke of.

Bayes. Yes, but this is nothing: you shall see him,
the last act, win above a dozen bottles, one after
other, 'egad, as fast as they can possibly come upon
stage.

John. That will be a sight worth seeing indeed.

Smith. But, pray, Mr. Bayes, why do you make
Kings let him use them so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that's to raise the character of Draw-
nsir.

John. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, sir, I'll shew you a scene indeed, or
her, indeed, a scene of scenes. 'Tis an heroic
ne.

Smith. And, pray, sir, what's your design in this
ne?

Bayes. Why, sir, my design is gilded truncheons,
ced conceit, smooth verse, and a rant; in fine, it

this scene don't take, 'egad, I'll write no more. C come in, Mr.——a——nay, come in as many as can——Gentlemen, I must desire you to remo little, for I must fill the stage.

Smith. Why fill the stage?

Bayes. Oh, sir, because your heroic verse never so well but when the stage is full.

SCENE II.

Prince PRETTYMAN and Prince VOLSCIUS *ent*
Nay, hold, hold; pray, by your leave a little. I you, sir, the drift of this scene is somewhat more. ordinary; for I make them both fall out, because are not in love with the same woman.

Smith. Not in love! You mean, I suppose, bec they are in love, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, sir, I say, not in love; there's a new ecit for you!—Now, s^rak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince Volscius, now has found way

For our so long'd-for meeting here this day
 Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Vols. I gladly would that story from thee learn;

But thou to love dost, Prettyman, incline;

Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

+ *Bayes.* Antithesis! thine and mine.

Pret. Since love itself's the same, why should it
 Dit'ring in you from what it is in me?

+ *Bayes.* Reasoning! 'egad, I love reas'ning in vers

Fols. Love takes,ameleon-like, a various dye
From every plant on which itself does lie.

Bayes. Simile!

Pret. Let not thy love the course of nature fright:
Nature does most in harmony delight.

Fols. How weak a deity would nature prove,
Contending with the pow'rful god of love!

Bayes. There's a great verse!

Fols. If incense thou wilt offer at the shrine
Of mighty love, burn it to none but mine.
Her rosy lips eternal sweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

Bayes. 'Egad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull incense may thy love suffice;
But mine must be ador'd with sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes, which her eyes controul:
The body they consume, as well as soul.

Fols. My love has yet a power more divine:
Victims her altars burn not, but refine;
Amidst the flames they ne'er give up the ghost.
But, with her looks, revive still as they roast:
In spite of pain and death they're kept alive;
Her fiery eyes make them in fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well, 'egad, as I can do.

Fols. Let my Parthenope at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, 'egad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a whale,
In whose vast bulk though store of oil doth lie,
We find more shape, more beauty, in a fly.

Smith. That's uncivil, 'egad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far fate
'egad, as e'er you saw.

Fols. Soft, Prettyman, let not
Of perfect love, defame how
Parthenope is, since, as far
All other loves; as above all

Bayes. Ay, 'egad; that strikes

Pret. To blame my Chloris go

Bayes. Now mark.

Fols. Were all gods join'd to
mend

My better choice; fair Par
Gods would themselves.

see. (11)

Bayes. Now the rant's a comi

Pret. (12) Durst any of the
I'd make that god sub

Bayes. Ah, gadzookers, that
[Scratching his b

Fols. Could'st thou that god
translate,

He could not fear to war
Parthenope, on earth, ca

Pret. Chloris does heav'n its
She can transcend the jo

Bayes. There's a bold flight
I have lost my peruke. Well,
I never yet saw any one cou
Here's true spirit and flame all
so, pray, clear the stage. [I

John. I wonder how the coxcomb has got the knack of writing smooth verse thus.

Smith. Why, there's no need of brains for this: 'tis but scanning the labours on the finger. But where's the sense of it?

John. Oh, for that he desires to be excused! He is too proud a man to creep servilely after sense, I assure you. (13) But, pray, Mr. Bayes, why is this scene all in verse?

Bayes. Oh, sir! the subject is too great for prose.

Smith. Well said, Francis! I'll give thee a pot of ale for that answer; 'tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that god subscribe himself a devil.
That single line, 'egad, is worth all that my brother poets ever writ—Let down the curtain. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

BAYES and the two Gentlemen enter.

Bayes.

Now, gentlemen, I will be bold to say I'll shew you the greatest scene that ever England saw: I mean not in words, for those I don't value: but for state, shew and magnificence. In fine, I'll justify it to be as grand to the eye, every whit, 'egad, as that great scene in Henry the Eighth, and grander too, 'egad; for instead of two bishops, I bring in here four cardinals.

[*The Curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in state, with the four Cardinals, Prince Prettyman, Prince Volscius, Amaryllis, Chloris, Parthenope, &c. Before them a Herald, and Sergeants at Arms, with Maces.*]

Smith. Mr. Bayes, pray, what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in hats, and the other in caps?

Bayes. Why, sir, because——By Gad, I won't tell you. Your country-friend, sir, grows so troublesome——

K. Usb. Now, sir, to the business of the day.

K. Phys. Speak, Volscius.

Vols. Dread sovereign Lords, my zeal to you must not invade my duty to your son; let me intreat that great Prince Prettyman first do speak, whose high pre-eminence in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that privilege.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold; you may perceive, now, that he is his son.

John. Yes, sir, and we are very much beholden to you for that discovery.

Prct. Royal father, upon my knees I beg,

That the illustrious Volscius first be heard.

Vols. That preference is only due to Amaryllis, sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well by-and-by, you shall see.

Am. Invincible Sovereigns—— [Soft Music.

K. Usb. (1) But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the music of the moving spheres!

Prct. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far

A godlike cloud, and a triumphant car,
In which our two right Kings sit, one by one,
With virgins vests, and laurel-garlands on.

K. Urb. Then brother——

K. Phys.———'Tis time we should be gone.

[*The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.*]

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you that this
would be as easy a change as the other?

Smith. Yes, faith, you did so; though I confess I
could not believe you; but you have brought it about,
I see.

[*The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the clouds,
singing, in white garments, and three Fiddlers sitting
before them, in green.*]

"*Bayes.* Now, because the two right Kings descend
from above, I make them sing to the tune and style
of our modern spirits.

"*1st King.* (2) Haste, brother King, we are sent
from above.

"*2d King.* Let us move, let us move,

" Move to remove the late

" Of Brentford's long united state.

"*1st King.* Taria, ran, taria, full east and by south.

"*2d King.* We sail with thunder in our mouth.

" In scorching noon-day, whilst the traveller
stays;

" Busy, busy, busy, busy we bustle along,

" Mounted upon warm Phœbus's ray,

" Through the heavenly throng,

" Hastening to those

" Who will feast us at night with a pig's p-tt-

" 1st King. And we'll fall with our plate

" In an *ollie* of hate.

" 2d King. But now supper's done, the servitors

" Like soldiers, to storm a whole half-moon :

" 1 King. They gather, they gather hot custard

" spoons.

" But, alas ! I must leave these half-moons,

" And repair to my trusty dragoons.

" 2d King. Oh, stay ! for you need not as yet go ashore

" The tide, like a friend, has brought ship

" our way,

" And on their high ropes we will play :

" Like maggots in filberts, we'll snug in our shells

" We'll frisk in our shell,

" We'll frisk in our shell,

" And farewel.

" 1st King. But the ladies have all inclination to dance

" And the green frogs croak out a Coranto

" Francé.

" Bayes. Is not that pretty now ? The fiddlers are

" in green.

" Smith. Ay, but they play no Coranto.

" John. No, but they play a tune that's a great

" better.

" Bayes. No Coranto, quoth-a ! That's a good

" with all my heart. Come, sing on.

" 2d King. How mortals that hear

" Now we tilt and career,

" With wonder will fear

" The event of such things as shall never appear

' 1st King. Stay you, to fulfil what the gods have
" decreed.

" 2d King. Then call me to help you, if there shall
" be need.

" 1st King. So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford
" King,

" To save the distress'd, and help to 'em bring,

" That e'er a full pot of good ale you can swallow,

" He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

" [Bayes *flips his fingers, and sings after them.*

" Bayes. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a
" holla.

' This, sir, you must know, I thought once to have
' brought in with a conjurer. (3)

" John. Ay, that would have been better.

" Bayes. No, faith, not when you consider it; for
' thus it is more compendious, and does the thing every
" whit as well.

" Smith. Thing! What thing?

' " Bayes. Why, bring them down again into the
" throne, sir; what thing would you have?

" Smith. Well, but methinks the sense of this song
" is not very plain.

" Bayes. Plain! Why, did you ever hear any people
" in clouds speak plain? They must be all for flight
" of fancy at its full range, without the least check or
" controul upon it. When once you tie up spirits and
" people in clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

" Smith. Bless me, what a monster's this!"

[The two Kings alight out of the Clouds, and step into the
Thrones.

1st King. Come, now to serious counsel; w
vance.

2d King. I do agree; but first, let's have a d

Bayes. Right! you did that very well, Mr
wright. But first, let's have a dance. Pray, r
ber that: be sure you do it always just so; for
be done as if it were the effect of thought and
ditation. But, first, let's have a dance. Pray, r
ber that.

Smith. Well, I can hold no longer; I must g
rogue; there's no enduring of him.

John. No, pr'ythee, make use of thy patience
longer; let's see the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand*

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient dance, of rig
longing to the Kings of Brentford; but since c
with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Two Heralds enter.

1st King. What saucy groom molests our

1st Her. The army, at the door, and in di

Desires a word with both your r

2d Her. Having from Knightsbridge hith
by stealth.

2d King. Bid them attend a-while, and
health.

Smith. How, Mr. Bayes? The army i

Bayes. Ay, sir, for fear the usurpers n
them that went out but just now.

Smith. Why, what if they had discov

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the design.

1st King. Here, take five guineas for those warlike men ;

2d King. And here's five more ; that makes the sum just ten.

1st Her. We have not seen so much the Lord knows when. [*Exeunt Herald.*

" *1st King.* Speak on, brave Amaryllis.

" *Am.* Invincible sovereigns, blame not my modesty, " if, at this grand conjuncture——"

[*Drums beat behind the Stage.*

1st King. (4) What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes ?

A Soldier enters with his Sword drawn.

Sold. Haste hence, great sirs, your royal persons save,

For the event of war no mortal knows :
The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First feil to words, and then to handy blows.

[*Exit.*

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a stanza, and a handsome come-off ?

2d King. Oh, dangerous estate of sovereign power !
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1st King. Let us for shelter in our cabinet stay :
Perhaps these threatening storms may pass away.

[*Exeunt.*

John. But, Mr. Bayes, did not you promise us, just now, to make Amaryllis speak very well ?

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but t
they hindered her.

Smith. How, sir! Whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, sir; the plot lay so, that, I vow to G
it was not to be avoided.

Smith. Marry, that was hard.

John. But, pray, who hindered her?

Bayes. Why, the battle, sir, that's just coming
“ at the door: and I'll tell you now a strange thin
“ though I don't pretend to do more than other m
“ 'egad, I'll give you both a whole week to guess h
“ I'll represent this battle.

“ *Smith.* I had rather be bound to fight your battle
“ assure you, sir.

“ *Bayes.* Whoo! there's it now——Fight a battl
“ there's the common error. I knew presently wh
“ I should have you. Why, pray, sir, do but tell n
“ this one thing: can you think it a decent thing, in
“ battie before ladies, to have men run their sword
“ through one another, and all that?

“ *John.* No, faith, 'tis not civil.

“ *Bayes.* Right; on the other side, to have a lon
“ relation of squadrons here, and squadrons there
“ what is it but dull prolixity?

“ *John.* Excellently reason'd, by my troth!

“ *Bayes.* Wherefore, sir, to avoid both these indeq
“ runs, I sum up the whole battle in the representa
“ tion of two persons only, no more; and yet so lively
“ that I vow to Gad, you would swear ten thousand
“ men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

"Smith. Yes, sir; but I think I should hardly swear, though, for all that.

"Bayes. By my troth, sir, but you would, though, when you see it; for I make them both come out in armour, *cap-a-pie*, with their swords drawn, and being with a scarlet ribbon at their waist, which, you know, represents fighting enough.

"John. Ay, ay, so much, that if I were in your place, I would make them go out again, without ever speaking one word.

"Bayes. No, there you are out; for I make each of them hold a lute in his hand.

"Smith. How, sir, instead of a buckler?

"Bayes. Oh, Lord, Lord! instead of a buckler?

"Pray, sir, do you ask no more questions. I make them, sirs, play the battle *in recitative*. And here's the conceit. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, sir, recovers you his sword, and puts himself into a warlike posture; so that you have at once your ear entertained with music and good language, and your eye satisfied with the garb and accoutrements of war.

"Smith. I confess, sir, you stupify me.

"Bayes. You shall see.

"John. But, Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting? For I love those plays where they cut and slash one another upon the stage for a whole hour together.

"Bayes. Why, then, to tell you true

"trived it both ways ; but you shall have my *recitation* first.

"*John*. Ay, now you are right , there is nothing then can be objected against it.

"*Bayes*. (5) True ; and so, 'egad, I'll make it to tragedy in a trice.

"*At several doors, the General and Lieutenant-General enter, armed cap-a-pie, with each of them a lute in his hand, and a sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet ribbon at his wrist.* (6)

"*Lt. Gen.* Villain, thou lyest !

"*Gen.* (7) Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm ; what hold

"The lie no flesh can brook, I trow.

"*Lt. Gen.* Advance from Acton with the musqueteers.

"*Gen.* (8) Draw down the Chelsea cuirassiers.

"*Lt. Gen.* (9) The band you boast of Chelsea cuirassiers,

"Shall, in my Putney pikes, now meet their peers.

"*Gen.* Chiswickians, aged, and renown'd in fight,

"Join with the Hammersmith brigade.

"*Lt. Gen.* You'll find my Mortlake boys will do them right,

"Unless by Fulham numbers overlaid.

"*Gen.* Let the left-wing of Twickenham foot advance,

"And line that eastern hedge.

"*Lt. Gen.* The horse I rais'd in Petty-France,

"Shall try their chance,

"And scour the meadows, over-grown with
sedge.

Gen. Stand! give the word.

Lt. Gen. Bright sword.

Gen. That may be thine,
"But 'tis not mine.

Lt. Gen. (10) Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
"And let those recreant troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue; they flie

"That first did give the lie. [Exeunt.

Bayes. This now is not improper, I think; because
the spectators know all these towns, and may easily
conceive them to be within the dominions of the two
kings of Brentford.

"*John.* Most exceeding well designed!"

Bayes. How do you think I have contrived to give
top to this battle?

Smith. How?

Bayes. By an eclipse; which, let me tell you, is a
kind of fancy that was yet never so much as thought
; but by myself, and one person more, that shall be
unless.

A Lieutenant-General enters.

Lt. Gen. What midnight darkness does invade the
day,

And snatch the victor from his conquer'd prey?

Is the sun weary of this bloody fight,

And winks upon us with the eye of light?

'Tis an eclipse! This was unkind, Oh, mock,

To clap between me and the sun so soon.

Foolish eclipse! thou this in vain hast done
My brighter honour had eclips'd the sun,
But now behold eclipses two in one.

John. This is as admirable a representation
battle as ever I saw.

Bayes. Ay, sir: but how would you fancy n
represent an eclipse?

Smith. Why, that's to be supposed.

Bayes. Supposed! Ay, you are ever at your sup
ha, ha, ha! Why, you may as well suppose the
day. No, it must come in upon the stage, that
train: but in some odd way that may delight, a
and all that. I have a conceit for it, that I am
is new, and I believe to that purpose.

John. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hi
this out of a dialogue between Phoebus and Au
in the Slighted Maid; which, by my troth, was
pretty; but I think you would confess this is a
better.

John. No doubt, on't, Mr. Bayes, a great deal be

[*Bayes bugs Johnson, then turns to Smith.*]

Bayes. Ah, dear rogue! But—a—Sir, you
heard, I suppose, that your eclipse of the moon is
thing else but an interposition of the earth betw
the sun and moon; as likewise your eclipse of the
is caused by an interlocation of the moon betwix
earth and the sun.

Smith. I have heard some such thing, indeed.

Bayes. Well, sir, then what do I, but make

th, sun, and moon, come out upon the stage, and see the hay. Hum! and of necessity, by the very nature of this dance, the earth must be sometimes between the sun and the moon, and the moon between earth and sun: and there you have both eclipses demonstrated.

John. That must needs be very fine, truly.

Jayes. Yes, it has a fancy in it. And then, sir, there may be something in it too of a joke, I bring in all in singing, and make the moon sell the earth again. Come, come out, Eclipse, to the tune of a Tyler.

LUNA enters,

Luna. Orbis, Oh, Orbis.

Come to me, thou little rogue, Orbis,

The EARTH enters.

John. (11) Who calls Terra Firma, pray?

Luna. Luna, that ne'er shines by day.

John. What means Luna in a veil?

Luna. Luna means to shew her tail.

Jayes. There's the bargain.

SOL enters, to the tune of Robin Hood,

John. Fye, sister, fye! thou makest me muse,

Derry down, derry down.

see the Orb abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger will not move;

Since I shew'd it out of love,

Hey down, derry down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty moon?

Luna. (12) To-morrow soon, e'er it be noon,
On mount Vesuvio.

Sol. Then I will shine. [Bis.

[To the tune of Trenchmore.

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. (13) And I will drink nothing but Lippara
wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

[As they dance the bay, Bayes speaks.

Bayes. Now the earth's before the moon; now the
moon's before the sun; there's the eclipse again.

Smith. He's mightily taken with this, I see.

John. Ay, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he chuse!

Bayes. So, now, vanish eclipse, and enter t'other
battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken
you will see fighting enough.

[A Battle is fought between Foot and great Hobby
horses. At last Drawcansir comes in, and kills them
all on both sides. All the while the battle is fighting
Bayes is telling them when to shout, and shouts with
them.

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill:
But I the blood of thousands daily spill.
Let petty kings the names of parties know:
Where'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest horsemen my swift rage controuls,
And from their bodies drives their trembling souls
If they had wings, and to the gods could fly,

I would pursue, and beat them through the sky ;
And make proud Jove, with all his thunder, see
This single arm more dreadful is than he. [*Exit.*

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, sirs.
You may talk of your Hectors and Achilles, and I
know not who ; but I defy all your histories, and
your romances too, to shew me one such conqueror as
this Drawcansir.

John. I swear, I think you may.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, how shall all these dead men
go off ? for I see none alive to help them.

Bayes. Go off, why, as they came on ; upon their
legs : how should they go off ! Why, do you think
the people here don't know they are not dead ? He's
mighty ignorant, poor man ! Your friend here is very
silly, Mr. Johnson, 'egad he is, ha, ha, ha ! Come, sir,
I'll show you how they shall go off. (14) Rise, rise,
sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for
you now. Ha, ha, ha ! Mr. Ivory, a word. Gentle-
men, I'll be with you presently. [*Exit.*

John. Will you so ? Then we'll be gone.

Smith. Ay, pry'thee let's go, that we may preserve
our hearing. One battie more will take mine quite
away. [*Exit.*

BAYES and Players enter.

Bayes. Where are the gentlemen ?

1st Play. They are gone, sir.

Bayes. Gone ! 'Sdeath ! this last act is best of all !
I'll go fetch them again. [*Exit.*

1st Play. What shall we do, now he's gone away?

2d Play. Why so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

3d Play. Stay, here's a foul piece of paper. Let's see what it is.

3d or 4th Play. Ay, ay, come, let's hear it.

[Reads. *The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

3d Play. Chloris at length being sensible of Prince Prettyman's passion, consents to marry him; but just as they are going to church, Prince Prettyman meeting by chance with old Joan, the chandler's widow, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with Chloris, out of a high point of honour, breaks off his match with Chloris, and marries old Joan. Upon which, Chloris, in despair, drowns herself; and Prince Prettyman, discontentedly, walks by the river-side. This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone.

Most of the Players. Ay, pox on it, let's go away.

[Exeunt.]

BAYES enters.

Bayes. A plague on them both for me, they have made me sweat to run after them. A couple of senseless rascals, that had rather go to dinner, than see this play out, with a pox to them. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come, Mr.—
—where are you, Sir? Come away, quick, quick.

Stage-Keeper enters.

St. K. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

S. Yes, I know the gentlemen are gone ; but I the players.

St. K. Why, an't please your worship, sir, the are gone to dinner too.

S. How ! are the players gone to dinner ? 'Tis vile ! The players gone to dinner ! 'Egad, if e, I'll make them know what it is to injure a that does them the honour to write for them, that. A company of proud, conceited, hum- cross-grained persons, and all that 'Egad, ke them the most contemptible, despicable, in- erable persons, and all that, in the whole world, trick. 'Egad, I'll be revenged on them ; I'll s play to the other house.

St. K. Nay, good, sir, don't take away the book ; disappoint the company that comes to see it act- e this afternoon.

S. That's all one, I must reserve this comfort elf ; my play and I shall go together ; we will t, indeed, sir.

St. K. But what will the town say, sir !

S. The town ! Why, what care I for the town ? the town used me as scurvily as the players have but I'll be revenged on them too ; for I'll lam- them all. And since they will not admit of my they shall know what a satirist I am. And so / to this stage, 'egad, for ever. [Exit Bayes.

Players enter.

1st Play. Come then, let's set up bills for another play.

2d Play. Ay, ay ; we shall lose nothing by this, warrant you.

1st Play. I am of your opinion. But, before we go let's see Haynes and Shirley practise the last dance for that may serve us another time.

2d Play. I'll call them in ; I think they are but the tiring room.

The Dance done.

1st Play. Come, come ; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt*]

EPILOGUE.

*is at an end; but where's the plot?
istance our poet Bayes forgot.
boast, though 'tis a plotting age,
freer from it than the stage.
plotted, though, and strove to please,
'bat might be understood with ease:
scene with so much wit did store,
rought any in, went out with more.
o way of wit does so surprise,
ir wits in wond'ring where it lies.
, that monstrous births presage
ng mischiefs that afflict the age,
sters to the state proclaim,
ut bead or tail may do the same.
r ours, and for the kingdom's peace,
digious way of writing cease.
it least once in our lives a time,
ay hear some reason, not all rhyme.
se ten years felt its influence;
prove a year of prose and sense.*

1000

1000

A
KEY TO THE REHEARSAL;

OR, A

CRITICAL REVIEW

OF THE

AUTHORS, AND THEIR WRITINGS,

THAT ARE EXPOSED IN THAT CELEBRATED PLAY.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

YOU can't not be ignorant that the town has had a larger expectation of a Key to the Rehearsal, ever since it first appeared in print, and none has more ardently desired it than myself, though in vain; till yesterday, a gentleman of my acquaintance recommended to a person, who, he believed, could give me a better light into this matter, than I had hitherto met with from any hand.

In a short time I traced him out; and when I had found him, he appeared such a positive dogmatical block, that I began to repent of my trouble in searching for him.

It was my misfortune, over a pot of beer, to begin a short discourse of the modern poets and actors; and immediately he fell into a great passion, and swore that there were very few persons now living, who deserved

the name of a good dramatic poet, or natural actor; and declaimed against the present practice of the English stage with much violence; saying, he believed the two companies were joined in a confederacy against Smithfield, and resolved to ruin their fair, by outdoing them in their bombastic bills, and ridiculous representing their plays; adding, that he hoped e'er long Mr. Collier and others would write them down to the devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extol the excellent decorum and action of former years; and magnified the poets of the last age, especially Jonson, Shakespeare, and Beaumont.

I bore all this with tolerable patience, knowing it to be too common with old men to commend the past age, and rail at the present; and so took my leave of him for that time, with an intent never to trouble him more, and without acquainting him with my business.

When next I saw the gentleman, my friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertained by his Cynical acquaintance. He laughed, but bid me not be discouraged, saying, that fit or railing would soon have been over; and when his just indignation had spent itself, you might have imparted your business to him, and received a more satisfactory account. However, (said he) go to him again from me, take him to the tavern, and mollify his asperity with a bottle; thwart not his discourse, but give him his own way; and I'll warrant you he'll open his budget, and satisfy your expectation.

my friend's directions, and found the
ble to his prediction.

ter, I met him in Fleet-street, and carried
d Devil : and ere we had emptied one
him of a quite-different humour from
n in the time before : he appeared in his
e a very honest true Englishman, a hearty
untry, and the government thereof, both
state, a loyal subject to his sovereign, an
ery and tyranny, idolatry and supersti-
rchical government and confusion, irre-
husiasm. In short, I found him a person
t knowledge in the affair I went to him
e who understood the English stage very
ugh somewhat positive, as I said before,
l he always took care to have truth on
re he affirmed or denied any thing with
inary heat ; and when he was so guarded,
eable.

d discovered thus much, and called for
ttle, I told him from whom I came, and
my addressing him. He desired my
e stept to his lodgings, which were near
nd after a short space he returned, and
him the papers, which contained the
tes.

ad read them to me, I liked them so well,
the printing of them, provided they were
ssured me they were, and told me farther,
his farce was composing and altering, he

had frequent occasions of being with the author, of perusing his papers, and hearing discourse of the several plays he exposed, and their authors; insomuch that few persons had the like opportunities of knowing his true meaning as he himself had.

If any other person had known the author's mind so exactly, in all the several particulars, 'tis more than probable they would have been made public before now; but nothing of this nature having appeared these two and thirty years, (for so long has this farce flourished in print) we may reasonably and safely conclude, that there is no other such like copy in being; and that these remarks are genuine, and taken from the great person's own mouth and papers.

I was very well satisfied with this account, and more desirous to print it than ever; only I told him, I thought it would be very advantageous to the sale of these annotations, to have a preface to them, under the name of him who was so well acquainted with the author; but could not, by all the arguments I was master of, obtain his consent, though we debated the point a pretty while.

He alledged for his excuse, that such an undertaking would be very improper for him, because he should be forced to name several persons, and some of great families, to whom he had been obliged; and he was very unwilling to offend any person of quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his friends, become his enemies; though he should only act the part of an historian, barely reciting the words he heard from our author.

ver, said he, if you think a preface of such ab-
 :cessity, you may easily recollect matter enough
 : discourse which hath passed between us on
 ect, to enable yourself, or any other for you,
 one; especially if you consider there are but
 cs to be insisted on.

o give the reader an account of the writer of
 é.

ie motives which induc'd him to compose it.
 stay no longer now, said he; but if you desire
 her direction in this matter meet me here to-
 night, and I will discourse more particularly
 two heads, and then take my leave of you;
 you good success with your preface, and that
 / may prove a golden one.

kind reader, having received all the instruc-
 ould gain from my resolute spark at our se-
 etings, I must stand on my own legs, and turn
 , though against my will. And thus I set out.
 o tell thee what all persons, who are any thing
 ed with the stage, know already: *viz.* That
 e was wrote by the most noble George Villiers,
 e of Buckingham, &c. a person of a great
 natural wit and ingenuity, and of excellent
 it, particularly in matters of this nature; his
 genius was improved by a liberal education,
 conversation of the greatest persons in his
 and all these cultivated and improved by study
 el.

o former, he became well acquainted with the

writings of the most celebrated poets of the late age; viz. Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Jonson, (the last of whom he knew personally, being thirteen years old when he died), as also with the famous company of actors at Black-Friars, whom he always admired,

He was likewise very intimate with the poets of his time; as Sir John Denham, Sir John Suckling, the Lord Falkland, Mr. Sydney Godolphin, (a near relation to the late Lord high treasurer of England, the glory of the ancient family) Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; on the last of whom he bestowed a gentel annuity during his life, and a noble monument in Westminster-Abbey after his decease.

By travel he had the opportunity of observing the decorum of foreign theatres; especially the French, under the regulation of Monsieur Corneille, before it was so far Italianated, and over-run with opera and farce, as now it is; and before the venom thereof had crossed the narrow seas, and poisoned the English stage, we being naturally prone to imitate the French in their fashions, manners, and customs, let them be ever so vicious, fantastic, or ridiculous.

By what has been said on this head, I hope thou art fully satisfied who was the author of this piece, which the learned and judicious Dr. Burnet (late bishop of Sarum) calls a correction, and an unmerciful exposing; and I believe thou hast as little cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this great person been endued with constancy and steadiness of mind, equal to his other abilities,

both natural and acquired, he had been the most complete gentleman in his time.

I shall proceed to shew,

2. The motives which induced him to undertake it.

The civil war silenced the stage for almost twenty years, though not near so lewd then, as it is since grown; and it had been happy for England, if this had been the worst effect of that war. The many changes of government that succeeded the dissolution of the ancient constitution, made the people very uneasy, and unanimously desirous of its restitution; which was effected by a free parliament, in the year 1660.

This sudden revolution, which is best known by the name of the Restoration, brought with it many ill customs, from the several countries to which the king and the cavaliers were retired, during their exile, which proved very pernicious to our English constitution, by corrupting our morals, and to which the reviving the stage, and bringing women on it, and encouraging and applauding the many lewd, senseless, and unnatural plays, that ensued upon this great change, did very much contribute.

Then appeared such plays as these; *The Siege of Rhodes*, part I. acted at the Cock-pit, before the Restoration; *The Playhouse to be let*; *The Slighted Maid*; *The United Kingdoms*; *The Wild Gallant*; *The English Monsieur*; *The Villain*; and the like.

You will meet with several passages out of all these, except *the United Kingdoms*, (which was never print-

ed) in the following notes ; as you will find out of several other plays, which are here omitted.

Our most noble author, to manifest his just indignation and hatred of this fulsome new way of writing, used his utmost interest and endeavours to stifle it at its first appearance on the stage, by engaging all his friends to explode and run down these plays, especially the United Kingdoms, which had like to have brought his life into danger.

The author of it being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous family, had many of his relations and friends in the Cock-pit, during the acting it ; some of them perceiving his Grace to head a party, who were very active in damning the play, by hissing and laughing immoderately, at the strange conduct thereof, there were persons laid wait for him, as he came out : but there being a great tumult and uproar in the house, and the passages near it, he escaped ; but he was threatened hard : however, the business was composed in a short time, though by what means I have not been informed.

After this, our author endeavoured by writing, to expose the follies of these new-fashioned plays, in their proper colours, and to set them in so clear a light, that the people might be able to discover what trash it was, of which they were so fond, as he plainly hints in the prologue ; and so set himself to the composing of this farce.

When his Grace began it, I could never learn, nor is it very material.

TO THE READER.

much we may certainly gather from the account he plays reflected on in it, that it was before 1663, and finished before the end of 1664; it had been several times rehearsed, the players perfect in their parts, and all things in readiness for acting, before the great plague, 1665, which prevented it.

That was so ready for the stage, and so near the end, at the breaking out of the terrible sickness, very different from what you have since seen in that he called his poet Bilboa; by which the town generally understood Sir Robert to be the person pointed at. Besides, there were few of this new sort of plays then extant, as the before-mentioned, at that time; and more in being, could not be ridiculed.

Acting of this farce being thus hindered, it was for several years, and came not on the public stage till the year 1671.

In this interval, many great plays came forth, in heroic rhyme; and on the death of Sir William Davenant, 1669, Mr. Dryden, a new Laureat, appeared on the stage, much admired, and highly applauded, moved the Duke to change the name of his poet Bilboa to Bayes, whose works you will find often recited in the following Key.

For, kind reader, I have followed the direction of my acquaintance, to the utmost extent of my power, without transgressing the bounds he assigned. I am free from any fear of having displeased

edh: I wish I could justly say as much, with relation to the offences I have committed against yourself, and all judicious persons who shall peruse this poor address.

I have nothing to say in my own defence: I plead guilty, and throw myself at your feet, and beg for mercy, and not without hope, since what I have here writ did not proceed from the least malice in me, to any person or family in the world, but from an honest design to enable the meanest readers to understand all the passages of this farce, that it may sell the better. I am, with all submission,

Your most obliged,

Humble servant.

THE
KEY TO THE REHEARSAL.

ACT I.

Note 1. p. 8.

yes. IN fine, it shall read and write, and act and
it, and show ; ay, and pit, box, and gallery it,
rad, with any play in Europe."

he usual language of the Honourable Edward How-
Esq. at the rehearsal of his plays.

Note 2. p. 8.

" *Bayes.* These my rules."

ie who writ this, not without pain and thought,
rom French and English theatres has brought
'h' exactest rules by which a play is wrought.
'he unity of action, place and time ;
'he scenes unbroken, and a mingled chime
f Jonson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme.

Prologue to the Maiden Queen.

Note 3. p. 12.

Bayes. I writ that part only for her. You must
ow she is my mistress."

he part of Amaryllis was acted by Mrs. Anne
es, *who, at that time, was kept by Mr. Bayes.*

Note 4. p. 14.

Two kings of Brentford, supposed to be the two brothers, the king and the duke.

See note 1st on the fourth Act.

Note 5. p. 14.

See the two prologues to the Maiden-Queen.

Note 6. p. 16.

"I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes."

There were printed papers given the audience, before the acting the India Emperor, telling them, that it was the sequel of the Indian Queen; part of which play was written by Mr. Bayes, &c.

Note 7. p. 16.

"Persons, 'egad, I vow to Gad, and all that," is the constant stile of Failer in the Wild Gallant; for which, take this short speech instead of many.

Failer. Really, madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth, and all that, that I vow to Gad, I honour you of all persons in the world; and though I am a person that am inconsiderable in the world, and all that, madam, yet for a person of your worth and excellency, I would.

Wild Gallant, p. 8.

Note 8. p. 17.

"*Bayes.* No, sir, there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from."

contracted with the King's company of actors, in
ar. 1668, for a whole share, to write them four
a year.

Note 9. p. 18.

So boar and sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up and smell it gathering in the sky ;
Boar beckons sow to trot in cliesnut groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd loves ;
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snore and gruntle to each other's moan."

In ridicule of this:

o two kind turtles, when a storm is nigh,
look up, and see it gath'ring in the sky ;
Each calls his mate to shelter in the groves,
Leaving, in murmurs, their unfinish'd loves :
Perch'd on some dropping branch, they sit alone,
And coo, and hearken to each other's moan.

Conquest of Granada, part II, p. 48.

Note 10. p. 19.

Thun. I am the bold Thunder.
Light. The brisk Lightning I."
In the evening, dark as night.

Slighted Maid, p. 48.

Note 11. p. 19.

Let the men 'ware the ditches ;
Let the laids look to their breeches ;
We'll scratch them with briars and thistles.

Ibid. p. 49.

Note 12. p. 12.

Abraham Ivory had formerly been a considerable actor of women's parts; but afterwards stupified self so far, with drinking strong waters, that he first acting of his farce, he was fit for nothing, go of errands; for which, and meer charity, the pany allowed him a weekly salary.

A& II.

Note 1. p. 20.

"I BEGIN this play with a whisper."

Drake, sen. Draw up your men:

And in low whispers give our orders out.

Play-house to be Lett, p

See the Amorous Prince, p. 20, 22, 39, 69; you will find all the chief commands and directions given in whispers.

Note 2. p. 23.

Mr. William Wintershall was a most excellent actor, and the best instructor of others died in July, 1679.

Note 3. p. 24.

"*Bayes.* If I am to write familiar things, as some See Note 6. on A& III.

Note 4. p. 25.

Take snuff. He was a great taker of snuff, and made
st of it himself.

Note 5. p. 27.

"Intrigue in a late play."

The Lost Lady, by Sir Robert Stapleton.

Note 6. p. 28.

"As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find
"T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
"Feeling without, that flames within do play,
"Which would consume his root and sap away ;
"He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,
"Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies.
"So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears :
"Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears.

In Imitation of this passage :

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest ;
And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head :
So shrouded up your beauty disappears ;
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears :
The storm that caus'd your fright is past and gone.
Conquest of Granada, part I. p. 55.

Note 7. p. 32.

"*Bayes.* The whole state's turn'd," &c.
Such *easy turns of state* are frequent in our modern

plays: where we see princes dethroned, and governments changed, by very feeble means, and on slight occasions: particularly in *Marriage-a-la-Mode*, a play writ since the first publication of this farce. When (to pass by the dulness of the state-part, the obscurity of the comic, the near resemblance Leonidas bears to our Prince Prettyman, being sometimes a king's son sometimes a shepherd's; and not a question how Amalthea comes to be a princess, her brother, the king's great favourite, being but a lord) 'tis worth our while to observe how easily the fierce and jealous usurper is deposed, and the right heir placed on the throne; and it is thus related by the said imaginary princess.

Amalth. Oh! gentlemen, if you have loyalty,
Or courage, shew it now: Leonidas,
Broke on a sudden from his guards, and snatching
A sword from one, his back against the scaffold,
Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud,
He is our long-lost king, found for this moment;
But, if your valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his guards, mov'd by the sense of virtue,
Are turn'd for him; and there they stand at bay,
Against a host of foes. *Marriage-a-la-Mode*, p. 69.

This shews Mr. Bayes to be a man of constancy, and firm to his resolution, and not to be laughed out of his own method; agreeable to what he says in the next act.

“As long as I know my things are good, what care
“I what they say?”

Note 8. p. 33.

every day ! hey day ! I know not what to do, nor
 “ what to say.”

know not what to say, or what to think.

know not when I sleep, or when I wake.

Love and Friendship, p. 46.

doubts and fears my reason do dismay ;

know not what to do, or what to say.

Pandora, p. 46.

ACT III.

Note 1. p. 37.

once Prettyman, and Tom Thimble ; Failer, and
 her his taylor, in the Wild Gallant, p. 5, 6.

Note 2. p. 37.

‘ *Bayes*. There’s a bob for the court.”

say, if that be all, there’s no such haste. The courts
 are not so forward to pay their debts.

Wild Gallant, p. 9.

Note 3. p. 38.

‘ *Tom Thim*. Ay, sir, in your own coin : you give
 nothing but words.

Take a little Bibber,

And throw him in the river ;

And if he will trust never,

Then there let him lie ever.

Bibber. Then say I,
 Take a little Failer,
 And throw him to the jailor,
 And there let him lie
 Till he has paid his taylor. *Wild Gallant*, p. 114

Note 4. p. 38.

"*Bayes.* Ay, pretty well ; but he does not top his
 " part."
 A great word with Mr. Edward Howard.

Note 5. p. 39.

"*Bayes.* As long as I know my things are good,
 " what care I ?"
 See the 7th Note on the second Act. —

Note 6. p. 40.

Song. " In swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer
 " to be,
 " Than in a strong castle remoted from thee !
 " My death's bruise pray think you give me, tho' a
 " fall
 " Did give it me more, from the top of a wall :
 " For then if the mote on her mud would first lay,
 " And after, before you my body convey,
 " The blue on my breast, when you happen to see,
 " You'll say, with a sigh, there's a true-blue for me."

In Imitation of this :

On seas, and in battles, through bullets and fire,
 The danger is less than in hopeless desire ;

My death's wound you give me, tho' far off I bear
 My fall from your sight, not to cost you a tear;
 But if the kind flood on a wave would convey,
 And under your window my body would lay;
 When the wound on my breast you happen to see,
 You'd say, with a sigh, it was given by me.

This is the latter part of a song made by Mr. Bayes, the death of Captain Digby, son of George Earl of stol, who was a passionate admirer of the Duchess rager of Richmond, called by the author Armida. lost his life in a sea-fight against the Dutch, the 1 of May, 1672.

Note 7. p. 40.

John. Pitt, box, and gallery, Mr. Bayes!"
 Ir. Edward Howard's words.

Note 8. p. 41.

Cordel. My lieges, news from Volscius the prince."

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be."

Ibert. Curtius, I've something to deliver to your ear.

ur. Any thing from Alberto is welcome.

Amorous Prince, p. 39.

Note 9. p. 48.

"*Vols.* Harry, my boots! for I'll go range among
 My blades encamp'd, and quit this urban throng."

Let my horses be brought ready to the door, for I'll
go out of town this evening.

Into the country I'll with speed ;
With hounds and hawks my fancy feed, &c.
Now I'll away, a country life
Shall be my mistress and my wife.

English Monsieur, p. 36, 38, 39.

Note 10. p. 49.

"Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name."

And what's this maid's name? *Ibid.* p. 49.

Note 11. p. 49.

"Thou bring'st the morning pictur'd in a cloud."
I bring the morning pictur'd in a cloud.

Siege of Rhodes, part I. p. 10.

Note 12. p. 49.

"*Ama.* How! Prince Volscius in love! Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Connely in love! *English Monsieur*, p. 49.

Note 13. p. 50.

"*Bayes.* You shall see a combat betwixt love and
honour. An ancient author has writ a whole play
on it."

Sir William D'Avenant's play of Love and Honour.

Note 14. p. 50.

Vols. "Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says,
"nay."

But honour says not so. *Siege of Rhodes*, part I. p. 10.

Note 15. p. 51.

" *Bayes*. I remember once in a play of mine, I set
 " off a scene beyond expectation, only with a petticoat
 " and the belly-ach." *Love in a Nunnery*, p. 34.

ACT IV.

Note 1. p. 53.

" *Bayes*. GENTLEMEN, because I would not have any
 " two things alike in this play, the last act beginning
 " with a witty scene of mirth, I begin this with a fu-
 " neral."

Colonel Henry Howard, son of Thomas Earl of Berkshire, made a play, called the United Kingdoms, which began with a funeral, and had also two kings in it. This gave the duke a just occasion to set up two kings in Brentford, as it is generally believed, though others are of opinion that his Grace had our two brothers in his thoughts. It was acted at the Cockpit in Drury-Lane, soon after the Restoration; but miscarrying on the stage, the author had the modesty not to print it; and therefore the reader cannot reasonably expect any particular passages of it.—Others say, that they are Boahdelin and Abdalla, the two contending kings of Cranada; and Mr. Dryden has, in most of his serious plays, two contending kings of the same place.

Note 2. p. 54.

" I'll speak a bold word ; it shall drum, trumpet
 " shout, and battle, 'egad, with any of the most warli
 " tragedies, either ancient or modern."

Conquest of Granada, in two parts

Note 3. p. 57.

" *Smith.* Who is she ?"

" *Bayes.* The sister of Drawcansir, a lady that
 " drowned at sea, and had a wave to her winding
 " sheet."

On seas I bore thee, and on seas I dy'd ;
 I dy'd : and for a winding sheet a wave
 I had ; and all the ocean for my grave.

Conquest of Granada, part II. p. 71

Note 4. p. 59.

" *Bayes.* Since death my earthly part will thus
 move,

" I'll come a humble bee to your chaste love :
 " With silent wings I'll follow you dear coz ;
 " Or else before you in the sun-beams buz :
 " And when to melancholy groves you come,
 " An airy ghost, you'll know me by my hum :
 " For sound being air, a ghost does well become.
 " At night into your bosom I will creep,
 " And buz but softly, if you chance to sleep ;
 " Yet in your dreams, I will pass sweeping by.
 " And then both hum and buz before your eye."

In ridicule of this :

————— My earthly part,
 is my tyrant's right, death will remove ;
 ne all soul and spirit to your love.
 lent steps I'll follow you all day ;
 before you in the sun-beams play.
 you hence to melancholy groves,
 ere repeat the scenes of our past loves.
 it I will within your curtains peep ;
 mpty arms embrace you while you sleep :
 le dreams I often will be by,
 eep along before your closing eye ;
 gers from your bed I will remove,
 rd it most from any future love.
 en at last in pity you will die,
 ch your birth of immortality :
 urtle-like, I'll to my mate repair,
 ach you your first flight in open air.

Tyrannic Love, p. 25.

Note 5. p. 61.

' Lo ! from this conquering lance
 flow the purest wine of France :
 to appease your hunger, I
 in my helmet brought a pie :
 y, to bear a part with these,
 d my buckler made of cheese."

See the Scene in the Villain, p. 47, 48, 49, 50,

51, 52, 53.

Where the host furnishes his guests with a collation out of his clothes ; a capon from his helmet, a tansy out of the lining of his cap, cream out of his scabbard, &c.

Note 6. p. 62.

" *K. Phys.* What man is this that dares disturb our feast ?"

" *Draw.* He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die :

" And knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I."

In ridicule of this :

Almah. Who dare to interrupt my private walk ?

Alman. He who dares love, and for that love must die ;

And knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

Granada, part II. p. 114, 115.

Note 7. p. 62.

" *Bayes.* Now there are some critics that have advised me to put out the second *dare*, and print *must* in the place on't ; but, 'egad, I think 'tis better thus a great deal."

It was at first *dares die*. Ibid.

Note 8. p. 44.

" *Draw.* You shall not know how long I here will stay ;

" But you shall know I'll take your bowls away."

would not now, if thou wouldst beg me,
 say;
 take my Almahide away.

Complaint of Granada, p. 32.

Note 9. p. 63.

Tho', brother, this grum stranger be a
 "clown,
 He'll leave us sure a little to gulp down."
 Whoe'er to gulp one drop of this dares
 "think,
 I'll stare away his very pow'r to drink."

In ridicule of this:

Thou dar'st not marry her, while I'm in
 sight;
 not bow, thy priest and thee I'll fright;
 that scene, which all thy hopes and wishes
 should content,
 sights of me shall make thee impotent. *Id.* p. 5.

Note 10. p. 63.

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big, and stare;
 "All this I can do, because I dare."
 myself, I stay, fight, love, despair,
 this I can do, because I dare.

Granada, part II. p. 27.

Note 11. p. 66.

would themselves ungod
 & j



In ridicule of this :

Max. Thou liest: there's not a god inhabits there;
 But for this Christian would all Heav'n forswear;
 Ev'n Jove would try new shapes her love to win,
 And in new birds and unknown beasts would sin;
 At least, if Jove could love like Maximin.

Note 12. p. 66.

"*Pref.* Durst any of the gods be so uncivil,
 "I'd make that god subscribe himself a devil."
 Some god now, if he dare, relate what pass'd;
 Say but he's dead, that god shall mortal be. *B. p. 1*
 Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be
 Reveng'd, at once, upon the gods and thee. *p. 1*
 What had the gods to do with me or mine? *p. 1*

Note 13. p. 67.

"He is too proud a man to creep servilely after
 "sense, I assure you."
 Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare;
 They spoil their business with an over-care;
 And he who servilely creeps after sense,
 Is safe, but ne'er can reach to excellence.

Prologue to Tyrannic Love

ACT II

Scene 1

Enter King, Queen, and Attendants.

"Enter."

Various lines of the play.

And a chorus of the play.

Various lines of the play.

Scene 2

Enter King, Queen, and Attendants.

"Enter."

g. Let us move on to the next scene.

"Move on to the next scene."

"Of the next scene."

g. The next scene is the next scene.

g. We will now move on to the next scene.

"In the next scene."

"In the next scene."

"Every day."

"Monday."

"Through the next scene."

"Through the next scene."

will feast us straight away."

ing. And we'll fill with the next scene.

"In the next scene."

ng. But now we'll move on to the next scene.

ke soldiers, to storm a wall of the next scene.

ing. They gather, they gather, they gather.

"In spoons."

K ij

" But, alas ! I must leave these half-moons,

" And repair to my trusty dragoons."

" *ad King.* Oh, stay ! for you need not as yet go stry

" The tide, like a friend, has brought ships in our

" way,

" And on their high ropes we will play ;

" Like maggots in filberts, we'll sing in our shell ;

" We'll frisk in our shell,

" We'll frisk in our shell,

" And farewell."

" *1st King.* But the ladies have all inclinations to depart

" And the green-frogs croak out a coranto of

" France."

" *ad King.* Now mortals that hear

" How we tilt and career,

" With wonder will fear,

" The event of such things as shall never appear."

" *1st King.* Stay you to fulfil what the gods have

" decreed."

" *ad King.* Then call me to help you, if there shall

" be need."

" *1st King.* So firmly resolv'd is a true Brentford

" King,

" To save the distress'd, and help to them bring,

" That e'er a full pot of good ale you can swallow,

" He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla."

In ridicule of this :

Naker. Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below.

Dam. Let us go, let us go ;

To relieve the care
Of longing lovers in despair.

Naker. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,
Half tippled at a rainbow feast.

Dam. In the bright moon-shine, while winds whistle
loud,

Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white cloud ;
And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new-falling star.

Naker. And drop from above,
In a jelly of love.

Dam. But now the sun's down, and the element's
red,

The spirits of fire against us make head.

Iaker. They muster, they muster, like gnats in the
air ;

Alas ! I must leave thee, my fair,
And to my light horsemen repair.

Dam. Oh, stay ! for you need not fear them to-night,
The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight :
And o'er the wide ocean we fight,
Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down,
And hiss in the water——

otb. And hiss in the water, and drown.

Iaker. But their men lie securely intrench'd in a
cloud,

And a trumpeter hornet to battle sounds loud.

am. Now mortals that spy,

How we tilt in the sky,
 With wonder will gaze,
 And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.

Naker. Stay you to perform what the man will have
 done.

Dam. Then call me again when the battle is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a spirit of air,
 To pity the lover, and succour the fair,
 That, silent and swift, that little soft god
 Is here with a wish, and is gone with a sigh.
Tyrannic Love, p. 24.

Note 3. p. 71.

"*Bayes.* This, sir, you must know, I once thought
 to have brought in with a conjurer."

See Tyrannic Love, Act 4. Scene

Note 4. p. 73.

"What dreadful noise is this, that comes and goes?"

"*Sold.* Haste hence, great sirs, your royal person

save,

"For the event of war no mortal knows:

"The army, wrangling for the gold you gave,

"First fell to words, and then to handy-blows."

In ridicule of this:

What new misfortune do these cries presage?

1st Mess. Haste all you can their fury to assuage
 You are not safe from their rebellious rage.

2d Mess. This minute, if you grant not their desire,
They'll seize your person, and your palace fire.

Granada, part II. p. 71.

Note 5. p. 76.

"*Bayes*. True; and so, 'egad, I'll make it to a tragedy in a trice."

Algatira and the Vestal Virgin are so contrived, by little alteration towards the latter end of them, that they have been acted both ways, either as tragedies or comedies.

Note 6. p. 76.

"The description of the Scene of Generals," &c.

There needs nothing more to explain the meaning of this battle, than the perusal of the First Part of the Siege of Rhodes, which was performed in recitative music, by seven persons only; and the passage out of the Playhouse to be Lett.

Note 7. p. 76.

Arm, arm, Gonsalvo, arm.

The Siege of Rhodes begins thus:

Admiral. Arm, arm, Valerius, arm.

Note 8. p. 76.

"*Gen*. Draw down the Chelsea cuirassiers."

The third entry thus :

Solym. Pyrrhus, draw down our army wide;
 Then from the gross two strong reserves divide,
 And spread the wings,
 As if we were to fight
 In the lost Rhodians' sight,
 With all the western kings;
 Each with Janizaries line;
 The right and left to Haly's sons assign;
 The gross to Zangiban;
 The main artillery
 To Mustapha shall be;
 Bring thou the rear, we lead the van.

Note 9. p. 76.

" *Lieut.* The band you boast of Chelsea cuirassiers;
 " Shall in my Putney pikes now meet their peers."
 More pikes! more pikes! to reinforce
 That squadron, and repulse the horse.

Play-house to be Lett, p. 72.

Note 10. p. 77.

" *Lieut. Gen.* Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
 " And let those recreant troops perceive mine ire.
 Point all the cannon, and play fast;
 Their fury is too hot to last.
 'That rampire shakes, they fly into the town.

Pyr. March up with those reserves to that redoubt.
 Faint slaves! the Janizaries reel!

they bend, and seem to feel
 terrors of a rout.
 l Zangar halts, and reinforcement lacks.
 ch on.
 vance those pikes, and charge their backs.

Note 11. p. 79.

Who calls *Terra Firma*, pray?
 Luna, that ne'er shines by day.
 What means Luna in a veil?
 Luna means to shew her tail."

In ridicule of this :

Who calls the world's great light?
 Luna, that abhors the night.
 Why does Aurora, from her cloud,
 Languidly cry so loud?

Slighted Maid, p. 80.

Note 12. p. 80.

To-morrow soon, e'er it be noon.
 Vesuvio."

Mount Vesuvio,

Ibid. p. 81.

Note 13. p. 80.

And I will drink nothing but Lippara
 "wine."

wine, Lippara wine.

Ibid. p. 81.

Note 14. p. 81.

"Come, I'll shew you how they shall go off. Rise,
"sirs, and go about your business. There's go off
"for you now."

Valeria, daughter to Maximin, having killed herself
for the love of Porphyrius, when she was to be car-
ried off by the bearers, strikes one of them a box on
the ear, and speaks to him thus:

Hold, are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog!
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

Tyrannic Love.

AS NAMED IN THIS KEY.

st Lady. By Sir William Bromley.

Honour. By Sir W. D'Avenant.

Friendship.

Both by Sir William Killigrew.

to be Lett. By Col. Henry Howard.

Rhodes. Part I. By Sir Wm. D'Avenant.

ingdoms.

Maid. By Sir Robert Stapleton.

llant. By Mr. Dryden.

Monsieur. By Mr. James Howard.

in. By Major Thomas Porter.

logue to the Maiden Queen. By Mr.

1.

orous Prince. By Mrs. Behn.

Love, and Prologue. By Mr. Dryden.

Two Parts. By Mr. Dryden.

-a-la-Mode. By Mr. Dryden.

Nunnery. By Mr. Dryden.







the same time, the fact that the *Journal* was published in the United States, and that it was published by a woman, was a significant factor in its reception. The *Journal* was a new kind of literary journal, one that was not only published by a woman but also one that was published in the United States. This was a significant factor in its reception, as it was a new kind of literary journal that was not only published by a woman but also one that was published in the United States. The *Journal* was a new kind of literary journal, one that was not only published by a woman but also one that was published in the United States. This was a significant factor in its reception, as it was a new kind of literary journal that was not only published by a woman but also one that was published in the United States.

Act II.

ALBINA.



...and

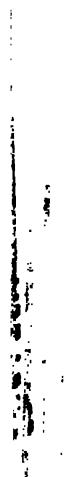
M. HOLMAN and EDWARD.

how shall I thank thee?

for this rich gift!

London. Published by G. Cresswell, British Library, Strand, April 28th 1979





ALBINA,
COUNTESS RAIMOND.

A
TRAGEDY.

By MRS. COWLEY.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

By Permission of the Manager.

Lines distinguished by single inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation, and those printed in Italics are Additions of the Theatres.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR, AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF,
JORGE CAWTHORN, BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1797.

100-3-1111

THE LIFE OF MRS. H. COWLEY.

His lady is the daughter of Mr. Parkhouse, of Tipton, in Devonshire—distantly related to the family he celebrated Mr. Gay. Her husband, Mr. Cowley, has enjoyed a place under government, and occasionally employed himself in literary pursuits.

Mrs. Cowley has been a very successful writer for stage, each of her performances having met with success. Her first production, the *Runaway*, received some touches from the hand of Mr. Garrick, as first performed at Drury-lane theatre, in 1776, as well as all her subsequent pieces, was received in town, after repeated exhibitions, with considerable approbation. Her other productions are:—

. *Who's the Dupe?* A Farce, performed at Drury-theatre, in 1779.

. *Albina*, a Tragedy, acted at the Hay-market theatre, in 1779. In a preface to the first edition of this, Mrs. Cowley charges the Managers of Drury- and Covent-garden theatres with unfair practices, as it was in their hands. In this she is not singular. Similar charges have been often made by other authors: probably, they originated more in their own fancy than in the conduct of the Managers.

4. *The Elder's Strategem*, a Comedy, performed at Covent-garden theatre, in 1780. A despicable Comedy, of the same title, made its appearance in the following year. This is only mentioned, to prevent the reader from mistaking it for Mrs. Cowley's.

5. *The School for Eloquence*, an Interlude, acted for Mr. Brereton's benefit, at Drury-lane theatre, in 1780. This piece was intended to ridicule the number of disputing clubs which at that time infested the metropolis.

PROLOGUE.*

[Prompter, speaking without.]

*Y, Sir, come back—come back—the Author swears,
if you speak——*

Hang Authors and their airs!

*I will speak, though she burst with rage:
right has she upon our Summer stage?—
dismal stories, and long acts in verse,
r, and slow-pac'd, as a midnight herse?
r march off—troop back again to Drury—
! there's a look! Defend me from the fury.
'ay! from floor to roof, display'd i' rows,
ugh we shiver'd in December snows!
'ew'lish odd!—Beneath a burning sky
l crowd is here, to pant, and sob, and cry,
t madmen savagge, or their madams die?
s my advice to keep these doors close shut
st that ranting, bloody-minded slut,
omene. I never yet cou'd see
 charms of her's—I'm sure she's none for me.
 mistress—little Thal.—you know I mean,
ughing Princess of the comic scene—
 sent me here, and dubb'd me Plenisio.
r Parsons! Quick!" she cry'd, "this instant go!*

}

the first part of this Prologue, which was intended for
arsons, was not spoken on the Stage.

" Fly to you auditors, who in judgment sit,
 " And plead our cause before the Jury Pit.
 " Tell 'em this Authorling abjures my reign,
 " To fill my haughty sister's sanguine train;
 " A lawless rebel, from my banner flown—
 " —I call for justice—justice from the town!"
 I'll do't, said I; and then, in aid of you,
 My wrongs I'll usher to their worships' view.
 Me she forsakes; her little Dolly slights,
 He who bath toil'd so many weary nights,
 And talk'd of Algebra, and Greek, and Latin,
 Till larned Scholards could no word squeeze pat-in.
 Down with her tragedy! down, down, ye wits!
 For me, and Thal. the fickle baggage quits.
 Spoil her heroics! her new buskins doff!
 And then——

Monster! [Enter Mrs. Massey.

You there! oh, oh, I'm off, I'm off!

[Exit

Not write in tragic style!—Pray tell me why?
 Sure those who made you laugh, may make you cry.

WHEN the light scenes our Author's pencil drew,
 Extorted— all she ask'd—a smile from you;
 Her grateful mind a new born ardour caught,
 A loftier fancy, and sublimer thought:
 To her rapt eye the martial ages rose;
 And, as her muse impell'd, her story flows.

'Tis true, she calls you from the tempting shade,
 The zephyr'd meadow, and the leafy glade;
 And not to cheer with Satire's poignant bit,
 Ironical Humour, or the flash of Wit.
 Her wand she waves; and instant to your eyes
 Tempestuous passions, guilty deeds, arise:
 For these our Author's magic line was drawn;
 For these she bids you from the fragrant lawn:—
 To rend with fear, to melt with tender woe,
 And bid the graceful drops of pity flow.
 Majestic Nature's plan she follows there,
 Who, when thick vapours clog the sultry air,
 When glowing Sirius, from his fervid eye,
 Sends noxious languors through the sick'ning sky,
 Arous'd—amidst her thunders she appears,
 And in terrific grandeur strikes our ears!
 The wide-stretch'd concave blackens with her ire;
 Through lab'ring æther darts the living fire;
 The heav'ns, the earth, all aid her mighty rage,
 And elements with wrathful elements engage!
 Then—whilst the trembling world is lost in fears—
 She melts the lurid clouds in healthful tears.

You tear, we mean to prompt, whilst you, secure
 Amidst the coming storm the wreck endure;
 Harmless our tempest roars within this pale,
 Whilst ventilators catch the cooling gale.
 But should a tempest in your quarter rise,
 'T would scare us more than thunder in the skies:
 Guiltless to you the storm within the doors;
 Do you then save us harmless, Sir, from yours.

Alb. Tears would disgrace me now—
 'Tis Raimond's widow whom you thus insu-
 'Tis his—your brother's honour, which you
 With these base taunts. I do believe you
 The public voice dares not arraign my con-
 —Or, if it did—the brother of Lord Raimond
 Should surely punish, not avow their slander.

Gon. Oh he would trample on the slander
 Of Raimond's faithful widow—with his blood—
 —With life itself, defend her name, and honour;
 But the coarse slanders thrown on Edward's wife
 He can behold unmov'd, and unreveng'd.

Alb. The wife of Edward needs no other arm;
 He will protect me; he's my guard and champion.

Gon. Then arm him! and in me behold the guard
 The champion, of dead Raimond's memory—
 —Dishonour'd by your passion.

Alb. Ha! dishonour'd!
 Where's the proud dame, whose glory would not
 Lord Edward's love? Is there a fame so bright
 In Henry's court? His noble birth is vulgar,
 Placed by his nobler qualities. His mind
 Knowledge illumines, and bright virtue loves.

Gon. Perish his fame—his virtues!—I abhor him.

Alb. He who abhors my Edward, must shun me.
 Farewel, my Lord! Henceforward he alone
 Can meet a welcome here, who pays just tribute
 To Edward's worth.

Gon. Oh, Albina, stay!
 Ha, gone!

e I done? I've work'd her up to hatred—
 e moment that my fate allow'd
 er from the purpose which undoes me.
 ll! were such the arts I had devis'd?
 d threats, are ye the wiles of love?
 ve fix'd my fate!—Albina will be Edward's.
 ld, thou cracking brain!—one hope's still left—
 d's still open, to prevent their marriage,
 scape the woe. I'll challenge Edward:
 , or I; and which, to me is equal. [Going.

Enter EDITHA.

. Thou child of fury! Victim of blind passions!
 challenge Edward?
 . Why! because I hate him.
 vengeance and my love demand the trial—
 he must satisfy, or both destroy.
 . Obey their impulse—Be reveng'd and happy!
 risk not on a rival's sword thy life. [umph;
 . Ha! how?—what, meanly steal a coward's tri-
 ch a vile conquest that my sword might purchase—
 reep, an assassin, on his guardless hours!—
 . Still wilfully, my Lord, you wrest my words.
 plot upon his life I've form'd—Then hear me!
 what pretences can'st thou challenge Edward?
 lt thou proclaim thy love for Raimond? No.
 ce so unsanction'd starts from human customs,
 from all human laws. Yet still methinks
 old not win the Countess.
 ' ' not! shall not,

Which pensively upon the vacant air
She fix'd—then turn'd it eager on the portrait,
Where you, a Mars, the living canvas shews ;
And for a while, with ardent gaze, survey'd it—
Saying, “ Had I the pencil held, that helmet
Had been Love's chaplet ; and the uncouth armour
Upon those graceful limbs, bright Hymen's flow'ry
I started—she espied me ; and o'ercome [robe.”
With shame, and sinking e'en to earth with fear,
Conjured me, by the love I bore her fame,
By all the sacred honour of our sex,
Ne'er to divulge—ne'er whisper to my heart,
The fatal secret, which through chance was mine.

Gon. It is enough—she loves—Albina loves !
The truth divine swift rushes on my heart,
And all its pow'rs confess the rapt'rous guest.
Thousand sweet tokens now afresh start up,
Darting like hidden sun-beams on my mind,
And make it drunk with bliss. But Edward—Edward !
Blind fool ! to feast on shadows—dream of happiness,
Whilst one more daring boldly asks the substance,
And bears it from my arms—my hopes, for ever !

Edi. Trust me, my Lord, if you can thwart their
marriage,

She will again return with height'ned ardour
To her first love ; and with sweet chidings meet
The tardy vows, that gave another leave
To ask the heart she'd fain have giv'n to thee.

Gon. Oh, 'tis a bribe would tempt my soul to earth,
If at the gates of paradise ! Thou phantom,

our ! hide thy stern head ; Conscience ! go sleep ;
sated love shall give thee leave to prate ;
n will I hear thee---wail in a friar's cowl
precious sin, and think monastic rigours
slight---too poor a penance for my joys.

di. To 'scape suspicion's prying eyes, we'll part.
en night's kind shades shall wrap all mortal things
doubtful semblance, meet me in the garden ;
re Edward you shall see, and frame his mind
such conviction as I mean to give it.

en. Commands like mystic oracles you give,
ing in doubtful words a glorious fate.
thee, sweet Priestess ! I resign my faith,
'dare, beyond what you reveal, enquire.
hours ! wear wings, 'till we shall meet again. [*Exit.*

di. So !——

mould the frenzy of despairing love,
o less easy than to wind the jealous.
that man——

eing form'd, as if in nature's vanity,
shew how great, how exquisite her skill,
uld be the slave of such an abject passion !
a mere humour those vast pow'rs should yield,
which he grasps creation's mighty scheme,
d emulates Omniscience.——

ALBINA

ACT III.

The Garden. EDGERT.

Edgert.

LORD Gondibert, methinks,
Darts his last beams from the empyrean
Pale twilight leads the pensive eye
And he's not yet arriv'd! Oh!
The keener jealousies ambition gives
He would outstrip a bridegroom in
And think each moment stretch'd in
That lent not physic to his bosom—
—A step advances!—this must turn
O Fortune! shield me in th' approach
My fate is busy; and presiding spirits
Now weave the hist'ry of my future life
Whate'er th' events, I have a mind to
Fearless I trust my bark, at once to sail
Or ride triumphant through the coming

Enter EGNERT.

Eg. Pardon me, Lady, if I have disturb'd
With step unwish'd, your evening meditation
But sure I may, without offence to Heaven
Draw down your pious thoughts to earth
To minister to virtue.

Edi. Egbert! be brief.

Eg. My tale, alas! is ting'd with sorrow

Edi. With this design did Gondibert trust you?

Eg. Not with the circumstance he means to take;
I from disjointed converse drew his purpose,
Ere morning dawns he hopes to disunite
The noble pair.

Edi. So!—this is then your errand?

Eg. This is my errand; to preserve their hearts
From fierce distraction's pangs, when they hear this
That else might shake their faith.

Edi. 'Tis well, old man!

I will acquaint the Countess with your message,
And bring you, here, her orders. [Edi.]

Eg. Gracious Heaven!

Pardon, if I do break my faith to him,
Whom I am bound to serve! I serve him now.
I drag him from a deep abyss of guilt,
Which all his future days, in deep remorse,
And acts of virtue spent, would hardly purify.
Repentance calls not back the deed it mourns;
And years of penitence will not rase out
The marks that sin hath graved.

Enter EDITHA, with Servants.

Edi. Seize that old traitor,
And instant in the deepest dungeon plunge him.
The Countess orders this.

Eg. Horror! For me?

Edi. For thee; who falsely hast defam'd thy patron,
And stain'd the honour of Lord Gondibert.
Away! nor listen to his prayers.

g. Oh, Lady,
not so cruel to my hoary years!
ert did never cast a stain—
di. 'Tis false;
thou, with rude and most unseemly speech,
st paraphrase upon the deeds of him
ose errors should by thee be cloak'd, and screen'd
m mortal eyes. Why stand ye loit'ring thus?
s from your mistress these commands I bring—
ou obey them not, 'tis at your peril.
g. Oh! hear me! hear for the sake of him!—

[*They drag him off.*]

Edi. When fools, like you, will prate, ye must be
t ye should babble to the gaping world [cag'd;
things ye have not pow'rs to comprehend.
chuse that dotard for a confidant!
ter have told the story at the mart,
to the mummers, who infest our halls;
be by them personify'd, on eves
d holidays. Of his imprisonment
s Lord must not be told. Should he survive
ese days of trouble, he shall be releas'd;
an time he'll learn discretion. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Another part of the Garden. Enter EGBERT and
Servants.*

Eg. Oh, wonder not that I should move thus slow
ward so sad an home!—If I might plead—

Ser. Master, fear nought ! thou shalt taste sleep to night

More sweet than her's—not in a loathsome dungeon,
But in repose, upon thy downy couch.

Eg. I thank thee ; this is kind and christianly.
I fear'd you too were leagu'd for my destruction.

Ser. Didst thou then think I had forgot the hour,
In which from my poor infant eyes you wip'd
The streaming tears—cherish'd my grief-swoln heart
And plac'd me in Earl Raimond's family—
Wherein to youth and manhood I have grown ?
Thou, then, wert my preserver—now, I'm thine.

Eg. In truth, surprise and terror so dismay'd me,
I knew you not ; now that I do, I bless you.

Ser. Such orders from the Countess ne'er were given
But proud Editha's power made it unsafe
To thwart her. In that grotto thou may'st bide
Till th' evening grows more dark—then use this key,
It leads you to the grove. Farewel, good Egbert!

[*Exit.*

Eg. Farewel, my friend !—to-morrow, better thanks
I will present thee—Heav'n ! 'twas not thy will,
'That I should basely perish in my duty.
Forgive me, that my confidence did fail,
And, for a moment, gave me to despair ! [*Enters the grotto.*

SCENE III.

Enter GONDIBERT and EDITHA.

Gon. It is beyond my hopes ! 'tis a design,
Which sure some pitying spirit did inspire,

once enrob'd in flesh, felt passion's sting—
 sympathetic still to human sorrows,
 w'd the vision on thy quick'ning brain
 ow requite thee for thy gen'rous aid?
 ne thy fame, thy welfare, thou dost hazard.
 i. To your great brother I indebted stand,
 I have now existence.—'Tis but just,
 I should risk for you the welfare he be tow'd.
 u. But where is he—this Edward—who hath thrust
 xt me and my felicity his claim?
 igh now thou'rt perch'd upon the giddy wheel,
 thank'st thy fate for such a glorious stand,
 ard, beware! for I will have thee down,
 igh thou dost crush me in thy fall! Where is he?
 i. With Raimond; rioting, perchance, his fancy
 he bright prospect of to-morrow's blessings.
 u. Ne'er shall that morrow come—or, if it doth,
 coursing sun, that lights them to the altar,
 l finish his diurnal round in blood. [proof.
 ii. Try bloodless means—give circumstance and
 u. Aye, stunning proof; such as would shake a
 faith
 v'd on the heart, ere its first pulses beat.
 ale, though varnish'd with the deepest skill,
 circumstance, though guided by the hand
 art, can shade, or for a moment throw
 : slightest cloud on Countess Raimond's fame,
 demonstration—demonstration, speaking
 his gross sense! that, Edward! that, shall force thee
 curse the paragon of Nature's works,

Ex.
H.

More.

But in:

F. 1.

I would:

Scr. 1.

In which:

The street:

And place:

When in:

Thou, then:

Ex. 1.

I knew you:

Ex. 2.

But would:

to know:

to the eye:

to let you to:

F. 1.

I will present thee:

that I should have:

to give me, that my:

And, for me, to give:

Ex.

Enter GOND.

GOND. It is beyond me
Which sure come put

restless passions,
e last to war
d virtue!
noon bath hid her head;
beams to gild
rough umbrageous trees
s in hollow murmurs;
shadowy ailes,
red phantoms;
of our dawning years!
blins, that did awe
my mind,
son, make it shrink.

EDWARD.

summons, at so late an hour;
y the fair Editha,
tant secrets,
you mean t' intrust.
em, Edward, to your ear,
ords I utter
d with boldness

and hemm'd in
e much weight;

And yield her to thy raptur'd rival's arms.

Edi. Yet tale and circumstance will have their weight;
They'll mould his mind for the broad proof; which else,
Like arrows striking 'gainst a marble rock,
Will shiver, or rebound. I go to watch
When he retires, and to direct him hither.
Be sure you mark each motion of his heart;
Catch ev'ry passion on a barbed hook,
And torture him, 'till he, with agony,
Shall hate her!—

Gon. The fierce transports of his rage
May prompt him on the instant to accuse her.

Edi. To counteract his transports be my care.
This lab'ring head, my Lord! hath not so fram'd
The close design, for blund'ring chance to mar.
May we depend upon your servants faith?

Gon. They are devoted to my will.

Edi. Enough!

The dress prepar'd you'll find within my closet;
The antichamber enter, at the signal,
And instantly the private stairs descend—

—The rest, kind fortune to our wishes guide! [*Exit.*]

Gon. Painful the race! but Raimond is the prize!
Ye Beings! who, superior to humanity,
Behold, with supercilious eye, our slidings;
Oh, blame not me, thus tempted, if I yield.
Not Man, but thriftless Nature, be accus'd,
Who to seductions left our minds a prey—
—Nay more, who doth herself ensnare us;
Hath hung us round with senses exquisite,

ted in our hearts resistless passions,
 to weaken, and the last to war
 defenceless, naked virtue!
 the night! The moon hath hid her head;
 ng with her lucid beams to gild
 ky business. Through umbrageous trees
 ling Eurus speaks in hollow murmurs;
 al fancy, in yon shadowy ailes,
 jure up an hundred phantoms:
 g th' impression of our dawning years!
 of sprites and goblins, that did awe
 y, all rush upon my mind,
 e of haughty reason, make it shrink,
 approaches?

Enter EDWARD.

Edward!
 ondibert!
 /hat means this summons, at so late an hour,
 ou here—sent by the fair Editha,
 ation of important secrets,
 my private ear you mean t' intrust.
 ould I intrust them, Edward, to your ear,
 he poison of the words I utter
 o your heart, I would with boldness
 1.
 arely a tale thus guarded, and hemm'd in
 ls so circumspect, must have much weight;
 matters suit not feath'ry hours;
 ow banqueting on its felicity,

And all her faculties absorb'd in bliss,
Looks down from an exalted height, and scorns
So low a thought as care—Farewel, my Lord!
You'll be our guest to-morrow—welcome guest,
Upon the happiest morn old Time e'er brought
To supplicating man. [Gon.]

Gon. I charge thee, stay—thou arrogant of bliss,
My tale, perhaps, may end in guest forbidding,
In the postponing th' hymeneal feast.

Edw. Say'st thou! postponing th' hymeneal feast
By Heav'n, in the wide circle of events
That possibility may teem with, one
Shall not be found, to make me for a day
Suspend the bliss of calling Raimond mine!

Gon. Blind and presumptuous!—
The passing air hath borne away thy vow,
And in its track thy recantation follows.

Edward! Albina never can be thine.
Amazement sits upon thy brow: I swear
That, had the Countess kept her single state,
My ever-cautious tongue had ne'er divulg'd
What it must now reveal—But on the edge
Of sudden ruin, Edward! I behold thee,
And now extend my arm to snatch thee from it.

Edw. Thy words have form'd a chaos in my soul
Something there lurks beneath their doubtful phrase,
I dread to hear—yet ask thee to unfold.

Gon. Then steel your mind, to bear the story's horrors
Call up your fortitude—

Edw. Thou tortur'—weak it!

! widow of my brother—is a woman—
 n—weak woman ;—*of modest as tender,*
 ist a lover's melting plea—

harsh a charge as cruelty.

! I not know that she is *tender* ? *Scat*

of cradled infancy, or note

!—whose music, in the ear

ighted traveller, makes beams

morn unwelcome to his eye ?

to me mysteriously *descant*

gentleness ?

use more than thee

less with healing pity views ;

ighted lovers makes the beams

morn unwelcome.

illain, thou liest !

[Drawing.

me, come, this female rage ill suits a woman.

! suits thy blasphemy, base coward !

ward !

ou darest not, shalt not, think me coward.

hen guard thee, or I'll write it in thy heart !

I come on then, plunge in thy weapon deep ;

ke heed thou dost not miss the spot,

judg'd friendship, in that heart, for Edward,

d him into Gondibert's assassin.

Oh !——

rink not ; appease your anger with my blood ;

Albina boast of having slain

who had unveil'd her to your eyes.

! upon thee—cozen thee—and gull thee,

With the fond vows that have in other ears
Shed their sweet poison.

Edw. Should my father's spirit
From heav'n descend, t' abet thee in this tale,
I'd swear it ly'd.

Gon. Nay then, I crave your pardon!
Think it rank falsehood—phantom of my brain;
Raimond was guil'd when he believ'd her naught.
Good-night, my Lord. [Going]

Edw. Hold! O stay, Gondibert!
Why, what a frame is mine to shake thus! Raimond
Didst say?

Gon. Yes—Raimond. But I see too well
You can't support it. Pr'ythee ask no more.

Edw. Nay, but I will ask, though each word you utter
Steals like a chilly poison through my veins,
And binds my blood in frost. Say, did your brother—
Oh, answer—answer me!—I cannot speak it.

Gon. He did; my brother oft hath call'd her—wanton,
And, in the anguish of his soul, hath curs'd her.
The Roman Julia, he would say, to her
Was chaste, whose loose desires—

Edw. Now thou dost lie.
By Heaven, such purity was never dress'd
In frail mortality! Her govern'd passions
Are the soft zephyrs of a vernal morn,
That breathe their perfume on the blushing rose.

Gon. The zephyrs of a vernal morn may swell
To hurricanes—Such undiscerning tumults
Her passions know—This piece of pure mortality!

Edw. Draw, villain !——
 I will plunge my dagger in thy throat,
 And bear thy lying tongue upon its point.

Enter EDITHA.

Edi. What horrid noise breaks through the sober
 Field me !—A naked sword ! [night ?

Gon. You will not fight
 before a Lady, Sir ?—I' th' morning meet me—
 Meet me, before the hour the priest expects thee ;
 That, at the altar, when thou'lt eager join
 Thy chiding bride, thou may'st atonement make ;
 And, with the marriage-ring, present the heart—
 His bleeding heart, who, with ungentle truths,
 Do rob her of her husband—vainly strove. [Exit.

Edw. Perdition catch thy breath !——
 I knew you, Editha, when you sent me hither,
 The purport of that villain's tale ?

Edi. Your looks
 Affright me so, my Lord ! Pray sheathe your dagger !
 I'd fain would I escape this dreadful task !
 My duty to the Countess binds my tongue—
 Excuse me then, my Lord.

Edw. I charge thee speak !
 By all the friendship which I bear to thee,
 By thy own high regard to truth and honour,
 I charge thee, spare me not—tell all, tell all !

Edi. Then I confess me privy to the counsel
 Which Gondibert, to you, design'd to offer ;
 And for your honour t'were, that you should heed it.

Edw. Again thou bring'st me back to all my horrors.
Dost thou say this, Editha? thou, who know'st
Each secret winding of her heart!

Edi. I do.

And what I've said, I'll back with proof.

Edw. What proof?

Edi. That if you wed her, you will be undone;
That you will only share Albina's love.
Unfair she deems it, having sov'reign beauty,
To scant its blessing to a single object;
Like the universal sun, she sheds her glories—
Beaming impartially on all mankind. [wonder]

Edw. Vile slanderer! yet hold. There have been
Whose bosoms with licentious hell have burn'd;
But these were monstrous, and of actions horrible!
These did not wear the hallow'd looks of virtue—
The soul of chasteness breath'd not in their words;
Were Raimond, then, like those——

Edi. Ha, my good Lord!

You know not our deceitful, dang'rous sex!
Those minds imbued by vice, with deepest stains,
Are often mask'd in forms almost divine—
Deck'd forth in words, and looks, that Virtue's self
Might challenge for her own. Such is Albina;
Such did Albina to her Lord appear;
What cause, save that, sent him to Palestine?
Why went he there, for honourable death,
But that her faults did surfeit him of life?

Edw. If this is truth, Oh, truth, be thou accurs'd!—
Falschood's from Heaven—Deceit! wrap me again

ick impervious folds ! Thou busy wretch !
rouse me from a lethargy of bliss ?
I'll have truth—if thou hast proof, present it ;
t, fly swifter than the lightning's fork,
like the lightning, I transfix thee ! Oh no.
r thou art false, I'll twist thee round my heart-
strings.

i. I will abide the proof. Know that a youth,
rth obscure—in mien, a bright Adonis,
long possess'd Albina's secret hours—
at these last hours, she will devote to him,
in her chamber you shall see him lodg'd,
n she retires to rest.—

w. Nay, now thou weigh'st me down. Oh ! oh !—

i. If it o'ercomes you thus, my Lord, go home.

w. Home ! I'll go howl in deserts with the wolves,
like society, curse human kind,
chiefly woman.

i. Nay, come with me, my Lord,
ad you to the hall, where you'll observe
doings of our house.

w. Thou art a fiend,
tempting me to hell.

i. Nay then——

w. Oh, pardon me !
uct me to my woe.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter EGBERT.

. Go, senseless lamb,
meet the sanguine knife. Oh, merciful !

And is't a woman I have seen? Woman!
On whom thou hast bestow'd Nature's best feelings,
With nerves of finest tone, to catch each woe,
And strike it on the heart! Oh, I'm ashamed
That I stand kindred, in creation's scale,
With such a being! Haply am I witness
To the base league. Now in the toils, Editha,
Which thou didst spread for me, thyself art fallen.
Thus Heaven doth punish with our own acts,
And makes our crimes our woe.

SCENE IV.

*A Hall, with a Stair-case, and Gallery. Enter
EDWARD and EDITHA from the Garden.*

Edi. Stand here, my Lord. The hour is now arriv'd
In which the Countess usually retires.
Yet, oh, be patient! and I pray behold
With fortitude this sample of her faith,
Which I, alas! unwillingly disclose. [Exit.

Edw. Now Heaven!—I cannot pray—my sinking
heart
Scarce yields me life to breathe; and dizzy images
Before my eyes swim in imperfect shape.—
—She comes!—
Behold her, Slander!—and withdraw thy shaft.
Her chastity is evident as truth;
It glows, it animates each speaking line
Of her enchanting face.—

Enter ALBINA, EDITHA, and Attendants.

Ed. Shall I attend you, Madam, to your chamber?

Alb. Not now, Editha, for you need repose,
 or pensive mind hath suffer'd much since morn,
 in the sad image of long past afflictions :
 get them now, and may sweet sleep attend you !

[Albina ascends the stairs, and enters her apartment.

[Exit Editha.

Edw. There's the rich temple that conceals my love ;
 he be naught, Nature's in league with Vice,
 d pour'd on Raimond such a waste of charms,
 draw from sainted Virtue her disciples.

[Attendants leave the apartment,

nce prevails——

on this spot I will with patience count
 the lagging moments of the night, to triumph
 the sure failure of their promis'd proof!
 I—hark! methought there was a noise. Alas!
 the clicking death-watch, or the passing air,
 how now a sound to freeze me,——*[A pause.]——*

*ANDIBERT enters at one end of the Gallery, and goes
 into the Chamber.*

I stay, villain ; stay !

EDITHA enters, and flings herself before the Stairs.

Ed. Ah, cease ! cease, my Lord—you will undo me !

Edw. I am undone—but I will drag the villain—
 tear him from her arms.

Enter Servants of GONDIBERT.

Edi. Help me—assist me!

Oh! drag him from the spot. Nay, go, my Lord!

Why wilt inhumanly destroy Editha?

[They force him off, Editha follows.]

'Tis finish'd!—

The lion's caught, and struggles in his toils, in vain.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in WESTMORELAND'S Palace. Enter Steward, with Servants.

Steward.

HASTE to Paul's Cross, and be you sure, at seven,
The fountain spouts with wine—spouts in full stream
As copious as the noble donor's bounty.
Observe, when weak, or aged folk you see,
Press'd by the boist'rous multitude, assist them,
And let not sturdy ones take double shares.

1st Ser. I will be mindful.—

[Exit]

Stew. You, Edric, for the populace, take care
The ox hath been well fed. Let not the poor
Dine on poor food, for a rememb'ring token
Of this most happy day.

2d Ser. I'll chuse the best.

[Exit]

Stew. Have the old pensioners receiv'd their raiment

3d Ser. Marry they have, and with o'erflowing hear

sw. 'Tis thus our noble master doth rejoice !
 ne'er brings joy or happiness to him,
 edge of joy to all within his reach.
 e his lands bounded only by the seas
 : girt our isle, he hath a heart as wide.
 he approaches ! with a face as gladsome,
 ough he had redeem'd from glutton Time
 own blest nuptial morn.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

est. Come, come ; no mirth,
 ustling with ye ? Are the cooks all busy ?
 e hall trimm'd, and ready for the guests ?
sw. All's as you wish, my Lord.
est. Then all will feel content this happy morn,
 l the dejected eye of sorrow
 ais'd, with sparkling gratitude, to Heaven.
 where's thy joy ? Thou art as old and grey
 f this only was a common morn.
 not Albina's wedding-day ? Cast off
 age, and be a boy ! Not sportive youth
 l go beyond old Westmoreland to-day
 ll the rounds of gay festivity. [Lord,
sw. My heart doth take its part, my honour'd
 ll the happiness that beams around you.
 old the sov'reign of the feast—Lord Edward !
 [Exit.

Enter EDWARD.

est. Hail to my son ! Hail morn—
 s morn of bliss ! These an

—Thou seem'st impatient of the lazy clock.

Edw. Sorrow, like joy, is impatient of the hour
And presses forward to untasted time.

West. Who talks of sorrow on a bridal morn?
Your tones, methinks, ill suit the occasion.

Edw. They suit too well the tenor of my mind!
Edward, alas! thou seest no happy bridegroom,
With ardour waiting, and impatient joy,
To hail his blushing bride—but a sad wretch,
Who hates the day, for breaking on his woe;
And longs for endless night.

West. Surely my joy
Hath been too powerful for my frail age:
Thy words do strike mine ear; but reason

Her faculty with-holds, nor shews their import;

Edw. Oh, look not thus! My tale will rive thy heart.

West. Albina!—my child!

Edw. Dread the worst;

That when the worst doth come, you may support
Its horror!

West. Speak quickly——Is my child well?

Edw. She is.

West. Then what keen stroke hath Heaven in store
Through her alone I can affliction know—
If she be well, what ill can light on me?

Edw. Oh!——

West. I pr'ythee speak—what labours in thy breast?

Edw. A deadly poison!——I can hold no longer
Last night—oh, last night!——

West. Ha! what of last night? (Impatient)

Edw. Memory! thou'rt a scorpion. To forget!
were easier to blot out the horrid'st crimes.
e wrath of Heav'n's by penitence appeas'd.
t what, O memory! can rase from thee
e ills that thou hast register'd? Albina!
heart its vital stream should yield, to expiate
y guilt.

West. Guilt! Dost thou join her name with guilt?

Edw. Yes; with most foul dishonour—blackest
guilt! [stain'd her;

West. Thou, then, art he—the villain who hast
id, by the Cross, thou shalt repair her shame;
ed her this day—make her this hour thy wife,
id then I'll poniard thee, for having dared
ink lewdly of her.

Edw. Thy rage I do respect;
id, whilst my heart with agony is torn,
ity thee. Unhappy Westmoreland!
bina had been chaste as cloister'd saints,
id all, like me, believ'd her honour sacred. [her?

West. What! with another—another! Dost accuse

Edw. I do!—Last night—oh!—I will find the villain,
earth doth not conceal him in her womb,
Heav'n work miracles to save him——

West. He is already found. Thy thin-drawn arts
ave thee expos'd, in all thy native guilt:
ou'st ta'en advantage of relying Love—
On one base hazard stak'd a boundless treasure,
id now art bankrupt, both of bliss and honour.
uis wretch art thou, or a most foul defamer!

Edw. This rude, intemp'rate anger will not he
Thy daughter's shame. I tell thee, thou fierce L
These eyes beheld him hous'd, within her chambe
At th' hour when virtue and suspicion sleep,
And lewdness riots in the mask of night.

West. Whom, say'st thou, thou beheld'st?

Edw. I knew him not.

Wrapt in night's sooty liv'ry, like hot Tarquin
To the fair Roman's bed, he softly stole—
But, oh! he was not greeted like a ravisher.

West. Cease! cease thy impious, thy licentious ton
Its venom thou shalt purify. Nay, mark me!
Tho' thou hast been deceiv'd; and tho', to guile
Each art that wickedness could frame, were practi
On thee alone my chastisement should fall.
Thou should'st have question'd ev'ry testimony;
Doubted each sense; and, though they all combin
Contemn'd them all—ere thou had'st dared to cas
On chastity the stains, that, once infix'd,
Are never purg'd away.

Thou art the sland'rer of my widow'd daughter;
Her husband dead, her father is her champion—
I dare thee to the field—

Edw. And I refuse
Thy daring challenge—weak, yet good, old Earl!
What! prove Albina in the face of day
A wanton? Her, on whose pure chastity,
Within a few short hours, I would have stak'd
My everlasting weal! Oh, thou fallen angel!
I'll mourn thy fault, but in my heart 'tis buried.

Edw. All this might cozen a fond female's anger ;
Edward ! I am Westmoreland !

11 long line of noble ancestry,
one base act e'er spotted the fair name,
lander dared to breathe on't !

allied I receiv'd the glorious heritage,
will, untarnish'd, bear it through the world.

ou hast defam'd my child—her who will bear
name, and princely fortunes, of our house—

blood must do away the damning stain !

Edw. Would'st thou oppose thy waning life to mine ?

ou dost forget, old Lord ! how many winters

ve left their hoary fleeces on thy head,

re thou wert a fit match for one, who boasts

' unslacken'd nerves of youth.

West. Thy vaunted strength

o despise. Was e'er the nerved arm

youth triumphant on the side of falsehood ?

is wither'd arm, in my Albina's cause,

all cover with disgrace the budding laurels

at scarcely yet are fitted to thy brow.

Edw. Disgrac'd indeed ! if spotted with thy blood ;

and therefore I refuse thy proffer'd gauntlet.

'tis my life you seek, I shall, this day,

or Palestine embark, and die more gloriously

than by a froward old man's petulance.

West. Insolent boy ! I'll force thee do me right.

Instant to our sov'reign, and demand

the law of honour. Ere thou dost embark,

you sure shalt prove my daughter what thou said'st,

And leave these wintry locks drench'd in my blood—
Or I will write thee liar in thy heart. [Exit

Edw. Is this my bridal morn?

Oh, ye soft budding joys! ye tender sympathies!
Ye offices of love! ye thousand nameless ties!
Where are ye fled?—

The sun of happiness, that blaz'd but yesterday,
And promis'd through eternity to light me,
Is extinguish'd!

Then, life, be thou extinguish'd too; but not
Ingloriously.—To Holy Land I'll speed,
And bear me as a soldier. Oh, Albina!
The sword that must be buried in my heart,
Thy hand will strike—A Saracen may wound,
'Tis Raimond kills. [Exit

Enter WESTMORELAND, leading ALBINA.

West. Ha, my poor child! home—thou must home
Put off thy bridal vest, resume thy weeds, [again
For thou must be a widow still.

Alb. My Lord!

West. Why, why did'st yield to thy weak father?
He pleaded for a villain. [suit

Alb. For a villain!

What mean those dreadful sounds? Edward a villain

West. He is. Thou too shalt think him so.

Alb. Impossible!

Lord Edward's breast is Honour's sacred temple!
In him, 'tis not a scope of moral words,
Or schoolmen's speeches—but a living soul
That starts from baseness, as annihilation,

West. Alas! my child, I judge him from himself.
How shall I tell thee——

Alb. What?

West. Thou art—rejected.

Yes, he rejects thee. Nay, he hath accused——

Westmoreland lives to hear his child accused——

Alb. Support me, Heaven! of what am I accused?

West. The shame will burn thy modest cheek—he
terms thee---wanton.

Alb. Me! Edward deem me—Oh!——

West. Yes, thee!

Thee, in whose bosom chastity is thron'd:

Thou, the bright pattern of each female virtue,

By Edward art accus'd of vile licentiousness.

Alb. Oh, horrible! [*Sinking into her Father's arms.*]

West. Support thyself, my child!

On thy base slanderer thou shalt have justice.

Alb. Last night, I well remember, when he left me,
And pass'd beyond the reach of tender sounds,
Straining his eyes, he stopt---then towards Heaven,
With emphasis of action, rais'd his hands,
Seeming t' invoke its blessings on Albina.

Had he conceiv'd a doubt——

West. He has no doubt——

He dares not doubt the honour of my daughter.

But the rich prize, which, whilst at distance, plac'd

Almost beyond the stretches of his hope,

Seem'd worthy his ambition to attain,

Now, view'd at hand, palls on his sickly taste,

And he contemns the blessing he aspir'd to.

Alb. Oh! is't for this I rose with early dawn
To bless perfidious Edward? Is't for this
I gave consent, ere custom might allow,
To be again a bride? Base, base ingratitude!

West. Take heart, my girl! thy father swears thy
Shall not be wrong'd. [innocence]

Alb. Ah! what avails my innocence?
My lot is wretchedness. Condemn'd by him
To whom I'd giv'n my heart---and in whose love
I'd treasur'd ages of untasted bliss---
Forsaken! scorn'd! left like a loath'd disease!
Oh, to some convent's dreary cell I'll fly,
And there for ever hide my shame and misery!

West. First shall be sacrific'd a thousand Edwards;
Thy virtue shall be prov'd; and my Albina
Live through a race of blissful years, in honour:
Then now I hasten to the King, to claim
The sacred rights of knighthood.

Alb. Ha! what say you,
My Lord?

West. Edward I've challeng'd to the lists;
There to give testimony, that thy virtue
Is spotless, is unquestion'd as thy beauty.

Alb. What do I hear? My father yield his breast
To Edward's sword! Edward! whose skill in arms
Leaves him unrivall'd in the voice of fame!
Oh, shield me fr m the horror of the thought!

West. Dismiss thy fears. Thy father's arm hath
humbled
Mightier men than he. This breast wears marks—

Honourable marks, grav'd by the sword of heroes;
and shall a boy with contumely use me?

Alb. Horror! distraction! Oh, [*kneeling*] if my soul's
dear to thee, avoid this cruel combat! [*peace*]

My mighty wrongs I will with patience bear;
Nay, father! heap not sorrows on my head—
Ask not such precious lives! Whoe'er doth vanquish,
akes me the wretched victim of his prowess!

West. Dost Edward's life, beyond thine honour, prize?

Alb. Oh! frown not thus! I'll tear him from my heart;
I'll shun him, as I would the haunts of vice—

But, oh! make not thy child a murderer!
parricide!

West. Thy innocence insures
thy father's life. In chaste Gunhilda's cause
stripling triumph'd o'er a mighty giant,
Who seem'd the Atlas of a trembling world;
thus arm'd by thee, I'd dauntless meet a legion.

Alb. Can'st thou demand a miracle to save thee?
A man thou'lt perish---oh! or should, indeed,
a miracle be wrought to prove my truth,
then Edward dies!

West. Ah! could'st thou wish thy slanderer—
thy fame's assassin, to survive his crime, [*land*—
would disclaim thee. Shall the child of Westmore-
land, who doth carry in her veins the blood
of royal houses—whose high ancestors
have honour to the sceptres which they bore—
Shall she, when thus accus'd, be unreveng'd?
No more, no more---lest I think thy chaste mother

Did play the wanton, and gave me the daughter
Of some ignoble hind.

Alb. Wound me not thus!

My sainted mother, from thy blest abode,
Look with compassion on thy wretched child!
Sustain me, help me, in this trying hour,
Lest horror should uproot my tottering reason,
And instant plunge me in the depths of madness!

West. This keen, tumultuous sorrow misbecomes
thee;

It misbecomes thy rank, thy wrongs, thy virtue:
Recall thy fortitude; think what thou art,
And prove thee worthy of the space thou fill'st!

Alb. Oh father! Heaven! where shall I turn for
succour?

A father steels his heart, and Heaven forsakes me.
All things are wild---'Tis surely Nature's wreck!
---These fierce contending struggles are too big,
They'll burst the little mansion that confines 'em,
And I shall feel---shall agonize no more. [Exit.]

West. Oh Honour! Nature! how shall I decide?
Obeying one, I may destroy my child,
And yielding to the other's powerful claims,
I give her up to shame. Must I do this?
Thy father yield thee to dishonour? No.
First I'll purge off the venom of black slander,
Restore its wonted lustre to thy fame;
Then, if thou diest---sink with thee to the grave.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in GONDIBERT's Palace. Enter GONDIBERT.

Gon. O day! with heart appall'd I meet thy beams,
Thou racking conscience! wherefore torture thus
The breast where thou hast lightly reign'd 'till now?
A sleepness night I've past---Or, if perchance
A slumber for a moment clos'd mine eyes,
Sad images of woe convey'd such horror,
That better 'twere to wake to real misery.
And whence these new-born torments?---
Have I depriv'd the orphan of his bread?
Imbrued my hands in murder? Or look'd down,
With chilly eye, upon a bosom friend,
Beneath oppression's iron gripe? Oh, no.
I've been a child, and ly'd to keep a toy
Of which another would have robb'd me.---Pho!
I'm even less than woman---Not a female
Who would not laugh at such o'er-strain'd nice feelings,
For crimes 'mongst lovers put in daily practice.
Ha! my bright genius!---

Enter EDITHA.

That smile must be the herald of good news;
Misfortune ne'er was couch'd beneath an air so sweet.
Edi. There spoke thy co'z'ning sex! Deceit and
Hang all their witchery upon your tongues; [flattery
Whilst maidens, like poor birds, by keen-ey'd basilisks
Allured, behold their danger, yet are charm'd
To their destruction.

Gon. Talk not of man ;
But sov'reign woman---Tidings of Albina?

Edi. Array'd in bridal pomp, light in her steps,
Joy beaming from her eye, and happiness
Exulting on her brow, she left the palace ;
But soon return'd---a truly mournful widow.

Gon. Be quick.-----

Edi. Edward, in perfect faith of last night's guile,
Resigns his willing bride---returns her back
To lonely widowhood, or the soft cares
Of some more happy lover.

Gon. Oh, be that lover me!
Straight will I hasten to the charming mourner---
Help her to curse perfidious, changing man---
Damn my whole sex to gratify her spleen---
And, when her hatred to a frenzy mounts,
Seize on the instant of tumultuous passion,
To lure her back again to love and Gondibert.

Edi. Hold, hold, my Lord! such rashness would
Beware of proud vindictive Westmoreland! [undo us.
A single glance, to his suspicious eye,
Would be a clue to ravel out our secret.
He hath a faculty to see men's souls,
As though their lineaments were written characters,
By which he reads their scarce-existing thoughts---
Fly from the danger, then, if you are wise.

Gon. Seek wisdom in the squalid monks' abode,
Where lean and sallow, by the mould'ring lamp,
She grows---In me the passions are wound up
To Nature's highest pitch---impulse, my law ;

impulse leads to Raimond.

[*Still going.*

. Still I must

win you. I will home, my Lord, to watch
notions of our house, and give you tidings

of every danger's past. Thou call'st me friend,
wilt not trust to my solicitudes.

. Nay then, I yield—farewel, my guardian spirit—
count the moments by the lover's dial,
the hours are ages!—

. 'Till he doth backward on the dial count,
ages shrink to points. [*Exit.*

. Now then, for Edward,

for art! art, to hide my doating thoughts,
deck 'em in the sullen guise of hatred.

A few short hours these shores confine him;

these shores may never greet his eyes again.

Time, that he and his Albina meet not

change reproaches, is my only care:

point attain'd---and all the rest is rapture. [*Going.*

Enter EGBERT.

I come, my Lord, th' unwilling messenger
of evil tidings. Hoary Earl Westmoreland
challeng'd Edward, in the field to prove
himself against his daughter.

. Confusion!

This day they enter on the solemn trial.
King himself will judge the dreadful combat;
the whole court, in wond'ring sorrow wrapt,
now are hast'ning to attend the issue.

Gon. Issue! 'tis well---'tis well. Leave me, good Oh! 'tis too much---this is too keen a stroke! [*Egbert*! How shall I steer me in this fatal tempest?

Confess my wiles?---Horror! leave me, I say—
Why stand'st thou thus, with such exploring eyes,
As if thou'dst read the workings of my brain?

Eg. If right I read, your mind in balance hangs
'Twixt the opposing principles of good
And ill. Between these two the Pow'r that made us,
Bestow'd free will to chuse: oh, let me then
Direct your choice! Let him, whose tongue inspir'd
The early love of virtue, once more——

Gon. Can'st thou
Preach calmness to the furious sea? Wilt bid
The whirlwind, that doth break the tow'ring spire,
And in its vortex hurls the forest oaks,
Restrain its rage? When they obey thee,
Then Gondibert shall be again a child,
And take instructions from the virtuous *Egbert*.

Eg. Oh, that these hours had not so sudden pass'd!
I can recall, when this despis'd old man
Was dear to you---when, hanging on my neck,
You'd listen to——

Gon. No more! I do still love thee,
Still reverence thy virtues---But oh, *Egbert*!
I see them as the humid arch of Heaven,
That distant, in bright order glows, and beautifies
The scene---yet doth impart to man no influence,
Nor yields him more than empty splendour.

Eg. Thus do men talk, who'd rather shine in words,

Than seek for truth. But, oh, my Lord ! this once
Let me resume my wonted place. This hour——

Gen. Hie to thy chamber, Egbert, and make prayers.
Such holy men as thou art have no call
In these rude times. The world is headstrong grown.
And needs a firmer curb than thine to guide it.

Eg. Since only one way I can gain your ear,
Know, thou rash Lord ! I'm privy to the plot—
Th' inhuman plot by female cunning fram'd,
In which you have most wickedly concurr'd.

Gen. Ha ! how—when ?

Eg. I was a hidden witness of the scene
That pass'd, last night, within Albina's garden.—
How I came there, will make another tale. [varlet,

Gen. That thou wert there, thou prying, list'ning
Is thy destruction—— [Half-drawing.

Yet hold—fly me, whilst I command my rage—
Fly from thy wrong'd master, into whose secrets
Thou hast, indecent ! forced thyself.

Eg. I fear not
Your anger, Lord ! nay, I will gladly die,
If, dying, on your mind I can impress
Just horror for the——

Gen. Pedagogue ! cease prating ;
And know a duty thou hast yet to learn—
To treat the slidings of thy betters with respect ;
Nor dare to comment on the will of those,
Who, seen by thee from such a tow'ring distance,
Should make thee jealous of thy own discerning,
And keep thy rude, presumptuous judgment down.

Go, be gone!——

[*Pushing him off.*]

---What curst, untoward chance, made him a witness?

No matter—keener sorrows now surround me.

Oh, Westmoreland! why must I tear the pillow,

Thus cruel, from thy time-blanch'd head? Why drag

From age's soft repose, to give thy bosom [thee

To the inhuman spear? No, perish first.

I'll go, and to the King relate the crimes

To which a furious passion drove a wretch,

Who saw the only treasure of his soul

Torn from his grasp—to bless the man he hates.

[*Going.*]

What! and thus mark---thus stamp myself a villain,

To aid the transports of triumphant Edward?

Oh! 'twere a suicide that Honour claims not,

That Nature would abhor. What then?

Oh! guide me, Heaven! or, instruct me, Hell!

I can't recede; and, to go on, is horror.

In what a sea of crimes hath one short day

Immers'd me! Vice, oh, thou fierce whirling eddy!

Touch but the outmost circle of thy ring,

Thy strong, resistless current drags us in;

Torn from the shore, despairing we look back,

And, hurried on, are whelm'd, ingulph'd, and---lost.

ACT V. SCENE I.

be Lists. On one side are ranged the King and Court ; on the other, a Multitude, with Officers. WESTMORELAND and EDWARD appear, in Armour, attended by Squires, each under a Banner, on which are emblazoned their Arms, with Devices ; their Lances and Helmets borne. A Herald advances.

Herald.

JUTHBERT, Earl of Westmoreland !
and noble Edward of Somerset !

The King commands that ye do now advance,
and, in the presence, openly declare
the cause for which a combat ye have ask'd---
asking, in private feuds, the precious blood
which for your country only should be spilt.

West. My liege ! I answer the demand. *Lord Edward*

id yesterday, with humble suit, entreat
that in his favour I would move my daughter,
signing true passion, and unequall'd love.
With warm regard I did accept the charge,
and, not without some difficulty, won her.
his morn was fix'd, by hymeneal rites,
to sanctify the passion they avow'd.
his very morn, whilst I, with joy impatient,

Prepar'd to hail him son—

He came, with slander charg'd---breathing base
hoods,

To stain her name, and gloss the violation
Of his pledg'd faith---therefore I challenge Ed-
King. This charge, by Westmoreland's go-
alledg'd,

We have, with wonder and concern, attended.
'Mongst the bright ladies who adorn our court
Not one so peerless stands as Countess Raimond
Not one whose fame more fitly suits her birth;
Nor one whose honour more becomes her fame
Why then, Lord Edward, hast thou, call'd
stain'd it?

Why thrown away a gem, that throned monarch
Might have beheld thee wear with envy?

Edw. Be witness for me, Heaven! you, my

Sovereign!

And ye, assembled people---bear me witness!
That Raimond's chastity I held unquestion'd,
As the high myst'ries of our holy faith.
I lov'd her with most honourable love,
And to have worn with her the marriage-chain
More glorious deem'd it, than imperial crowns.
I, who would, yesterday, against a legion
Her honour have maintain'd, must now---oh he-
Here, in the blushing face of day, stand forth
The forc'd accuser of undone Albina!

King. Some wrong interpretation seems to have

And to have caus'd this mischievous dispute.
We do advise ye, Lords, to take more time.
If, in short space, the knot doth not unfold,
We do consent that ye again shall meet,
And prove, at point of sword, whose is the error.

West. This sword, my liege! hath taught the eastern world

Submission to your laws. Its faithful point
Hath prob'd the hearts of infidels and rebels—
May its good service to confusion turn,
And may this arm cling nerveless to my side,
If I depart the lists, ere I have prov'd it
On the defamer of my spotless child!

King. In this nice point, we only with advice
Would interpose, not fetter with commands.

If this be your matur'd resolve, pursue it;
Though deeply we lament, that two such heroes
Should 'gainst each other's bosom turn the lance.---
—Sound to the combat!

Trumpet sounds, Herald advances.

Her. Ye knights! who gave and have accepted challenge,

Lords Westmoreland and Edward, your career
Begin! not doubting but his arm will vanquish
Who lifts it on the side of sacred truth.
God speed the right!

West. Now, Edward! the grey locks that thou did'st taunt

Shall prove a wreath victorious.

[Snatches his lance, and goes eagerly towards his borst,

Edw. Since thy fierce spirit will with blood alone
Be satisfied, O Westmoreland! I follow thee.

[Seizes his lance,

But, righteous Heaven! direct my erring arm,
That, whilst it guards the life thou bid'st me keep,
It may not injure his, who thirsts for mine!

Enter EGBERT, rushing from the crowd.

Eg. Hold---oh, hold! stay, my Lords! ere ye com-
mit

A deed, that leads to horror and repentance.
I have a tale that will unfold——

GONDIBERT springing forward.

Gon. Villain!

Thou ly'st! it choaks thee in the utterance.

King. Whence this irreverence? Disarm Lord Gon-
dibert!

And know, bold man, that in the eye of Kings
All hold an equal place. I bear a sceptre
Which is my people's staff, and shall support
Alike the peasant and his Lord. Speak, old man;
Whate'er thy tale, thou shalt have patient hearing.

Eg. Most gracious liege! to save the precious blood
Of these much injur'd Lords, with deepest sorrow
I witness bear, that in a snare they've fall'n,
Most wickedly devis'd for their destruction.

King. Whom dost accuse of this atrocious crime?

Eg. There are, my Liege, who have with groundless jealousy

pison'd Lord Edward's mind, and work'd on him
to yield to infamy his spotless bride.

Edw. Blest old man! prove me—oh! that monster
prove me!

King. Thou say'st there are, but nam'st not those in
fault.

Eg. Hard task!---in truth, the chief in fault is ——

Gon. Dastard!

speak out; nor dare insult me with thy mercy,

'Twas I---I am the chief in fault---if fault

be---I practis'd on a fool's credulity,

slew'd him an angel in the garb of hell,

and he believ'd the cheat'ry.

Edw. Oh! thy words

are barbed arrows. I am sick at heart.

Gon. 'Twas me thou sawest in Albina's chamber.

He tales, to which thou list'nedst of her falsehood,

were all imposture---and this I did, because

love her.

Edw. Love her!

Gon. Aye! and wherefore——

—Say wherefore, but the casual name of brother,

would I not boast---not glory in my love?

But for that cause, thou, Edward, had'st not dar'd

to think upon her.

West. Impious---impious passion!

Gon. Even now

I will maintain it. Instant will I arm, [*To Edward.*
And meet thee in the lists---and, since the laws
Ordain my love a crime, there thou may'st rip it
From my heart. [*Going.*

King. Stay, I do command thee, stay!
Thou hast no longer title to the rights
Allow'd to those, who, in the path of honour,
Have, persevering, shap'd their brilliant course;
Thy crimes beneath our yeomanry degrade thee;
And we decree, that whoso'er accepts
From thee a challenge, be unworthy held
To try his lance with honourable knights.

Gon. My liege! [*Resentfully.*

King. Nay, deem not this an injury,
Nor this thy punishment:—
When men, of such exalted rank as thine,
Submit to crimes, to treachery, and baseness,
Justice, unshaken, on your heads shoud pour
The vial of her wrath; that ye may stand
As dreadful beacons to the world beneath.—
---Hear then thy doom!—We banish thee our realm.
If in twelve hours thou shalt be found within
The precincts of our court, or in three days
Within our kingdom—be it at thy peril!
Nor frame an answer—but be gone.

[*Exit Gondibert, Egbert following.*

---Stay, old man!

Thou, to whose love of sacred truth we owe

my change, by us shalt be retain'd ;
 ; will answer for thy fortunes.
 , gracious liege ! unworthy I should be
 the earth, could I accept of blessings
 n a source as my lov'd Lord's destruction :
 rid duty I've fulfill'd !

forsworn abode I'll now retire,
 the cheerless remnant of my days
 ' for his fault ; and weary Heaven
 yers for his repentance.

Thy retirement

e. Go, good Egbert, to my palace,
 : my coming.

[Exit Egbert.]

Injured Westmoreland !

ow shall I approach thee ? Shame, despair,
 my breast ; nor dare I lift my eyes
 , lest I should read my sentence there.

Come, my good Lord ! let me for Edward
 }—

whose virtues, glory, and descent,
 an advocate not less than royal.

fair Albina now beheld him,
 es in deep contrition bent on earth,
 ld rob her anger of its sting——

would plead ; and, in the voice of love,
 pardon for her country's hero. [mov'd

Though high in spirit, proud, and quickly
 ght that glances on my precious honour—
 zious Sovereign ! I can pardon too,

These public proofs of my Albina's virtue,
Restore my bosom to its wonted calm,
And thee, Lord Edward, to thy wonted place.
---Again I thus embrace thee as my son.

Edw. O great, transporting, unexampled go

King. This then is still the wedding-day---th
Be instantly perform'd. That no regret
May poison such an hour, we do recall
The order of your service in the east,
'Till we ourselves shall in the orient sea

Leave our proud oars; and with Britannia's sw
Blazing destruction, like the guardian Seraph's,
Drive from blest Zion's walls the humbled infid

Edw. My Prince, my guardian, and my royal
With rapture I accept the leave you grant,
And give my helmet to the God of Love.

[*Westmoreland and Edward kneel at the foot
throne, and the scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

*An Apartment in GONDIBERT's Palace. Enter
DIBERT, followed by EDITHA.*

Edi. 'Tis thus that men, when sinking, fro
Which their own folly bred, accuse the heavens,
And execrate their stars. Curse not thy fate,
Nor Egbert; 'tis thyself on whom thou should's
Revenge thine injuries.

Gon. Editha, spare me!

My mind, with wild contending passions torn,
As if a hound by worrying dogs forsook,
Sinks into apathy.

Edi. Hear then a tale,
Which will rouse thee from thy lethargy---this night
Albina will be Edward's wife.

Gon. This night?

Edi. This hour!

Gon. It is enough.—My wrongs awake
All their strength, and cry aloud for vengeance.
There is an insult in this over-haste,
Which finishes the whole. [*Pausing.*] Editha, leave me.
Dreadful things I now would ruminate!

Edi. On what? Impart to me thy thoughts---instruct
me.

Gon. No. Leave me.

Edi. Ha! I see his mind is full
Of some important deed. His low'ring brow,
And that fix'd eye, bespeak some latent mischief.
Mischiefs, awake! to ye alone my soul
Shall give unison. I'll urge him to the quick.
Conceive the transports of victorious Edward!
Conceive his triumph—triumph over thee!
That, even in Raimond's arms, points every bliss—
Makes rapture sweeter—

Gon. Fiend! hast thou no mercy?
Must I riot in my woes? Are these the gifts
Of friendship?

Edi. No—the gifts of wild despair.



Oh, wert thou such a dotard to believe
That pity—pity to thy woes, e'er prompted me
To steep my soul in crimes?

Gon. What is't I hear?

Edi. That I aspir'd to greatness, and perceiv'd
No road to reach my hopes but through Lord Edw
That to behold another in his arms,
Is madness; and that thee I made my tool
To interrupt their hated loves.

Gon. Perdition!

Fly me, thou monster! lest thy womanhood
I should forget, and scatter thee in atoms
To the tempestuous winds!—

[*Exit Editha, with an air of me*

[*Musing.*] Be firm, my soul! nor let unworthy w
Destroy the vengeful purpose thou hast fram'd.
Banish'd—robb'd of my country, and my name;
Yet they have left a mind defies their vengeance—
Which, though these limbs were lock'd in bolts of
And darkness wrapt these precious founts of light
Would rise superior to their bounded power,
And scorn alike their fetters and their laws.
He for whom I'm exil'd, for exil'd Gondibert
Shall weep with his heart's blood; and ev'ry vein
Pour tribute to my mighty sorrows. Edward!
This night, in which thy pulse beats high to trans
Thy senses giddy with approaching bliss—
This night beholds thee in death's icy bands;
Thy shroud shall fold thee, not Albina's arms! [

SCENE IV.

Changes to ALBINA'S Garden.

Enter ADELA.

Ad. Alas! my mistress! vainly have I sought her
Through ev'ry gloomy, solitary walk,
To give the tidings that will kill her peace.—
Ah! she is here. How mournful is her air!

Enter EDITHA.

The ceremonial's past—unhappy Lady!
Lord Edward and the Countess now are one.

Edi. 'Tis well! I hear thee, Adela, unmov'd!
Can one grow callous from repeated woes?
Shall the scourg'd wretch not feel the added stripe?

Ad. With decent pride, and with affected anger,
The Countess long her lover's prayers withstood.
At length, the King—to save her from the shame
Of yielding to her heart's most eager wish—
Commanded she should take Lord Edward's hand,
And he himself would join them at the altar.

Edi. Dæmons preside o'er the detested nuptials!

Ad. I was preparing to attend you here,
When the Lord Edward met me. "Go!" said he,
"Seek out your mistress. Much oppress'd she seems,
And overcome with care. Bear her these lines—
Her anguish they'll relieve."

Edi. To me,—a letter!

[*Reads.*] "The injuries the Countess hath received
 "cannot be pardon'd; yet I'll not expose you.
 "Leave Albina's castle, yet leave it as your voluntary act. The ills his family hath brought
 "on you, Edward will not increase, but study to
 "relieve. A stipend, suited to your rank, shall
 "be assign'd you; but you must live at distance
 "from Albina."

—Insolent!

[*flinging away the letter.*]

Shall Edward, then, prescribe my breathing-place?
 Shall he point out the spot where I must eat
 The morsel he assigns me? Sibald! Sibald!
 Will it not rack thee, even in thy tomb,
 That thy Editha must depend for bread
 On his curs'd son, who brought thee to the block?

Ad. Be not thus mov'd; but rather, Madam, think—

Edi. I think on nothing but my wrongs.

Ad. The Countess

Commanded me to seek her friend, and chide
 An absence---so unkind!

Edi. Must I return,

To witness her extravagance of bliss;
 With gratulations meet whom I'd destroy?
 Yes; such the joys, Dependence! thou bestow'st;
 Such the distinctions that adorn thy slaves! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GONDIBERT.

Gon. Receive, ye bowers, ye sacred solitudes!
 A murd'rer to your shades. Rise, rise, ye horrors!
 A murderer is here—yet Nature shrinks not!

n hour no star should shed its rays,
 t glisten in the low'ring sky.
 res now should dart athwart the gloom,
 deous shrieks, tearing th' affrighted ear,
 ighten horror into madness.—

! how melting sounds of music float
 r, and hang upon night's drowsy bosom!—
 amber—to teach a wanton bridegroom
 th's ill-manner'd, or too proud to wait
 ath surfeited on bliss.—Yet, hold!
 e pause upon this deed of horror!
 Is murder then so light a thing?
 ome a bloody, cool assassin?

Nature! Oh, thou common mother!
 thy flinty bosom do I fling

[Throwing himself on the earth.

ous weight of woe. Take me---oh, hide me!
 a the radiant eyes of night a wretch,
 rsevering crimes should they behold,
 ot with horror their celestial orbs!
 too late!—repentance comes too late!

[Starting up.

ny hands already dy'd in blood!
 he gasps—in agonies he writhes!—
 n!—death's in that groan!—Oh, it has pierc'd
 !—my brain's on fire!—the tempest rages!—
 ye furies! I can match ye here—
 uch tortures as ye never gave.—
ch agitated, and starting, with a distracted air.

—O blasting sight!—'tis Raimond—'tis Albina!
Grasp'd by a blooming youth—another lover!
She pulls him to her heart—Nay, then for this—
Vainly thou fliest—I'll stab thee in his arms.
Ha! 'twas an empty shade—a shade?—a vision.
Though Edward bleeds, will not a thousand rivals
Spring, like the hydra, from his grave, and one
At length be blest? O glorious thought! I'll die—
I'll die—and bear Albina with me to the grave!

[Runs wildly off.]

SCENE V.

Changes to ALBINA'S Anti-chamber.

Enter ALBINA, with Attendants.

Ina: Permit us, Madam, to perform our duty.
Unusual weight hath sudden seiz'd my spirits,
And something here forbids me to obey you.

Alb. Such pensiveness oft follows, when the mind,
Surcharg'd with joy, hath yielded all her pow'rs
To the insidious guest. But leave me, Ina;
My nightly duty is not yet perform'd.
Mean time Editha send; some secret grief
Preys on her mind, and fain I would relieve
Her bosom'd anguish.

[*Exeunt Attendants, leaving two candles on a distant table.*]

Now, whilst giddy mirth
Shakes the high dome, and festive merriment

Expands the heart—let me awhile retire,
And offer up my grateful thoughts to Him,
Who hath through snares and wondrous perils led me—
—Led me, secure, to happiness and love.

[Exit, taking one of the candles.]

After a pause, enter GONDIBERT.

Gon. Mad Riot spreads her banners o'er the house,
Whilst, unperceiv'd, Death to the bridal room
Hath work'd his way.—His way—alas! for whom?
Wilt thou not shrink? *[Looking on his dagger.]*
Wilt thou not turn and sting me,
Rather than touch her living alabaster?
—The bed!—the marriage-bed!—Arise, ye furies!
Light your infernal fires within my breast!
Drain from my veins each drop of human blood,
Lest it return, unbidden, to my heart,
And check my arm i' th' act of holy vengeance!
O jealousy! more fell than the mad tigress,
When, bounding o'er the Ethiopian plain,
She roars in anguish for her ravish'd young— *[not—*
To what wouldst thou transport me?—Ask not, think
This moment gives Albina's wondrous beauties,
Her heav'n of charms, to Edward—or to death!
To death—to death—'tis fixt. Here will I seek her.
[Exit.]

Enter EDITHA.

Edi. Was not the triumph of Albina finish'd
'Till lost Editha witnesses the scene?

Still with officious goodness doth she haunt me—
Me, who ne'er sought, but hate compassion. Pity!
Why do men call thee gentle? Thou'rt an asp
Within a rose—thy breath is perfume, and thy words
Sweet blossoms, that contain a venom'd sting—
Kindlier is hatred in her honest garb,
Than stinging Pity in her meek-ey'd mask.
How gay, how full of bliss, is all around me!
But, oh! within is an abyss of wretchedness,
Which the bright beams of joy can never reach—
And this, O Raimond! do I owe to thee!
Ha! had my wishes but the force of spells,
That bridal couch should be a bed of thorns—
Thy dreams be cloth'd with images of horror—
—With images so strong, they'd seize thy brain,
Drag reason from her throne, and bind her slave
To furious phantasies—then would'st thou wake
Unconscious of thy bliss, and execrate,
Like me, the happiness thou could'st not taste.—
She comes! to meet my curses in the teeth—
Ha!—no, 'tis Edward. [Going.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Thou wilt not fly me?

Turn, my heart's treasure!—to thy husband turn!

Edi. Torture! I am not she!

[*Aside.*

Edw. What says my charmer!

Why dost thou cruelly avert the eyes

Whose glance is transport to thy Edward's heart?

Come, my Albina! come; too long thou'st kept me

the blest circle of thy arms.

[*Rushing in.*] Stay longer!
Throws his dagger into Editha, who screams and sinks.
 ny-leave! 'Tis Gondibert who wills thy fate.
 Iom thou'st scorn'd—in love and glory vanquish'd,
 ss him, now, thy conqu'ror! See at his feet
 vaunted bliss! But where's the tow'ring joy
 yesterday, did madden in thy veins,
 ore thy haughty soul beyond humanity?
Edward stands in an attitude of horror and amazement; then drawing his dagger, rushes on Gondibert.

w. This for Albina!

r. Fool! the stroke of death

ne.

[*Arrests Edward's arm, whose breast is exposed to his dagger.*

for Albina—this!

Stabs himself, and falls.] Now, Edward,

s my bride!

w. Villain! devil! I cannot stay to curse thee.

na! my sweet bride! my murder'd wife!

tomb must now be our cold nuptial bed.

[*Kneeling by the body.*

oment stay—I follow thee—I come!

Edward lifts his arm to stab himself, ALBINA enters on the opposite side.

b. What mean these dreadful sounds? Oh, sight of horror!

Still with officious goodness doth she haunt me
 Me, who ne'er sought, but hate compassion:
 Why do men call thee gentle? Thou'rt not
 Within a rose—thy breath is perfume, and thy
 Sweet blossoms, that contain a venom'd sting—
 Kindlier is hatred in her honest garb,
 Than stinging Pity in her meek-ey'd mask.
 How gay, how full of bliss, is all around me!
 But, oh! within is an abyss of wretchedness,
 Which the bright beams of joy can never reach
 And this, O Raimond! do I owe to thee!
 Ha! had my wishes but the force of spells,
 That bridal couch should be a bed of thorns
 Thy dreams be cloth'd with images of horror
 —With images so strong, they'd seize thee
 Drag reason from her throne, and bind her
 To furious phantasies—then would'st thou
 Unconscious of thy bliss, and execrate,
 Like me, the happiness thou could'st not share
 She comes! to meet my curses in the night
 Ha!—no, 'tis Edward.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Thou wilt not fly me?

Turn, my heart's treasure!—to thy

Edi. Torture! I am not she!

Edw. What says my charmer!

Why dost thou cruelly avert the eyes?

Whose glance is transport to thy eyes?

Come, my Albina! come; too long



'Tis death!—a sea of blood!—O Edward! come,
And catch me ere I fall.

Edw. She lives! she lives!

[Throwing away the dagger, clasps her in his arms.]

Gon. *[Feebly.]* Albina living! Whom then have
slain?

Oh, Heaven! thy hand was here.

West. *[Without.]* This way, this way
Lead to my daughter's chamber—there's the noise.

*Enter WESTMORELAND, preceded by lights, followed by
Guests.*

Oh, dismal sight!—

Gon. A moment still is spared me to unfold.
The madness of despairing love impell'd me
To kill Albina—but in her stead—oh!—
—My life doth flow too fast!—pity, forgive me!
My guilty passion, even, now expires—
It rushes from my heart, in crimson streams,
And mingles with the dust. My crimes alone
Remain—they'll not forsake—they'll never quit me.
And now I'm summon'd—where— *[Dies.]*

Alb. May mercy meet thee!
My brother! I forgive, and mourn thy errors,
As I adore His hand, who hath preserved me.

Edw. Accept, high Heav'n! my penetrated heart.
This day, in each revolving year, I'll celebrate.
The debtor shall behold his bonds fall off,
The poor rejoice, the orphan's tears be dried—
—Nor sighs, nor tones of—

The hallow'd day! on which thou sav'd'st Albina.

West. [Speaking to the Guests.] Oh, mark th' effects
of passions unrestrain'd!

Within the bosom of this noble youth

Bright virtues sprung, as in their native bed;

'Till vice—alluring in the shape of love—

Crept silent to his heart—there spread her poisons,

There her black empire fix'd; then dragg'd her slave,

Through infamy, to death. *[Exeunt omnes.]*



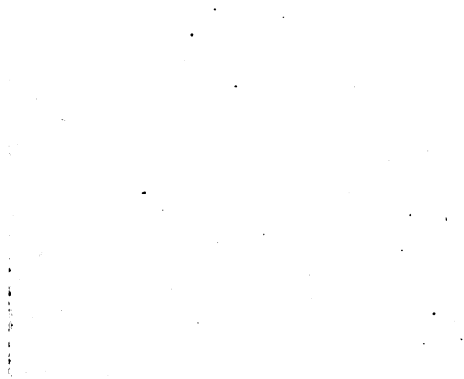












STANDARD SERIES
SIGNATURE





STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD AUXILIARY LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(650) 723-9201

salcirc@sulmail.stanford.edu
All books are subject to recall.
DATE DUE

APR 07 2001

MAR 28 2001

JUN 24 2002

JUN 11 2002

